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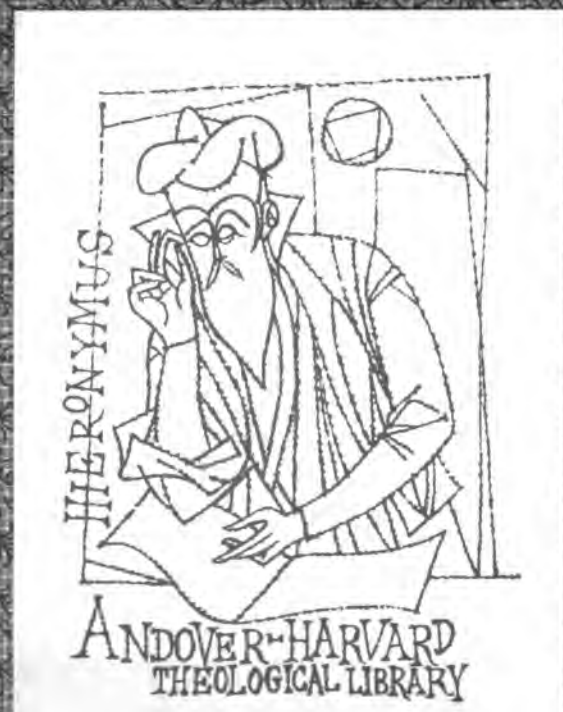
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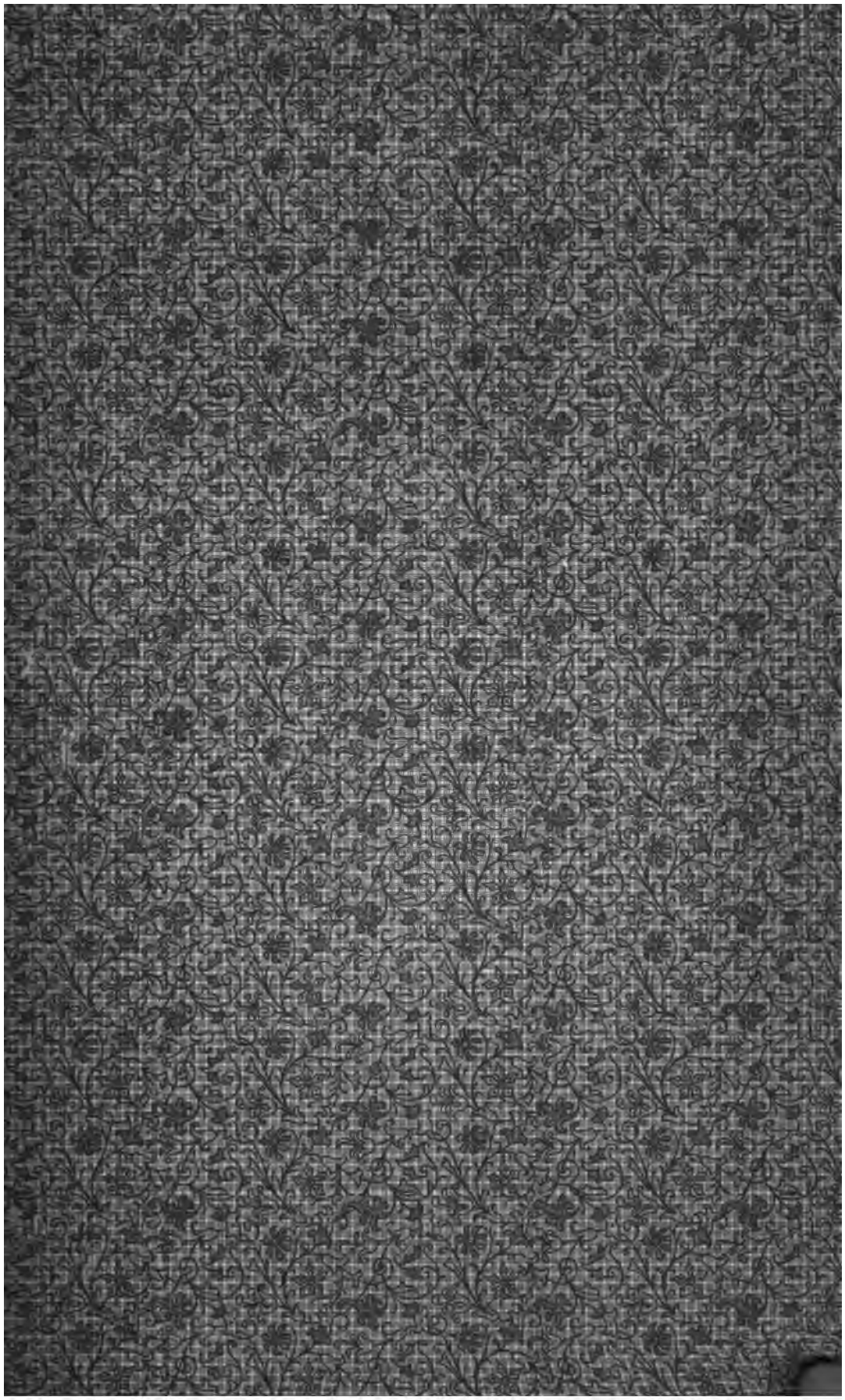
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In Lands Afar


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NATIVE BRIDGE IN EAST AFRICA.

IN LANDS AFAR

A SECOND SERIES OF

MISSION STORIES OF MANY LANDS

A Book for Young People

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED

American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions
CONGREGATIONAL HOUSE, BOSTON
1897

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THE favor shown the volume of "Mission Stories in Many Lands," the first edition published in 1885, abundantly warrants the issuing of another collection of stories selected from the ample materials to be found in the Young People's Department of the *Missionary Herald* within the last twelve years. Accounts of people and scenes in lands far away, and of the heroic men and women who have labored with zeal and success for the good of men of other climes and tongues, are among the best sources of instruction and stimulus for readers young or old. These stories are not designed for children or for matured minds, but rather for that intermediate class which is popularly called young people. Yet we have constant testimony that both the youngest and the oldest readers have found these brief sketches of mission work and heroism both interesting and helpful.

May this volume aid in hastening the day when all lands — those near and those afar — shall come under the full sway of our glorious King.

E. E. STRONG,
Editorial Secretary A. B. C. F. M.

MISSIONARY ROOMS,
CONGREGATIONAL HOUSE, BOSTON,
October, 1897.



INDEX TO ARTICLES.

AFRICA.

Page.

British South Africa 12
The Zulus at Home 17
Some Zulus I have known 21
Some Zulu Kraal Girls 25
The Hero of Uganda 29
Africaner 33
A Martyr in Africa 37
The Romance of Hermannsburg and its Missions 41
The Story of Basutoland 45
The Conversion of Libe 49
South African Spiritism 53

TURKEY.

Who are the Armenians? 59
Ancient Armenia and the Armenian Church 63
Children of the Conquerors 67
The Martyr of Lebanon 72
The Kuzzel-Bash Koords 77
Some Villages in Koordistan 81
Palsied Hatoon of Marash 85
Scenes in Central Turkey 89
Concerning the Yezidees 93
A Greek Town in Turkey, 1889 97
The Shqipetars in 1891 102
A Gospel Triumph in the Land of Ararat . 106
The History of Two Armenian Boys . . . 111
The Burial of Brother Oscan 115
Modern Martyrdom in Armenia 119
A Martyred Preacher in Turkey 124

INDIA AND CEYLON.

In and about Madura 133
Hindu Caste 138
Ganesh, the Hindu Lord of Hosts 143
Village Schools in India 147
Sacred Men in India 151
Sin-cleansing Fountains 155
Children in India 159
A Mission's Work for the Young 163
A Hindu Village 167
On the Hills and Plains of India 171
African Boys in India: How they came to us 176
Walkéshwar, Bombay 180
Narayan, a Brahman Boy 184
The Parsis 188
Scenes in Jaffna, Ceylon 192
In the "Tiger's Den" in Kashmir . . . 196
Ko-thah-byu, the Karen Apostle 201

CHINA.

Under the Shadow of China's Great Wall 207
The Worship of the Fairy Fox 211
James Gilmour of Mongolia 215
Scenes in South China 220

CHINA.— CONTINUED.

Page.

The "Celestial" Beggar 224
Confucius and his Son of the Seventieth Generation 228
Helper Ho 232
A Chinese Sunday 236
A Home in the Ing Hok Mountains of China 240
Boys in China 244
Doctor Ch'in Min-Wang 248
Preaching with a Lantern in China . . . 252
The Converted Silversmith 256
The Christian Endeavor Society in Foochow, China 260

JAPAN.

The First Protestant Baptisms in Japan . . 267
Christian Work among the Ainu of Japan 271
A Japanese Sermon on Arrows 275
The Study of English in Japan 277
A Basket of Missionary Chips 279
Another Basket of Chips from Japan . . 284
Mr. Ishii and his Orphanage 289
Two Japanese Stories 295

MICRONESIA.

The Voyage of the "Morning Star," 1890–91 301
The Story of Butaritari in 1892 305
Dining with a King 309
The Twelfth Voyage of the "Morning Star," 1894–95 313
The Young People of Micronesia 317
From the "Morning Star" in 1896 . . . 321
Among the Mortlock Islands in 1896 . . . 325
The Story of Tara 329

PAPAL LANDS.

Glimpses of Boyhood in Mexico 335
Holy Week in Guadalajara, 1893 339
The Story of a Spanish Colporter 343
Husinetz and John Huss 348

OTHER LANDS.

The Haystack Meeting and its Outcome . 355
Keopuolani, Queen and Christian 359
How the Gospel reached Samoa 363
Henry Martyn: Scholar, Saint, and Missionary 367
A. L. O. E. 371
A Missionary Band 375
The Bible in Madagascar 380
The Missionary Martyrs of Terra Del Fuego 384
A Christian Knight-Errant and Hero . . 390
The Sinking of the Well on Aniwa, New Hebrides 394

INDEX TO ILLUSTRATIONS.

AFRICA.

	Page.
Native Bridge in East Africa	Frontispiece.
Map of Zambesia	13
Zambesia — Group Picture	15
An Unfinished South African Kraal	16
Zulu Kraals in Natal	18
A Zulu Chief	20
A Zulu Kraal in Natal	21
Umcitwa and Yona with their Babe	22
A South African Wagon	23
Undinizulu	24
Mrs. Ireland's Kraal Girls at Amanzimtote	25
The Theological Students at Amanzimtote	26
The Kraal Girls' Home at Amanzimtote	28
Alexander Mackay	29
A Village in East Central Africa	31
Traveling in Africa	32
Africaner	33
Hottentots	34
Traveling in South Africa	36
Bishop Hannington	37
Lions and Jackals Disturbed by Hunters	39
A View of Durban, Natal	43
Zulu Warriors with Shield and Assegai	44
Dr. Moffat's Attendants	45
Dr. Moffat's House and Church at Kuruman	46
An African Village	47
Moshesh, King of the Basutos (1833)	49
A Basuto Warrior	50
The Baptism of Libe	51
Spirit Doctor "Extracting" a Disease	53
A Scene in South Africa	54
Zulu Witch Doctors	56

TURKEY.

Afion Kara Hissar, an Out-Station of Smyrna, Western Turkey	58
Haig, the Founder of the Armenian Race	59
Part of the Town of Bardezag	60
Class in the Bardezag High School	61
An Armenian Family	62
The Euphrates at Gaban Maden	64
The Tigris near Diarbekir	66
Mohammedan School Children	68
Mohammedan School Boys in Holiday Attire	69
Mohammedan Girl at Fountain	70
Turkish Women	71
Beirut, Syria, with a Portion of Lebanon	73
A Young Syrian Gentleman	74
The Convent of Canobeen, Mt. Lebanon	75
A Maronite Patriarch	76
A Koord	77
Prominent Kuzzel-Bash Koords	78
Translators of the Koordish Bible	80
A Koordish Merchant	81

TURKEY. — Continued.

	Page.
Church and Schoolhouse at Kiise, Koordistan	82
Ruins of an Ancient Church at Farkin	83
A Mother and Child in Turkey	85
Central Turkey Girls' College at Marash, with Theological Seminary	86
Market Place at Antioch, Central Turkey	87
Kindergarten at Aintab	90
Dervishes	91
Koordish Children	92
Chief of the Devil-Worshipers	93
High Priest of the Devil-Worshipers	94
Dance of the Devil-Worshipers at the Tomb of Sheikh Adi	95
Yezidee Women	96
A Greek Peasant Woman	98
Kerassoun, on the Black Sea, between Ordoo and Trebizond	100
Greek Young Men	101
A Mountain Albanian	102
An Albanian Peasant	103
Albanian Woman of the City	104
Albanians of the North	105
Village Armenians	107
Atom and the Scholars at Van	108
The Family at Van	109
Marderos and Wife	110
Rev. Simone Tavitian	111
The Bebek Seminary Building	113
The Persecuting Patriarch	115
A Square in Constantinople	117
Mosque of Sultan Achmed, Constantinople	118
Armenian Village Priests	120
Class of 1893, Harpoot Theological Seminary	122
Turkish Brigands	123
The Old Tower of the School of Edessa, Oorfa	125
The Old Armenian Church of Oorfa (where the Massacre occurred)	126
The Six Children of Mr. Abouhaiatian	127
Rev. Hagop Abouhaiatian	128
Constantinople from the Turkish Cemetery on the Asiatic Side	129

INDIA AND CEYLON.

The Tope of Sanchi. A Buddhist Memorial Monument	132
Vegetable Market in India	134
Village Life in India	136
Hindu Silversmith	137
Hindu Carpenters at Work	139
A Marathi Brahman	141
Hindu Women with Water-Jars	142
Ganesh	143
Ganesh, with his Eight Attendants	144
The God Puliar, or Ganesh	146

INDIA AND CEYLON. — CONTINUED.

	Page.
A Village School in a Chowdi	147
A High-Caste Girls' School near Ahmednagar	149
Indian Fakir	151
The Iron Cage	152
Indian Ox	153
Rolling Fakirs	154
A Sin-cleansing Fountain in India	156
Idol in a Tree	157
High Priest of the Madura Temple	158
After Dinner in India	159
Decorating the Threshold	160
Drawing Water	162
The High School at Madura	163
A Class in the Pasumalai Institution	165
A Hindu Village Sanctuary	167
Hindu Carpenters	168
Christian Prayer-house and Schoolhouse	170
Kodeikanal from the West	172
A Springless Bullock Cart	174
The Old Mission Chapel at Kodeikanal	175
The African Boys as they returned from India	177
A Native Pial School of India	179
Hindu Temple at Walkéshwar Bombay	181
A Temple Door and Priest at Walkéshwar	183
Junior Class of Manual Training School, Ahmednagar	185
College and High School at Ahmednagar	187
The Towers of Silence	189
A Parsi Merchant of Bombay	191
A Devil-Priestess	192
Native House in Jaffna	193
A Native Ox-Cart	194
A Native Catechist on a Tour	195
Ascent of the Himalayas in Kashmir	197
Kanaya and his Associates	199
Moslems of India	200
A Red Karen Village	201
Ko thah-byu Memorial Hall	203
A Karen Preacher	204

CHINA.

Map of China	206
Outer Great Wall at Kalgan	207
North Wall and Gate of Kalgan	208
Inner Great Wall near Peking	209
Bell and Tower of Chapel	210
A Tower in the Great Wall of China	211
A Fox Temple by the City Wall at Tung-cho	213
The Thunder Spirit	214
James Gilmour	216
James Gilmour's Tent	217
A Mongol Encampment	219
The Conference of the South China Mission	220
Mrs. Hager's Kindergarten at Hong Kong	221
The Christian Salt-Fish Dealer	223
A Group of Beggars at Peking	225
Chinese Prisoners before the Court	227
Lantern-Bearer	228
Temple of Confucius	229
A Chinese Court of Justice	231
A Street in Peking	233
Chinese Traders by the River Bank	235
Eating Stalls at Temple	236
Paper Money Seller	237
Temple Worshipers	238
An Inquiry Meeting	239

CHINA. — CONTINUED.

	Page.
Hwa Sang, the Village where the English Missionaries were murdered, August 1, 1895	240
Chinese at Mealtime	242
Cooking a Meal	243
A Grainroot Digger	244
Burning Paper Images	245
A Wedding Procession	247
Doctor Ch'in and his Friend	249
The Sitting-room of a Wealthy Chinaman	250
Chinese River Boats	252
A Chinese Monastery	254
A Chinese Orchestra	255
A Chinese Merchant	256
A Section of Hong Kong	258
Church in Foochow Suburbs where the Rally was held	261
Mr. Ling	262
Officers of the Christian Endeavor Society of Girls' School, Foochow	263
Chio Lang Chia	264

JAPAN.

Japanese Bonzes (Buddhist Priests) Praying	266
immu, the First Emperor of Japan	267
View from the Bridge of Nippon, Tokio	269
A Japanese Family	270
An Ainu over his Cups	271
Ainu Hunter	272
An Ainu Dwelling. — Mortar for Hulling Wheat	273
The Only Christian Ainu Evangelist and his Wife	274
A Japanese Archer of the Old Time	276
Facsimile of Two Pages of a Japanese English Dictionary	278
A Japanese Buddhist Funeral Ceremony	280
By the Side of a Japanese Temple	282
Fuji, "The Matchless Mountain"	285
A Japanese Restaurant	286
Pilgrims to Mount Fuji	288
Mr. Ishii	289
A Castle in Japan	291
Orphans at Nagoya	293
The Hand in the Jar	295
Shiba Onko's Presence of Mind	296
The Good Ears and Tongues	297

MICRONESIA.

A Micronesian Family	300
Native House on Ponape	301
Calling to Church, on Ruk	302
A Scene in a Butaritari Village, Gilbert Islands	304
Nan Temate, King of Butaritari	305
A Maneaba of Former Times	307
Gilbert Island Warriors of Former Times	308
The Morning Star	309
Marshall Islander (in Native Dress)	311
Bread-fruit of Micronesia	312
A Coral Island	313
Chief's House on Nonouti, Gilbert Islands	315
A Marshall Islands Village	316
A Coral Island of Micronesia	317
Kusaie from the Harbor. Mr. Channon's House and the Boathouse	319
Butaritari, Gilbert Islands, from the Sea	320
"Morning Star," No. 4	321
Pupils of Gilbert Island Training School, taken to Kusaie by the "Morning Star"	322

MICRONESIA. — CONTINUED.

	Page.
Benjamin, Preacher at Ebon, with his Wife	324
Missionary Schooner "Robert W. Logan"	325
Map of Micronesia	326
The Church at Lukunor	327
Heathen Natives of Ruk, Micronesia	330
The Girls' School at Ruk	332

PAPAL LANDS.

The Plaza of Guadalajara, Mexico	334
Hacendado (Farmer)	335
On the Way to Market	336
Donkey-Boys of Guaymas (Water-Sellers)	337
A Pueblo, or Village, in Mexico	339
The Cathedral at Guadalajara	340
The Hanging of Judas	342
Spanish Street with Diligence	344
Priest Discussing a Tract	346
Husinetz, the Village where Huss was born	349
Huss Garden in Rear of Chapel	351
The New Chapel at Husinetz	352

OTHER LANDS.

Tree Houses in New Guinea	354
A Scene near Williamstown	355
West College (in which Mills roomed)	356
The Mission Park and Monument, when Dedicated in 1867	357
Main Street, Williamstown	358
Wailuku, Island of Maui, Sandwich Islands	360
Wailing Scene at the Death of Keopuolani	362

OTHER LANDS. — CONTINUED.

	Page.
Harbor of Pago-Pago, Tutuila, Samoa	363
A Samoan Fale-Tele, or Council-House	364
Malietoa, King of Samoa in 1839	365
Samoan Duck-Duck Dancers	366
Pagoda, Aldeen House	367
Shiraz	368
Tokat in 1812	369
In the Zenana	372
Traveling with Bullocks in India	373
Hindu Woman with Ornaments	374
C. T. Studd. Stanley P. Smith	376
C. T. Studd, M. Beauchamp, S. P. Smith, A. T. Polhill-Turner, D. E. Hoste, C. H. Polhill-Turner, W. W. Cassels	377
A Chinese Garden	379
Copy of Old Bible, Opened at Isaiah li and liii	380
Copy of Old Malagasy Bible, Antananarivo, 1835	381
Modern Bible, London, 1885	381
Consolation to a Christian in Chains	382
An Ancient Gateway with Rolling Door	383
Fuegians in Winter	385
The Bishop's Residence, at Ooshooia, 1869	386
The "Allen Gardiner," No. 3, built in 1884	388
John Coleridge Patteson	390
Island Scenery	391
A Native House	392
A Woman of Melanesia	393
Natives of the New Hebrides	394
Mission House at Aniwa	396
Native Grass-House, Sandwich Islands	398

AFRICA.

BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA.

THE eyes of men in all parts of the world are turned toward South Africa, since European nations, as well as Africa, are concerned in what is transpiring there. It is just 410 years since the Cape of Good Hope was discovered by Europeans. A little more than 100 years later the Dutch East India Company began a plan for colonizing that region, but it was not until 1652 that a settlement of 100 Dutch colonists was made near the Cape. This Colony, however, was increased, before the seventeenth century closed, by a large number of Huguenot refugees who were exiled from Europe upon the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685. The English came there about the beginning of the present century, and Cape Colony was governed alternately by British and Dutch officials. By the Treaty of Paris, in 1815, the Colony was formally ceded to Great Britain, and since then it has developed rapidly. It has an area considerably larger than that of New England and the Middle States combined, and a population, including its dependencies, of about one and a half millions, of whom 376,000 are of European descent. The Dutch settlers in Cape Colony have always chafed under British rule, and they were especially irritated when, in 1833, slavery was abolished within British domains. These Boers, as they are called, were great farmers, and wished to keep their large landed estates with plenty of Hottentots and Kaffirs as their slaves. Many of them, therefore, broke away from their homes in Cape Colony and moved northward into the unoccupied regions. Some of them went to Natal, hoping to find a home there, but the British were before them, and they turned again toward the interior. As a result of these removals they have established two states; first, the Orange Free State, north of the Orange River and south of the Vaal River. This has an area about the same as that of the State of New York, and a population of about 200,000, of whom 80,000 are whites. Immense changes took place in the Free State upon the discovery of diamond mines, and people flocked into the territory, not only from all parts of Africa, but also from England, Germany, and even the United States. The value of diamonds produced in 1893 was over $2,000,000.

To the north and northeast of the Orange Free State, and across the Vaal River, is the Transvaal, now known as the South African Republic, which is about the size of New York, Pennsylvania, and Virginia combined, having a population of about 650,000, of whom 120,000 are foreign-born. This is an independent Republic, though by treaty with Great Britain the latter government has the management of all its foreign affairs. The region is favorable to agriculture, and within the Republic there are about 30,000 farms. But the great attraction which has drawn such multitudes to the Republic has been its gold fields, which have yielded large returns. In 1894 the gold product amounted to $38,335,000. The Witswatersrand, usually shortened to "The Rand," is a reef about fifty miles

in length, rich in deposits of gold. Johannesburg, in the centre of the mining region, is a city of over 60,000 inhabitants, with banks, street railways, electric lights, etc. Yet ten years ago the very name of the place did not appear on any map. So many Zulus from Natal and the east coast have flocked to Johannesburg to obtain the large wages paid to miners, that our Zulu Mission has sent one of its members, Rev. H. D. Goodenough, to labor there. He finds these men quite accessible, and the effort in their behalf proves eminently successful.

The recent political disturbances in the South African Republic have arisen on



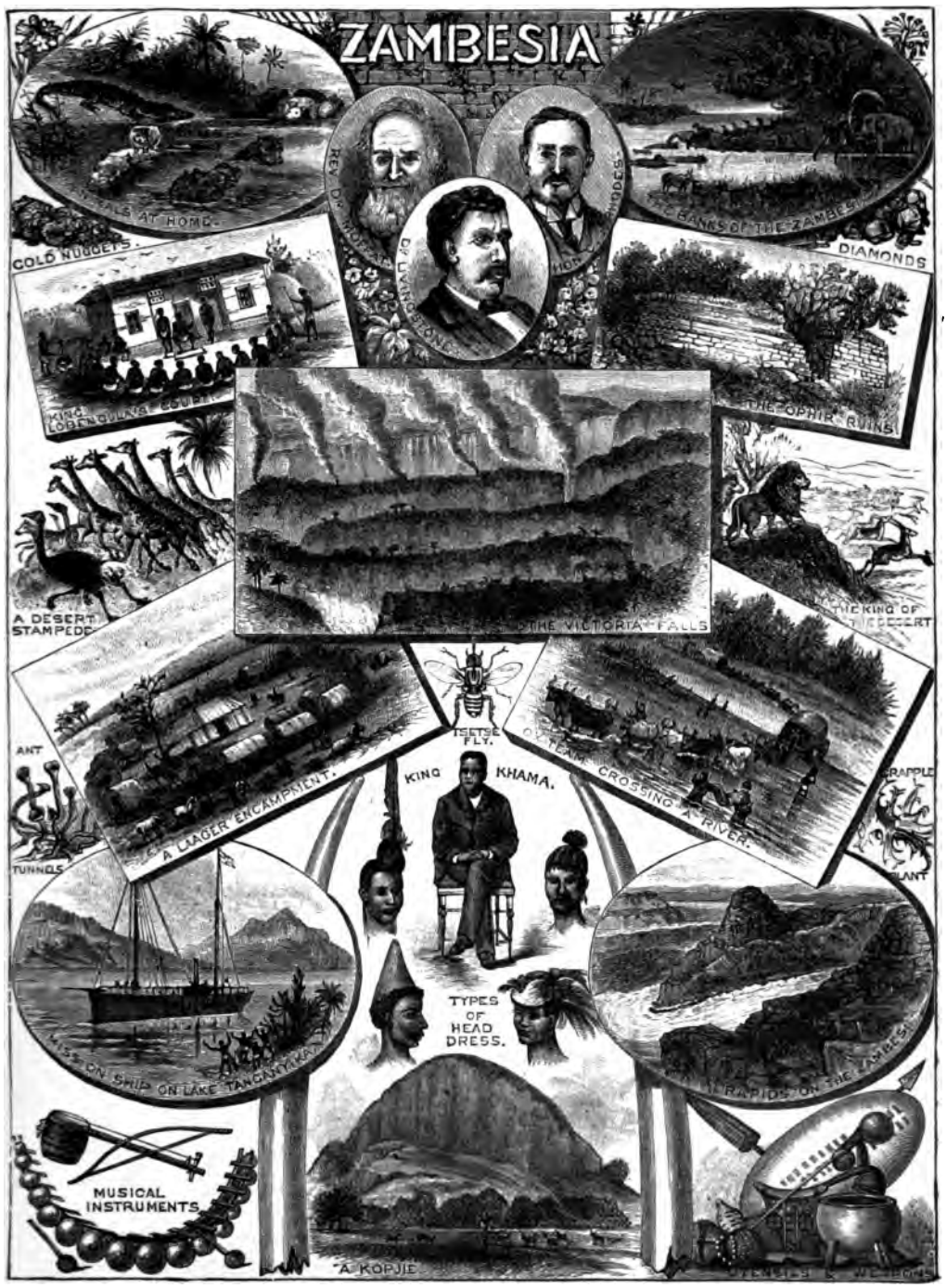
account of the hostility between the Dutch Boers, who control the government, and the "Uitlanders," or foreigners, who have been attracted by the mineral riches of the district and who now, beside largely outnumbering the Boers, are said to own nine tenths of all the property. These Uitlanders claim that their rights are disregarded, while the Boers, under their President, Paul Kruger, claim that it is their country, which they have a right to rule, and that the Uitlanders are interlopers. Dr. Jameson's recent unfortunate raid was doubtless undertaken in the thought that the Uitlanders were about to inaugurate a rebellion against the Boer government, and he wished to aid them.

If you will look at the sketch map on the preceding page, you will find a vast district west and north of the Free State and the Transvaal called Zambesia. It is known in South Africa as Rhodesia, so called in honor of Hon. Cecil Rhodes, late premier of Cape Colony, and the leading spirit in bringing this region under the British flag. It is indeed an enormous territory, covering about 750,000 square miles, which is about one fourth of the area of the whole United States, from Maine to California. You will see that it embraces Bechuanaland and the country of Khama, that noble African chieftain whose ability and Christian character have made his name so famous not only in Africa but in all the civilized world. It covers also Matebeleland, where Lobengula and his fierce warriors made his capital, Bulawayo, a great camp of warriors, from which incursions were made into all the regions round about. Zambesia includes also Mashonaland, and, stretching up to the Zambesi, and crossing that river, it extends northward till it reaches the south border of the Congo Free State.

This vast region is not ruled directly by the British government, but by the British South Africa Company, which by its charter, given in October, 1889, was empowered to undertake the administration and development of these regions. The Company, under the lead of Cecil Rhodes, has established forts at a number of points in the interior, has extended railroads and telegraphs northward, and has accomplished marvels in the development of these regions so rich in mineral wealth and so well adapted to agriculture. The love of gold and the love of empire have urged on the Chartered Company, and British South Africa bids fair to become one of the greatest and most prosperous colonies of the British Empire. May it come also speedily under the dominion of the Prince of Peace!

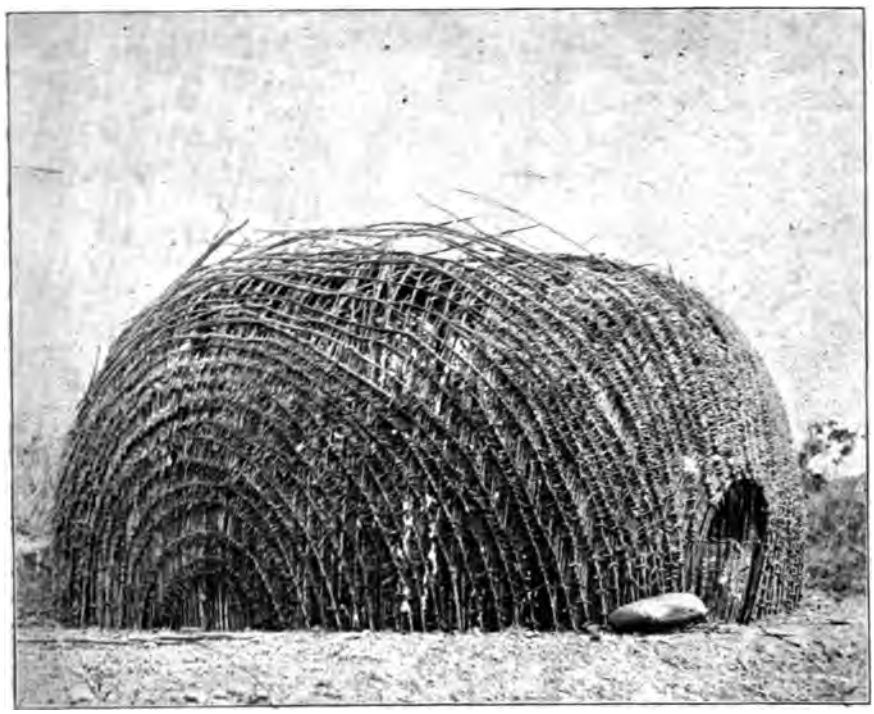
This region which we have thus briefly described is most interesting to us because it is so intimately connected with the missionary labors of Moffat and Livingstone and other brave and sainted men who have given their lives for the benefit of their fellow-men. Robert Moffat labored long and successfully among the Bechuanas. Livingstone went from Kuruman, which you will find on the sketch map, northward to Lake Ngami, and then on until he reached the Zambesi, discovering the Victoria Falls, probably the most marvelous of all the cataracts on the face of the earth. Later, Livingstone went still farther northward, revealing to the world something of the horrors of the slave traffic and calling upon Christendom to send the gospel to the tribes of the interior. Upon the northern boundaries of what is now called Zambesia, Livingstone died, while upon his knees praying for Africa. Sooner than he thought has the civilized world reached out to the region which he explored, and commerce and Christian missionaries have attempted to do what he sought to have them do.

As for misionary enterprises in Zambesia, the London Society is still at work among the Bechuanas. King Khama is laboring steadfastly to bring his people under the power of Christian truth. Missionaries among the Matebeles had labored for thirty years, and did not dare to reckon more than one or two converts, but since the overthrow of Lobengula a mission force has been well established at Bulawayo. On the eastern border of Mashonaland, at Mount Silinda, our American Board has established its East Central African Mission. The French Evangelical Mission is laboring most successfully among the Barotse, just north of the Zambesi, while on Lakes Nyasa and Shiré the Scotch Free


ZAMBESIA
REV. DR. MOFFAT
DR. LIVINGSTONE
THE RIGHT HON. CECIL JOHN RHODES.
BANKS OF THE ZAMBESI.
DIAMONDS
GOLD NUGGETS.
KING LOBENGULA'S COURT.
THE OPHIR RUINS
THE VICTORIA FALLS
A DESERT STAMPEDE
THE KING OF THE DESERT
TSETSE FLY.
ANT
TERMITES
A LAGER ENCAMPMENT.
OX TEAM CROSSING A RIVER.
GRAPPLE PLANT
KING KHAMA.
TYPES OF HEAD DRESS.
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS
A KOPJIE

and Established churches are having marked success. And still farther to the north, toward Lake Tanganyika, the heralds of the Cross are telling of the Saviour of men. How the heart of Livingstone would have rejoiced could he have seen the progress which has been made since 1849, when he started northward from Kolobeng on his first missionary journey!

In the cut on the preceding page there have been brought together a number of interesting scenes connected with Zambesia. You will find there small portraits of Dr. Moffat and Livingstone. The chair in which King Khama sits is a sign of the elevation of himself and his tribe from the ground on which they formerly sat. The little sketch of the Victoria Falls cannot, of course, show their grandeur, but they suggest the name which the natives give the falls;



AN UNFINISHED SOUTH AFRICAN KRAAL

namely, "Sounding Smoke." The animals which are here pictured, which Livingstone saw in such abundance, such as the lion, antelope, giraffe, and the elephant, are still found on the high lands, and the alligator and rhinoceros in the rivers. But there was no mission ship on Lake Tanganyika when he was there. We cannot say much for the pictured diamonds and gold nuggets; to most men they are the great attraction in Zambesia; but there is something there of infinitely greater worth. There are millions of human beings needing the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. We rejoice in the development of Zambesia, because the way is thus opened for the bringing of this vast region under the sway of the King of kings.

THE ZULUS AT HOME.

BY REV. H. D. GOODENOUGH, OF THE ZULU MISSION.

ON the next page is a picture of some Zulu kraals. This word kraal (pronounced *krawl*) is a Hottentot word used by the Dutch and English to describe a collection of native huts. In the picture there are six kraals, each having from four to twelve huts. You will notice in the centre a circular enclosure. This is the cattle-pen, called a cattle-kraal, and around this are clustered the huts in a circle. Here you see the home of the uncivilized Zulus.

Now I want the young people who read these words to imagine that instead of being born a little white baby boy or girl in a comfortable, civilized home, you first opened your eyes a little black heathen in one of these kraals in Africa. In the dusky faces bending over you would have been a kindly interest, for a Zulu child is always welcome. To father and mother "children are a heritage, and blessed is the man that hath his quiver full." Boys and girls are alike welcome. If there is any difference it is in favor of the girls, for each of whom the father receives ten head of cattle when she is married. As you grow old enough to look about your humble home, you would see beneath, a circular floor of hard earth, and above, the sloping sides of one dome-shaped room, destitute of windows and with no opening except a small arched doorway so low that people must stoop or crawl to enter. There is no chimney, and the dim light is dimmer still by reason of the smoke from the fire in the circular hollow in the middle of the room. Here the simple family meal is cooked, and here the dusky members of the family gather at night with no light but that of the fire, and tell stories far into the evening. Hanging from the smoke-begrimed roof you would see stalks of native grain stuck into the basketwork of little sticks which forms the framework of the hut. You would also see ears of corn braided together and suspended from the roof, and sticks of various sorts stuck into the sides of the hut.

A Zulu boy or man seldom goes from home without carrying several sticks, partly as a defence against human enemies, and partly for use against venomous snakes, of which there are plenty in the grass. Some of these sticks have large knobs on the end, and are called knob-kerries. There are spears too, called *assagais*, thrust into the side of the hut, and various articles — snuffboxes and gourds, used as dishes — suspended from the roof or lying on the floor. At night you would sleep on a piece of matting made of a special kind of grass. As a baby you would have no pillow unless, perhaps, a rolled-up corner of the



ZULU KRAALS IN NATAL.

rough, brown blanket. But grown people have wooden pillows made from the limb of a tree, so cut that attached pieces of branches form legs like a little stool. In the morning you would be taken up without washing or dressing — perhaps some fat would be rubbed over you. You would then be tied upon your mother's back as she went about her work — out into the garden to weed with a big hoe as heavy as a dozen of the light American garden hoes; or perhaps she goes with a company of other women to bring treacle in calabash on their heads from the sugar-mill ten or even fifteen miles from home.

As you grew a little older, so that you could be trusted to the care of o of your little sisters, you would be transferred from your mother's back to t of a very small girl, who, to keep you quiet, nudges your sides with her elbows, and runs with you outside the hut to the cattle-kraal to see the men milk, and into the huts of your father's other wives; for your father is a polygamist and each wife has a hut for herself. If you want to know what your father would look like, glance at the picture of a Zulu chief on the next page. If you remove his shield and *assagai* and necklace of shells and tiger's claws, it will do very well to represent any ordinary Zulu man. Instead of sweet milk for your dinner your little sister gives you, from a gourd, sour milk called *amasi*, which is considered by the Zulus much nicer than sweet milk. You are taken to see the men building the huts, and the women grinding the corn between two stones.

As you grow up you will get very definite notions of what is "boy's work" and what is "girl's work." The girls will fetch wood and water, do the weeding, carry the *mealies* (Indian corn) to market, etc. The boys will herd the cattle, lead the oxen for plowing, or drive or hold the plow, milk the cows, and build the huts. If you are a boy you will be ashamed to carry burdens or gather wood, because that is girl's work. Have you never known boys in this country who were ashamed to wash dishes, or sweep the house, or take care of baby, because that was girl's work? During some long stormy days as you sit by your mother in the hut as she weaves mats, or shells her harvested beans, she teaches you to make bead necklaces or a bead dress for yourself, and perhaps tells you nursery tales. You will hear dark, fearful stories of cannibals, of witches, of murderers, who kill little children to get medicines from their bodies to use as charms. You will grow up like your parents, suspicious and afraid of all about you — afraid lest they shall employ some evil charm upon you, or lest you shall be accused of employing the like upon them. You will believe in rain doctors, who pretend to have power to cause it to rain. You will believe in witch doctors and will consult them. You will believe, like your parents, that the snake which comes about your hut is the spirit of some ancestor returning to his home, and you will offer sacrifices to it.

In short, you will grow up believing and practising just what your parents do. You will grow up and come to understand the system of polygamy, and, if a girl, would look forward to the time when you are to be one of several wives of a heathen man. If a boy, you become ambitious to be the master of a large kraal with many wives and many cattle, and with many daughters to be sold in marriage for more cattle. For polygamy degrades marriage to a mere matter of business — the means of wealth-getting: the more wives the more daughters,

and the more daughters the more cattle, and the more cattle and the larger the kraal, the greater and more influential the man.

Perhaps you can now realize something more than you have what your Christian, civilized homes have done for you. Can you show your gratitude in



A ZULU CHIEF.

any better way than by sending to your dark brothers and sisters in Africa the gospel of Christ, which has been the one power in the world to turn men from darkness to light?

SOME ZULUS I HAVE KNOWN.

BY REV. JOSIAH TYLER, OF NATAL, SOUTH AFRICA.

FAR away in Africa, on the borders of the Zambesi River, are a people called the Matabele. They are a branch of the Zulu tribe and moved from Zululand a century ago. You can read of their king, Mosilakatzi, a brave but despotic warrior, in the first volume of Wood's "Uncivilized Races of Man."

Many years ago Rev. Robert Moffat visited the king and obtained permission for the London Missionary Society to send teachers into his country. For nearly thirty years missionaries have been working there, but so far as I know not a single individual of the Matabele nation has become a Christian. They still



A ZULU KRAAL IN NATAL.

cling to their old debasing customs, spirit-worship, witchcraft, polygamy, and beer-drinking. Some two years ago, Rev. Mr. Elliot, an English missionary in Matabele-land, sent an urgent appeal to the mission of the American Board in Natal for a Zulu Christian minister and his wife, that they might serve as an object-lesson to the wild Matabeles, and perhaps impress them as the white workers had been unable to do.

The call came at the annual meeting of the native Christians assembled at Umzumbe station in 1887. Eleven volunteers responded, but the one best adapted to the work seemed to be Umcitwa. A few years before, he had come to Mr. Bridgman a heathen lad, undressed and ignorant, but he was placed under instruction, and after a while became "clothed and in his right mind" in every sense. Constant Bible study made him a power among his own people, and as assistant in the Sunday-school and prominent in the Christian Endeavor Society he was a true helper and a comfort to his missionary.

One of the girls educated at the Umzumbe Home, an earnest Christian



UMCITWA AND YONA WITH THEIR BABE.

and a general favorite, who had been a ready helper in daily and Sunday schools and as a Bible reader, became Umcitwa's wife. I wish I could tell you of Yona's strong character, perseverance, and faith. When the call came to go to Matabele-land, she said, "It is a joy to be able to take the gospel to my people living in darkness." Few of you can realize how hard it was for Mr. and Mrs. Bridgman, the missionaries at Umzumbe, to lose these helpers from their own station, where every Christian worker is so much needed. But it was God's work, whether in Matabele-land or Natal, and they cheerfully helped Umcitwa and Yona to prepare for their journey of 500 miles, much of which must be made in an ox-wagon. It was deemed best to leave their little girl, two years old, with Mrs. Bridgman, as she could care for her so much better than could the father and mother on their new and untried mission. The baby, a few weeks old, they took with them.

The trip was more trying than was anticipated. Umcitwa was asked to drive

a large ox-wagon, a task for which he was physically unable. It was in the rainy season, and the missionary's wife wrote, "The wagon stuck in the mud sixteen times, four poles were broken, and the wagon had to be unloaded and loaded again six or seven times, and altogether we had a most miserable time." Poor Umcitwa was exposed to cold and rain, and it was not strange that when he reached his destination he had an attack of pneumonia. He just managed to build a small house and began to preach, but Mr. Elliot wrote, "He only preached once, and that proved too much for him." He died shortly afterwards, and Mrs. Bridgman wrote: "You will have heard of Umcitwa's death away up in Matabele-land, where he bore faithful witness for Christ during long months of weakness and suffering. And now we hear that poor Yona is still more sorely bereft in the loss of her dear baby, who followed the father in about two weeks.



A SOUTH AFRICAN WAGON.

May she show such a bright example of faith and trust and resignation to God's will that those dark-minded people may be impressed with the power and blessedness of the gospel, and may yield to its influence. We mourn for Umcitwa as a true friend." We hope that Umcitwa's death will not deter other Zulu Christians from going as missionaries to Matabele-land, where they are so much needed.

THE FIRST ORDAINED ZULU MINISTER.

About thirty years ago, there was a Zulu lad in Natal, South Africa, the servant of an English farmer, who, unlike many colonists, loved the souls of the heathen and labored for their salvation. One day this boy was leading the oxen attached to a cart, his master being the driver, when suddenly the weather became cold and stormy. Having no other clothing than that Zulu lads generally wear, which consisted of strips of cow's hide about his loins, he succumbed to the cold — dropped the thong with which he led the oxen, closed his eyes, and stood motionless. The sympathetic farmer immediately took off his own great-coat and put it on the lad, together with some bags he found in the cart. Fortunately a kraal was near, at which he stopped, and, taking the boy in his arms, he carried him into a hut. He then laid himself down by his side; stretched out

his broad arms and drew him close to his warm, strong heart. There he kept him till the lad revived, opened his eyes, and began to speak. Years afterward that Zulu lad said to the farmer, "Sir, tell me what it was that made your heart so warm towards me, and brought me back from death." And then the good farmer, with a heart as warm as ever, told the young man the story of Jesus and his love. That story warmed the Zulu's heart, and he soon became a Christian. He attached himself to Rev. H. M. Bridgman, of the Umzumbe mission station, was educated, and, when baptized, received the name Rufus Anderson. The farmer, his spiritual father, has lately gone to the better land, but while living never ceased to thank God that he was made instrumental in saving both the body and soul of the first ordained Zulu minister.



UNDINIZULU.

UNDINIZULU, THE ZULU PRINCE.

When in 1869 I visited the kraal of Cetywayo, the old king of the Zulus, he was just about marrying his fifteenth wife. A little boy was pointed out to me as the king's only son, and I suppose it was Undinizulu, who now, after trial by the English government, has been sentenced as a prisoner to the island of St. Helena for ten years of hard labor. Cetywayo was captured by the British and taken to England, but was subsequently restored to his own country. He there died quite suddenly, and it is commonly believed that he was poisoned by Usibepu, a chief with whom he had had a bitter quarrel. His son, Dininzulu, in his determination to avenge his father's death, made war against Usibepu, despite the warnings of the British officials. In the rebellion which he incited he was defeated, and after trial was sentenced to exile and hard labor. He never came under the influence of the gospel, and refused to heed the counsels of the white men who sought his welfare and the welfare of his people.

The picture here given is from a photograph in which the prince appears in Zulu garb, which consists of nothing but a necklace, which is shown in the cut, and a strip about the loins. How different might have been his career had he, or his father before him, heeded the instructions of those who came to bring them the good tidings from on High!

SOME ZULU KRAAL GIRLS.

BY REV. FREDERICK R. BUNKER, OF AMANZIMTOTE, NATAL.

LET me introduce to you one of the girls who has come from a Zulu kraal. Her name is Senaye. See how tastefully and modestly she is dressed. Notice how bright and pretty she is as she greets us. And she is as good as she is pretty. She came when a little girl to Mrs. Ireland, a runaway from a heathen home. Her people were terribly angry when they came to take her back home. She refused to go with them and was for many years with Mrs. Ireland, a true,

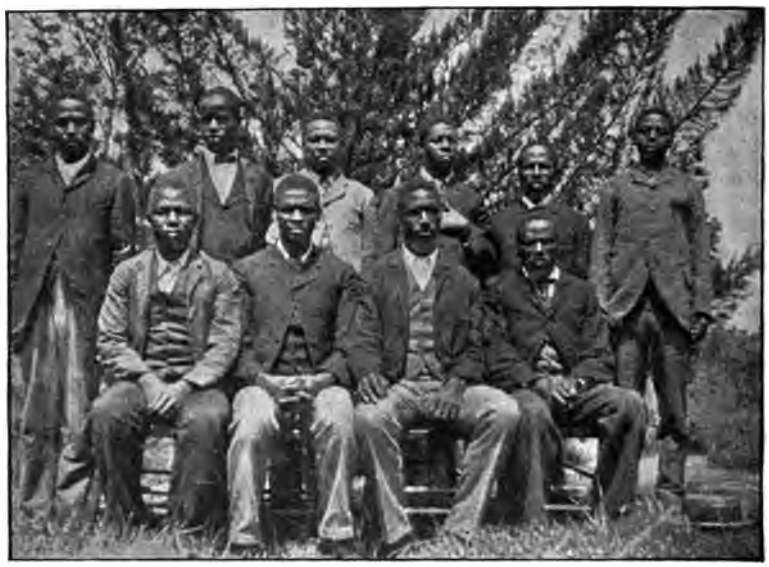


MRS. IRELAND'S KRAAL GIRLS AT AMANZIMTOTE.

consistent Christian girl of great promise. She is now working in Durban, a member of the church, and leading a good life. I went with Mr. Ransom to her old home a short time since. A woman had just died a Christian death in the kraal and had requested to be buried in a Christian way. We saw a number of dressed men and girls there. I asked who they were and found them to be people who had been led by Senaye's influence to give up heathenism and become Christians. Her brother is an earnest Christian man. Several girls from that kraal are now in school here, with the consent of their friends, and when

the gospel was preached that day it was listened to with great respect by all. Yet but a short time since all these people hated the missionaries, and it was not safe to let Senaye go home lest she should suffer violence or be stolen away by her people. Since we came to Africa in 1891 she began to go there and read the Bible to them and pray with them, and this is the result.

Now see this group of men coming up to a schoolhouse. From a fashionable point of view they are a disreputable crowd. Slouch hats, ragged coats, trousers too long or too short, and barefooted. Some are well dressed, but all evidently poor. Who are they? Station preachers; men who work all the week and go out to preach on Sunday. They are a great power among their own people. They have come to the missionary to get some instruction for their talks to the people. They tell me that though some of them have lived many years on the station they have never seen so many turning to the Lord from



THE THEOLOGICAL STUDENTS AT AMANZIMTOTE.

among the heathen as at present. They say that it is the work of no missionary or preacher, but the Holy Spirit seems to have gone before the preachers and made the people anxious to hear the truth.

About three years ago Mrs. Ireland went home from church one Sunday and found two little kraal girls on her veranda waiting for her. She asked what they wanted, and they said that they had heard from Senaye, of whom I have written above, that there was a day of reckoning for their sins, and they had come to learn how to get ready for it.

They were taken in and clothed, and as usual the parents came the next day to take them home. It is the custom of the missionaries, in which they are sustained by the English law, to protect any girls who run away from polygamous marriage from the personal violence of their pursuers. We give the parents or friends full liberty to persuade the girls to return, and if they consent, put no

obstacle in their way to return. Many of them do return home. But if they insist on staying we protect them in our houses. These two little girls refused to go, and the parents spent hours in trying to get them to go, but in vain. The parents were fearfully angry. The little things, not realizing the protection of the Englishman's "castle," and thinking that they would be safer hiding in the bushes, ran out of the door when the missionaries did not see them, and ran for the bushes. Their people spied them and gave chase, capturing one and taking her home. The other escaped and returned under cover of night.

A few days after she was working in the garden when Mrs. Ransom saw a man spring out of the bushes and drag her off. Mr. Ransom sprang on his horse and gave chase. The man proved to be her father. He made his escape with her across the river and hid in a deep bushy ravine into which Mr. Ransom could not go with his horse. Some station men then came up and pretty soon the man came out holding in one hand the girl, from whom he in rage had stripped her clothes, and brandishing his sticks in the other hand. The men made feints to attack him, and in his confusion he let the girl slip from his grasp, when two men caught her and ran with her, while Mr. Ransom kept in front of the man, hindering him in his pursuit. He was wild with rage, fairly foaming at the mouth. The girl was taken to the house, and after a time the father appeared again asking for her. He was permitted to do all he could to persuade her to go with him, but she refused. He raged and cried and pleaded in turn, but she would not yield. He then went home and she remained here for some time and then was sent to Umzumbe. She has developed finely, and is a true Christian.

Last vacation she was permitted to go home, with her father's promise that she should return to school. When the time came he refused to let her go, but she escaped, and though he lay in wait for her on the road she reached the school. This vacation we were afraid to let her go home, and she stayed here with us for a time in the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Ransom, who have charge of her. We soon learned to love her. When the other girls from Umzumbe reached home, and Umkamambedu did not appear, her father was very angry and came here to learn the reason. We told him that we were afraid that he would not let her go to school again; that he broke his promise before, and we did not trust him now. He was angry, but promised very earnestly that he would let her return. She believed him and wanted to go, so that we consented, and she went off with him, expecting to come back in three days. She told the girls that she wanted to go to tell her people about Jesus. She had been very active in teaching the girls in the school here to recite verses in the Bible. The time came for her return and she did not come. We feared that she was detained. In the afternoon a woman came to tell us that the girl had got within a half mile of the station when her father caught her and took her back home, beating her all the way. This morning her story was told in the prayer-meeting, and the people prayed very earnestly for her deliverance. But we all felt that she would be so carefully watched that she would not get away for some time at least. She is coming to an age when her father will be making arrangements to sell her, and he would take extra precaution to keep her. What was our surprise this afternoon when she came safely to the station!

Her story is this. When she reached home all the people began to try to get

her to take off her clothes and put on heathen dress. They gave her no peace until she saw that they did not intend that she should come back. So when the time came for her to return, she ran away and nearly reached here when her father caught her. He beat her all the way back. He would say, "Do you love Jesus?" and she would say, "Yes," and he would beat her. Again the same question and answer, and the beating was repeated many times before they reached home. When they reached home they tore off her clothes and made her drink large quantities of water to make her vomit. The reason for this drinking of water was to make her "throw up Jesus from her heart." It is a common custom for them, when any one has stolen food, for all of them to drink water until the thief is revealed. They thought they would try to dislodge the thief who had stolen Umkamambedu's heart. They may have thought that they had accomplished their purpose and did not watch as carefully as they would



THE KRAAL GIRLS' HOME AT AMANZIMTOTE.

otherwise, or she may have deceived them about her intentions. But having gone to the spring for water she took the opportunity and fled. The alarm was given and her father followed her. He had almost overtaken her when she stumbled and fell. She crawled from the path out into the tall grass and bushes, and he went running by without observing her, though she was not two paces from him. When he had passed she got up and followed him and reached here safely. He is probably lying in the bushes near here now, hoping to intercept her. Poor child! she was trembling and crying when she arrived. We took her into the house after she had been clothed in the Girls' School, and the smiles broke out over her face, and she looked a real victor after a hard-fought battle.

Will you not pray that God will throw his protection about these poor children and bring deliverance to oppressed womanhood in this land? Such cases are always on hand with us.

THE HERO OF UGANDA.

On that morning of September, 1889, when the Emin Relief Expedition left the English mission station at Usambiro, south of Victoria Nyanza, refreshed by three weeks of rest and comfort, they turned for a glance backward at a lonely figure standing on the brow of a hill and waving them farewell. It was Alexander Mackay, whom Stanley calls "the best missionary since Livingstone." Picture to yourselves a slight, fair-haired Scotchman of forty years, with "a handsome, good, and clever face, and with calm, blue eyes that never winked," writes Stanley, though the heathen king had strangled his pupils, burned his converts, and "turned his eye of death on him." Fourteen years Mackay had borne in savage Africa the hardships of a missionary pioneer: a part of the time the only white man in the region. Stanley now strongly but vainly urged him to leave for a while, and the Church Missionary Society advised the same.



ALEXANDER MACKAY.

Mackay replied: "What is this you write, 'Come home'? Surely now, in our terrible dearth of workers, it is not the time for any one to desert his post. Send us only our *first* twenty men and I may be tempted to come to help you find the second twenty."

Mackay was born at Rhynie, Aberdeenshire, October 13, 1849, the son of a Free Church minister. Plain living, high thinking, and practical godliness were his birthright. At three years he read fluently; at seven, histories were his text-books. Until fourteen he received all his training from his learned father, whose guests and correspondents were such men as Hugh Miller and Sir Roderick Murchison. The boy's mind developed rapidly, but at eleven he almost discarded books for the garden, the glebe, and the pony. He also haunted the

mills and the workshops of Rhynie, studying all manner of machinery. But at thirteen he voluntarily returned to his books, entered school at Glasgow, graduated at a Teachers' Training College in Edinburgh as one of its ablest students, and afterwards spent six years in the most thorough training for his chosen profession of engineering. He was a sincere and devoted Christian, and hearing that the Church Missionary Society wished for a layman for Africa, he went out in 1876, declining the most pressing and tempting business offers. He said, "Many a better man than I has gone to heathen countries before now; why should not I go too? It is not to make money that I believe a Christian should live."

His first work in Africa was to build "the white man's big road," 230 miles long, from the coast opposite Zanzibar to Mpwapwa. After two years of fevers, toils, and trials, he reached Victoria Nyanza to find the missionary party which had gone on before him all dead. Their stores lay about in desperate confusion, but in ten days Mackay had put together the little steamer they had carried inland, and with three missionaries who now joined him he set out for Uganda, across the lake. They were shipwrecked! They made a tent out of a sail; and Mackay cut out the middle of the broken boat, joined both ends together and started again, this time reaching Uganda.

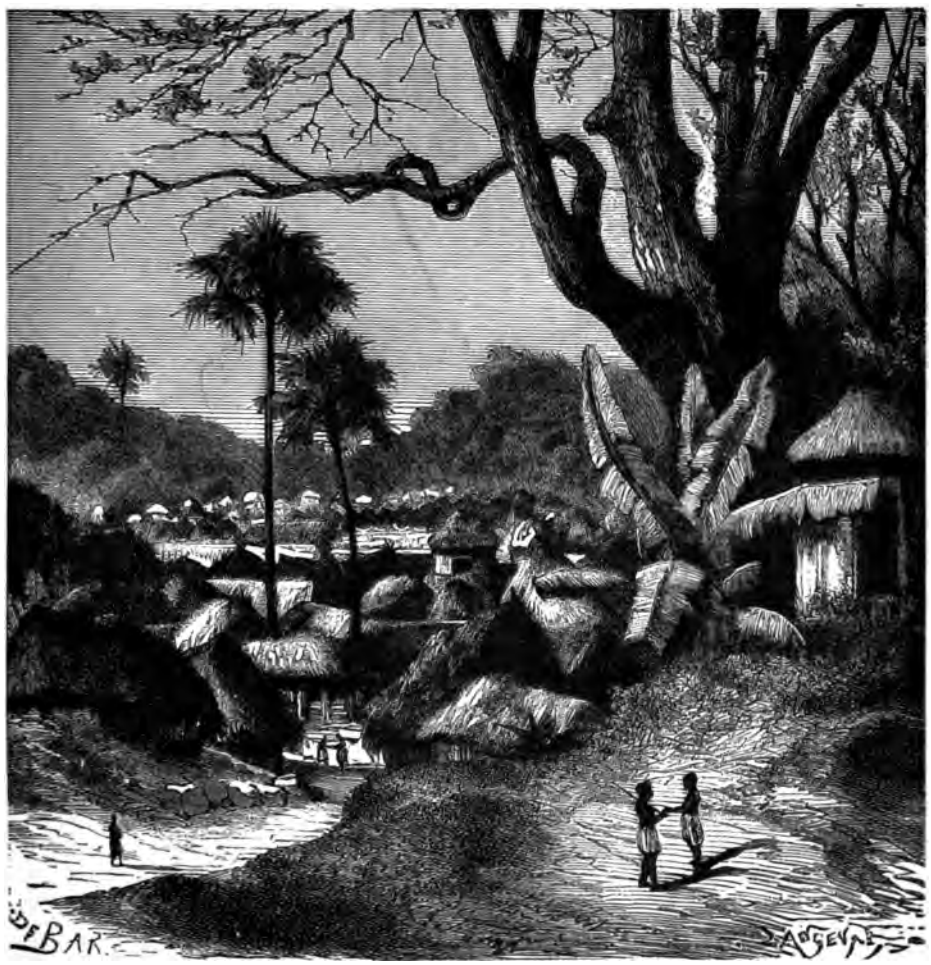
They found a lovely country, basking in perpetual summer; the mercury being about 60° Fahr. by night and 80° by day. The people were bright, cleanly, and active, and King Mtesa was friendly. Then followed years of patient language-study, translation, and teaching, varied by hard labor with forge and anvil, grindstone, lathe, and printing-press. The natives looked on in amazement at the feats of Mackay's engineering skill and listened the more willingly to his earnest offers of the great salvation through Jesus Christ.

In 1881 there had been great want of water at Mtesa's; the people obtaining only a scanty supply from a hole in the earth. By the use of his theodolite, Mackay calculated that he could obtain water there at a depth of only sixteen feet. He set men at work and reached water at just that depth. The natives had never seen a deep well before, and would not believe that water could be had on a hillside till Mackay put in a pump brought from London and they saw a full stream ascend twenty feet high, and flow and flow as long as one worked the handle. Their wonder knew no bounds. "Mackay is the Great Spirit!" they cried; "truly he is the Great Spirit!" He explained that the pump was only a sort of elephant's trunk made of copper, or like a beer-drinking tube with an iron tongue, that sucked up the water as their tongues sucked up beer through their gourds.

Mtesa was fickle; now listening attentively to Mackay's Sunday Bible-reading and preaching, and then relapsing into spirit-worship and the wildest wickedness. His vices and cruelties and those of his son Mwanga, who succeeded him in 1884, were appalling. Every day a wanton slaughter of human beings went on, and at times there was a general massacre, 2,000 victims being butchered at once, with every ingenuity of torture.

All this while, hosts of people came to the missionaries for instruction and learned to read from portions of the Bible printed on single sheets. Five of the

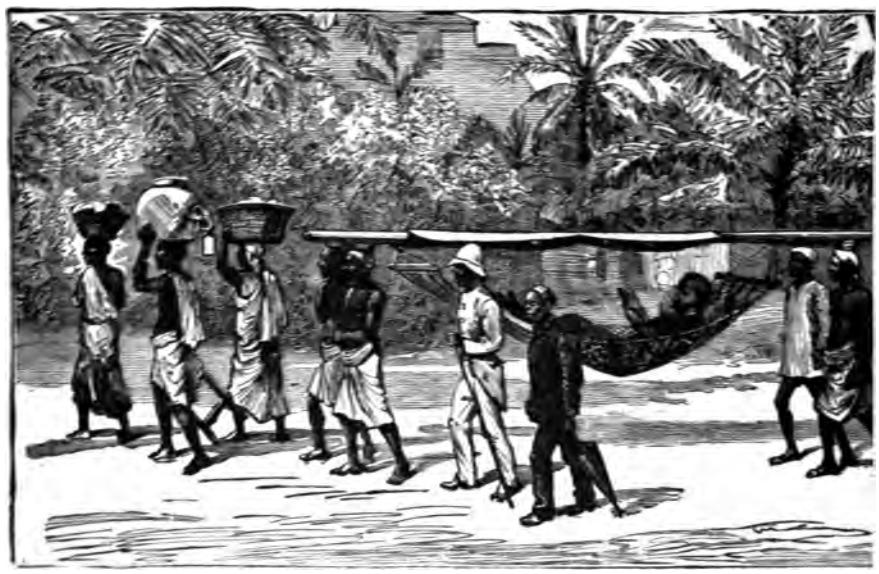
first converts were baptized in 1882, four years after the commencement of the mission. Their number increased without opposition as long as Mtesa lived, but in 1885, under Mwanga's weaker yet more cruel reign, the Christians began to win the martyr's crown, being first tortured and then roasted alive. Mackay suffered much personal violence, and, after Bishop Hannington was murdered on



A VILLAGE IN EAST CENTRAL AFRICA.

the way to Uganda, a plot was laid to kill all the missionaries. It failed, but the natives were forbidden on pain of death to come near the white men, and came only by stealth at night. In 1886 Mwanga killed thirty Christians and sentenced forty more, and the missionaries every moment expected their own arrest. Finally Messrs. O'Flaherty and Ashe were allowed to leave, but Mackay was kept alone for eleven months longer. Well for him that "he always looked fearlessly forth and seemed ever to see the face of the living God"! At length, in

July, 1887, Mwanga sent him, too, away. He went to Usambiro, where with others he carried on the same great work, "now with book in hand, now with hammer and tongs." He wrote home, "Duty before pleasure, they say; but my duty is a pleasure." There on the eighth of February, 1890, he rested from his labors, after a few days' illness from malarial fever. Twenty-five Uganda Christians had followed him to Usambiro, and 2,500 had settled in Ankoli, west of Victoria Nyanza. There Stanley saw them on his way to the sea, "a nice, cleanly dressed, sober, and independent people." "They told us," says Stanley, "the wonderful story of the deposition of Mwanga and the growth of the Christian mission. It was most graphic, most beautiful. . . . Such



TRAVELING IN AFRICA.

fortitude, such bravery, such courage. . . . I was carried back to the days of Nero and Caligula, how they persecuted the Christians at Rome. . . . Really there were instances here of equal courage, of equal faith. . . . I suppose that the railway will be down there in five years, and that Uganda will be connected with the sea, and I am quite sure the time will come when very many will seek those tropical paradises of Uganda simply for the pleasure of seeing such a nice country and its interesting people, made still more interesting by the religion they profess." Who now but says that Mackay's short life was a glorious success! His name is a household word wherever his Master's cause is dear. A burst of enthusiastic admiration and deepest sorrow was called forth by tidings of his death, from all branches of the Church on earth, and in heaven his reward is inconceivable and eternal.

AFRICANER.

AFRICANER was a Hottentot who, before the arrival of the Dutch in South Africa, had pastured his flocks, hunted his game, and lived his life of savage luxury on his own lands near Cape Town. When the Dutch came they took possession of his land and made him a subject, after a custom only too common to civilized nations in their greed for territory. Africaner and his people were starved, beaten, and robbed till they could endure it no longer. They demanded better treatment and agreed on a conference; but one of the natives, against the wishes of the leaders, killed a Dutchman and that brought matters to a crisis.



AFRICANER.

Africaner was declared an outlaw and a reward was offered for his capture. He withdrew with the remnants of his tribe to Mamaqualand and there began a series of wars upon natives and foreigners alike. He robbed and burned the settlements and murdered the farmers until his very name struck terror wherever it was heard.

Not far from Africaner's kraal the English established a mission, although the proximity of the notable robber added not a little to their anxieties. Strange to say, he received them kindly at first, saying, "As you are sent by the English, I welcome you to the country; for, though I hate the Dutch, my former oppressors, I love the English, for I have always heard that they are the friends of the poor black man."

It was at this time that Africaner first heard the gospel, and he afterward said that he then saw "men as trees walking."

Troubles came, however. The wisest of the missionaries died and Africaner was led to believe that another had treated him unjustly. The savage spirit broke forth again and, calling his followers together, he attacked the mission station, burned the houses and carried off everything of value.

The mission was for the time given up, but later reopened, and in 1817 that

noble worker, Robert Moffat, arrived at Africaner's kraal. The chief soon appeared and welcomed the missionary, ordering the women to build a hut for him. In spite of this, the outlook at first was far from encouraging, and it is a high tribute to the wisdom and the consecrated zeal of Moffat that he so soon won the confidence of the people among whom he settled. Africaner began to



HOTTENTOTS.

come to the services, and his regularity was finally such that Moffat says, "I might as well doubt of morning's dawn as of his attendance on the appointed means of grace." He had learned to read and spent his day over his Testament, and in the evening he would sit with Moffat on a great stone near the station and talk on creation, providence, and redemption until he would say, "I have heard enough; I feel as if my head were too small and as if it would swell with these great subjects."

Moffat bears this wonderful testimony of his character. "During the whole period I lived there, I do not remember having occasion to be grieved with him or to complain of any part of his conduct; his very faults seemed 'to lean to virtue's side.' He zealously seconded my efforts to improve the people in cleanliness and industry, and he who was formerly a firebrand, spreading discord, enmity, and war among the neighboring tribes, would now make any sacrifice to prevent anything like a collision between two contending parties, saying, 'What have I now of all the battles I have fought, and all the cattle I took, but shame and remorse?'"

After several months' work in Mamaqualand Moffat found it necessary to visit Cape Town, and it occurred to him to take Africaner with him. At first the chief refused to go, for he was an outlaw and feared the consequences, but finally consented, if his safety could be assured. The English at Cape Town had invited him down several times and promised him entire freedom, but it was a question whether he could get safely through the territory of the Dutch farmers. Finally, attired in one of the only two substantial shirts Moffat had left, a pair of leather trousers, a duffel jacket, and an old hat, neither white nor black, the attempt was made, the chief passing as one of the missionary's servants.

The Dutch farmers were very hospitable to Moffat, and many congratulated him on getting out alive from Africaner's land, for they could not believe that this robber and murderer could be living a peaceful and law-abiding life. As they approached one settlement, Moffat, meeting a farmer, whom he had seen before, held out his hand to him.

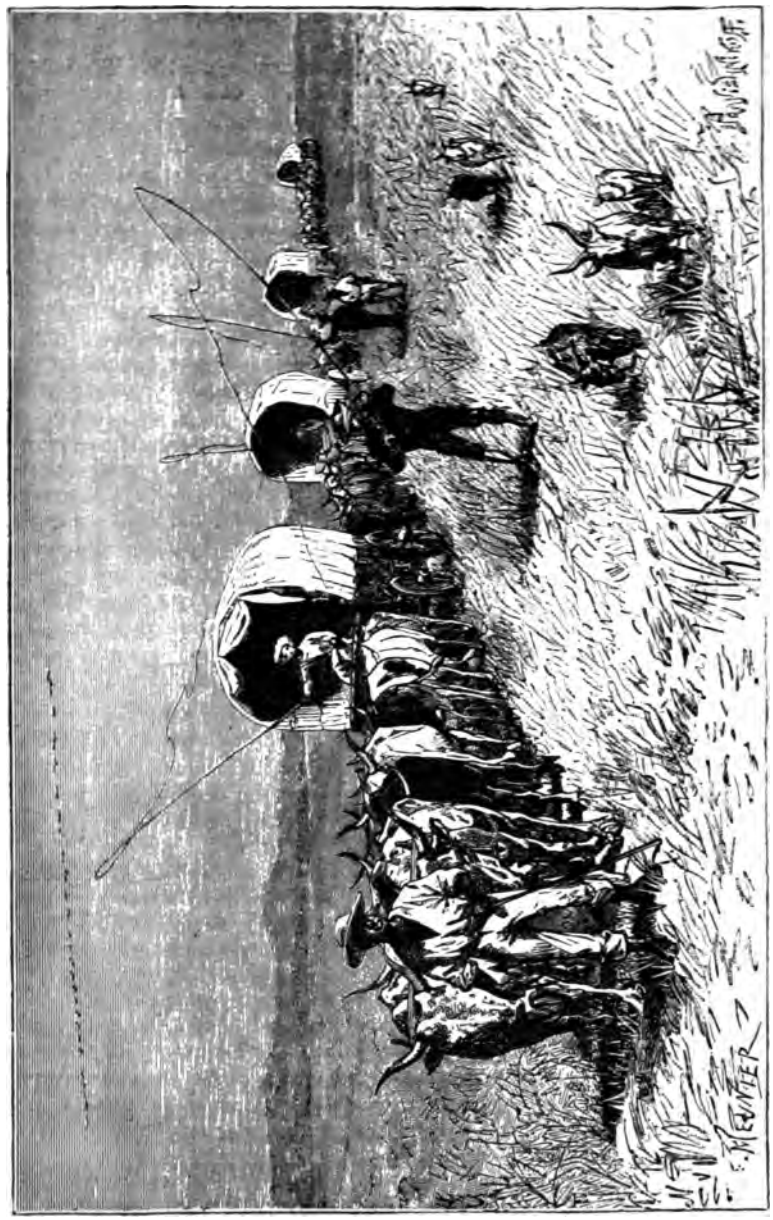
"Who are you?" said the farmer.

"Moffat," replied the missionary.

"Moffat!" exclaimed the Boer. "It is your ghost! Don't come near me. You have been long since murdered by Africaner. Everyone says you have been, and a man told me he had seen your bones." When Moffat declared that he believed Africaner was a truly good man, the farmer said: "If what you assert be true, I have only one wish, and that is to see him before I die; and when you return, as sure as the sun is over our heads, I will go with you to see him, though he killed my own uncle." Moffat, knowing the Boer was a sincere and discreet man, turned toward the wagon where the chief was riding and said: "This, then, is Africaner." The Boer, with a look as though the man might have dropped from the clouds, exclaimed: "Are *you* Africaner?" Africaner arose, doffed his old hat, and, making a polite bow, replied: "I am." The farmer seemed thunderstruck, but on realizing the fact, lifted up his eyes and said: "O God! what a miracle of thy power! what cannot thy grace accomplish!"

Africaner's appearance in Cape Town excited considerable attention and served as a striking witness of the usefulness of missions from a merely political point of view. All were struck by his peaceful and gentle manner and his great knowledge of the gospel. While Moffat was in Cape Town it was decided to change his station, so that it was necessary for Africaner to return alone. This he cheerfully did, expecting to move his residence so as to be near his friend; but this was destined never to happen, although he met Mr. Moffat for a few days about a year later.

In March, 1823, Africaner died. When he felt that the end was coming he collected his people and spoke these final words: "We are not what we were — *savages*, but men professing to be taught according to the gospel. Let us then



TRAVELING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

do accordingly. My former life is stained with blood; but Jesus Christ has pardoned me, and I am going to heaven. Oh! beware of falling into the same evils into which I have led you frequently; but seek God and he will be found of you to direct you."

A MARTYR IN AFRICA.

On the thirty-first of October, 1885, Bishop Hannington, of the English Church Missionary Society, was killed at Unyalla, on the northeast shore of Lake Nyanza. This was done by the orders of Mwanga, the young king of Uganda, son and successor of Mtesa. Bishop Hannington was trying a shorter route from the coast to Uganda, starting inland from Mombasa. The journey had hitherto been made from Zanzibar by way of Mpwapwa, and had occupied three months. To the bishop's adventurous spirit it was no objection that the new way was comparatively unknown and dangerous. From his boyhood he had delighted to do and dare the most difficult things. The accompanying likeness of him is from *The Church Missionary Quarterly Token*, and indicates a strongly marked character.



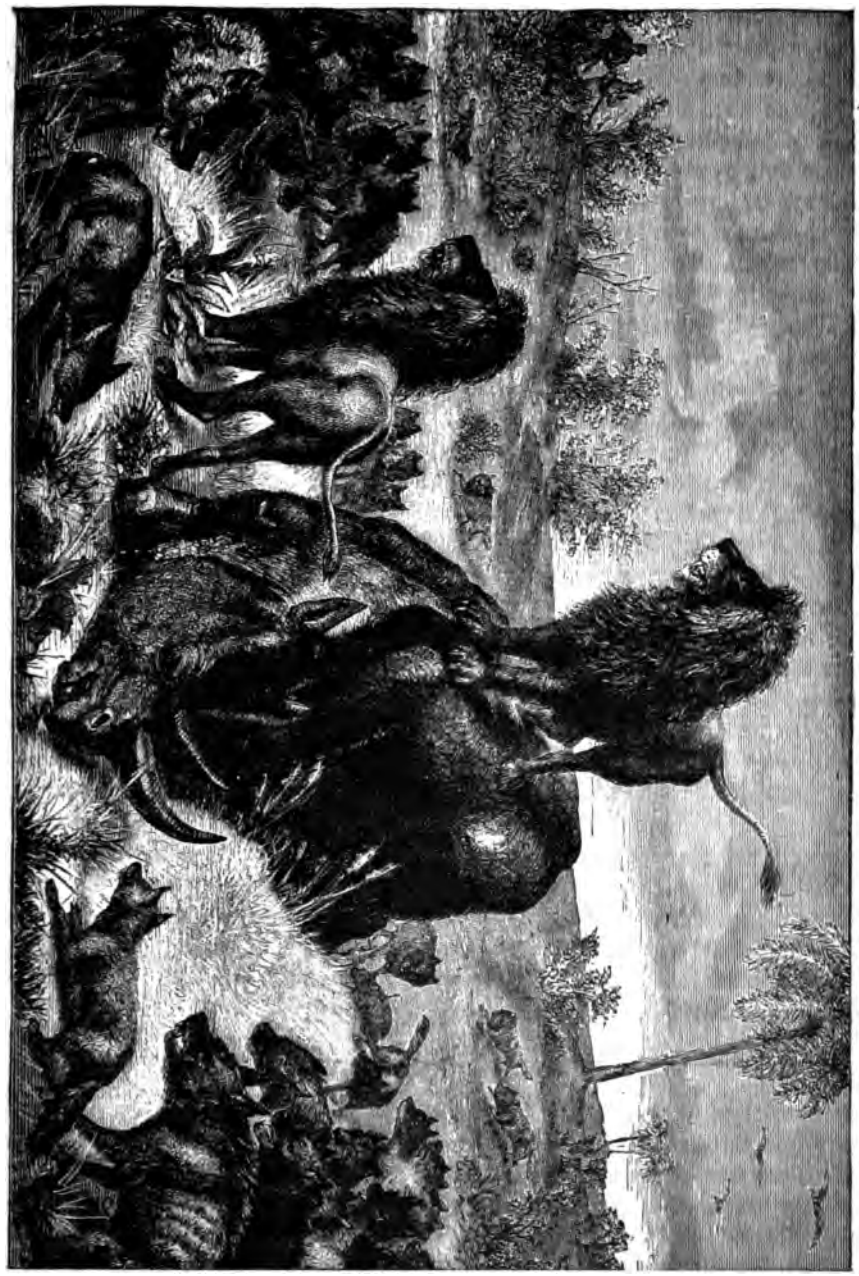
BISHOP HANNINGTON.

James Hannington was born in 1847, and spent much of his early life with his parents on board their yacht. He was a high-spirited and generous boy, of fine abilities, but too frolicsome to be industrious. At fifteen he left school for business. This he tried for six years, still living on board the yacht at Portsmouth and going daily to Brighton. He took many long yachting holidays, and made land journeys also, till he could say that he had seen every capital in Europe except two. In 1868 he entered college at Oxford, with a view to studying for

the life of a clergyman. Here, says one of his friends, who has given his recollections in *The Church Missionary Intelligencer*, "he frolicked, colt-like, across the green pastures of undergraduate life. When he laughed, the spirit of laughter took full possession of him. It was contagious, he so evidently enjoyed it; it came welling up with such wild, uncontrollable waves." At this time he was a tall young fellow of twenty-one, of pliable figure, with clear gray eyes which twinkled with latent fun under deep-set, projecting brows, and with a mouth the pouting lips of which seemed half-humorously to protest against life in general.

"Jim," as he was called, became at once the fashion. He was the most popular freshman of his year, and was received into the best set. He became captain of the "Eight," and president of the "Red Club." He had such personal courage that danger offered a positive attraction to him. In riding he would select the most break-neck places, and in canoeing a flooded country he always sought the most dangerous rapids. Those who knew him would not be at all incredulous as to the extraordinary lion story he told after his first missionary journey in Central Africa. It is given, with other facts, as follows, in *The Church Missionary Intelligencer* for April, 1886: —

"At about a mile from camp he saw some animal moving through the dense mimosa scrub, and, firing, killed it. His prey proved to be a large lion's cub. The gun-bearer, seeing this, fled with every sign of terror, and shouted to him to do the same. It was time indeed to do so. The cries of 'Run, Bwana, run!' were accentuated by a double roar, and, looking round, Hannington saw the bereaved parents, a fine lion and lioness, coming toward him with long, bounding leaps over the scrub. An ordinary man, encountering lions for the first time, would probably have lost all presence of mind, and, turning to run, have been inevitably destroyed. He deliberately faced round upon his enemy. The enraged lions were distant but a few paces, but they suddenly checked, and both stood as though transfixed, glaring upon him. So they remained for some time, till Hannington, placing one foot behind the other, and still keeping his eyes fixed upon the yellow orbs before him, gradually increased his distance, and having placed about a hundred yards between himself and the monsters, quietly walked away. But the indomitable nature of the man comes out more strongly in what followed. Most men would have concluded that they had had enough of such an adventure, and have accepted their escape from the jaws of death, or at least would not have renewed the contest without assistance. Hannington was formed of quite another metal. He determined that he would return and secure the skin of the cub he had killed. So he retraced his steps. When near enough to observe their motions, he could see that the lion and lioness were walking round about their cub, licking its body, and filling the air with low growlings. At this moment an unknown flower caught his eye. He plucked it, took out his note-book, pressed it between the leaves, and classified it as far as he was able; then, with coolness perfectly restored, he ran forward a few paces, threw up his arms, and shouted! Was it that the lions had never encountered so strange an antagonist before? At all events, they looked up, then turned tail, and bounded away. He dragged the cub for some distance, till having left the dangerous vicinity, he shouldered and brought it into camp."



LIONS AND JACKALS DISTURBED BY HUNTERS.

In addition to this absence of fear, Mr. Hannington had a strong will. After his days of preparatory study were over, he took charge of St. George's Church in Hurstpierpoint, the place of his birth. He set himself against intemperance, and became a total abstainer; conceiving himself bound everywhere by this resolve, years after, while seeking health in Switzerland, he was making the ascent of Monte Rosa. He was not well, and suffered from "snow-sickness." The usual remedy is a mouthful of brandy, and it would, no doubt, have been effectual. The guides repeatedly urged him to take it, but he resolutely refused, and, conquering by sheer effort of will, he reached the summit. This same strength of will and power of endurance saved his life more than once in Africa. At one time he was left for dead by his bearers, but found strength to crawl after them into camp.

During his earlier years Mr. Hannington had no very earnest religious life. The conversion of a friend was the means of deepening his convictions and purposes. He became the humblest of learners, and received the kingdom of God as a little child. He was soon a helper to others, and especially to young men. There was no stiffness or reserve in his manner with them. A mill-worker in his parish said: "We all like Mr. Hannington, and no mistake. He is so free like. He just comes into your house and sticks his hands down into the bottom of his pockets, and talks to you like a man."

It will be seen how well fitted he was for a missionary life. His Oxford friends were delighted when they heard that he had been chosen as the leader of a mission party going into Central Africa. He conducted that mission with so much success that the Church Missionary Society proposed that he should be made Bishop of the Christian churches of Eastern Equatorial Africa, which region he had been exploring. But his health had broken down. *Thirty-seven times in one year he had been stricken with fever.* He recruited at home in England, accepted the bishopric and entered upon its duties with entire self-devotion. He sailed for Africa in October, 1884, going wholly at his own expense, also taking out two workingmen as assistants at his own cost. On the threshold of his work he has met a martyr's death. July 5, 1885, he wrote home, where his wife and friends were anxiously waiting, these touching words: "Starvation, desertion, treachery, and a few other nightmares and furies hover over one's head in ghastly forms, and yet, in spite of all, I feel in capital spirits, and feel sure of results, though perhaps they may not come in exactly the way we expect. In the midst of the storm I can say: —

> 'Peace, perfect peace, the future all unknown;
> Jesus we know and He is on the throne.'"

In conclusion he wrote: "If this is the last chapter of earthly history, then the next will be the first page of the heavenly — no blots and smudges, no incoherence, but sweet converse in the presence of the Lamb."

Does the news of the death of this noble man check the ardor of his countrymen for the service of their King? No; Englishmen are not so daunted. Within four weeks after the rumor of this great sorrow came, *fifty-three* persons offered themselves as missionaries to the very society with which Bishop Hannington was connected. Men fall, but the great work goes on.

THE ROMANCE OF HERMANNSBURG AND ITS MISSIONS.

We reproduce this true story for the sake of the many hundreds of young Christians now fitting themselves for missionary work at home and abroad, to whom it is not familiar.

Hermannsburg is a quiet German village lying upon the bosom of the wide, wild Lüneburg Heath, whose long swelling lines of summer bloom roll away unbroken for miles until lost in a wood, or shut in by an oak-crowned hill or a reach of bright green meadow.

In 1848 Louis Harms became, by the death of his father, the sole pastor of the parish. He had been born and brought up there, and he loved the Heath and the village "with body and soul." He was a great reader, an original thinker, and an eloquent speaker; and had besides an overflowing humor and shrewd common sense. And though he had had a thorough university education, he lived among the simple people as one of themselves, like a father or a brother. His deep and constant communion with the Lord Jesus and the indwelling life of the divine Spirit made him a power with God and with men. Under the impulse of his faith and fervor the people awakened to a new life.



Hermannsburg was soon a Christian village indeed. Every house had family worship, and no one was absent from church except from sickness. The laborers had prayers in the fields, and their country ballads were exchanged for the grand old German hymns. Poverty and drunkenness disappeared and a great joy filled the place.

Now came the natural result of a quickened spiritual life. Faith and self-surrender asked for work to do, and love reached out in pity for the lost, and in obedience to Christ's command, a mission to the heathen was proposed in 1849.

Twelve villages offered themselves. A house was set apart for their training, and Mr. Harms's brother, also a clergyman, took charge of them. The course of instruction extended over four years, and meanwhile the candidates worked daily, "partly for health, partly that they might do something for their own support, and partly that they might remain humble." As to the spirit in which they were to study, Mr. Harms exhorted them to pray diligently. "I do not mean your common prayers only," he said, "but diligently in your own room, daily, daily for the Holy Spirit. Remember Luther's saying: 'Well-prayed is half-learned.'"

The wish of some young sailors to join this mission band as colonists, suggested to the Hermannsburg peasants that they might themselves go out in a colony. And now came the money question. "Then," said Harms, "I knocked diligently on the dear God in prayer." One of the sailors said: "Why not build a ship and you can send as often as you will?" But the money! "I prayed fervently to the Lord," said Harms, "and as I rose up at midnight from my knees, I said, with a voice that almost startled me in the quiet room: *Forward now in God's name.*"

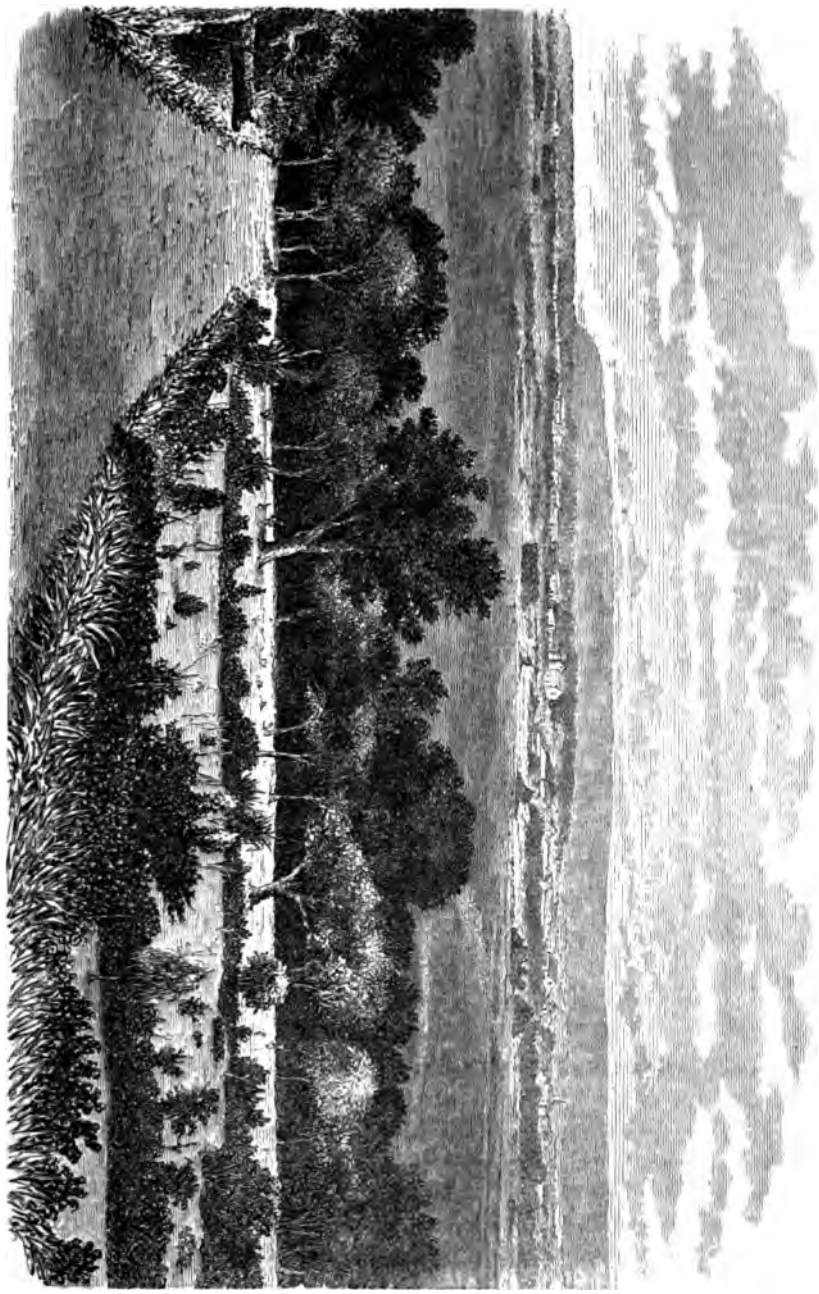
Mr. Harms now sent a brief report of his plans to two country newspapers, and money came in from all quarters. A brig was built at Harburg and the colonists were made ready. There were eight of them and eight missionaries. Smiths, tailors, carpenters, shoemakers, coopers, were fitting out their ship. The women and girls knitted with marvelous swiftness. The farmers brought in their loads of buckwheat and rye, and stripped their orchards for the vessel; while hens and pigs accumulated as if for a show. The very Heath paid tribute in brooms. When all was ready a farewell service was held, at which the sixteen stood up and sung together the hero-psalm, *Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott.* And on the twenty-eighth of October, 1853, their mission ship *Candace* sailed for Africa. Three weeks afterward twelve new candidates took their places in the training house, to be ready for the next voyage.

The *Candace* carried her passengers to Port Natal, or Durban, in South-eastern Africa, the same port at which all our American missionaries, among the Zulus, land. A picture of Durban, as seen from the Botanical Gardens near by, is given on the next page. In the interior of the colony of Natal, which is under British rule, the Hermannsburgers bought 6,000 acres of land not far from Pieter Maritzburg, built permanent dwellings, and called the settlement New Hermannsburg. The English government soon became friendly, giving them 3,000 more acres, and offering 6,000 to any new mission station. The missionaries held all in common and soon settled to their work among the Zulus.

On her second voyage, in 1856, the *Candace* landed fifteen more colonists in Natal, and in 1857 no less than forty-four persons, twelve of them missionaries, left the Old Hermannsburg for the New.

At the end of seven years there were one hundred of these settlers at eight stations in the eastern part of Natal, and fifty heathen had been baptized. Pastor Harms died in 1865, but his work was carried on by his brother until 1885, and since then by his nephew, Egmont Harms. In 1885 their South African mission, which had spread into Basutoland, numbered 51 stations, 60 missionaries, and 10,336 converts!

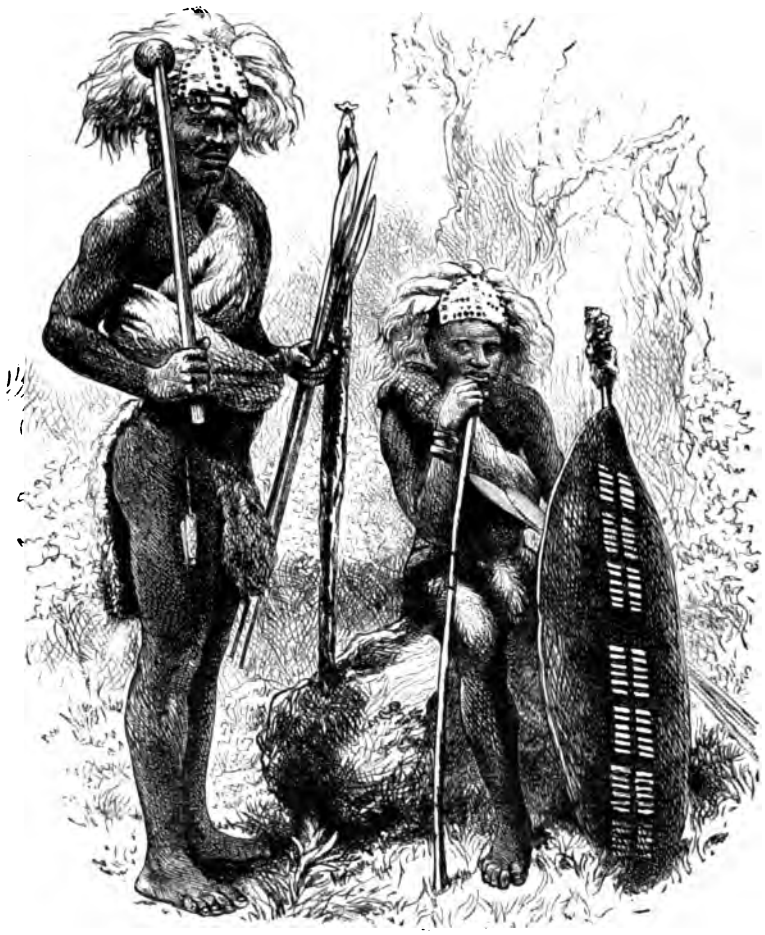
The Hermannsburgers had also undertaken a mission in India, where, in 1885, they had ten stations, eleven missionaries, twenty-seven helpers, and over



A VIEW OF DURBAN, NATAL.

800 baptized pastors. They have more recently begun work in New Zealand and Australia. They have given up the plan of sending out colonies,

and of a community of goods among missionaries and of a missionary ship. But their pastor is still sole director, and their work is still carried on by peasants trained in their own village and is supported by their labor, faith, and prayer. Each of the 11,000 Hermannsburg communicants lays annually a gift on the



ZULU WARRIORS WITH SHIELD AND ASSEGAI.

communion table. Plain yeomen have handed in 500 crowns, and some have given their all.

In addition to these sources of supply, Pastor Harms began in 1854 to publish a missionary magazine which has had great success. It was a quaint, informal exchange of letters between Old and New Hermannsburg, keeping them in full sympathy and acquaintanceship in the most easy and friendly way. This has also proved an efficient method of arousing the interest and keeping up the gifts of others who feel the impulse of this living faith and work.

Such glorious things can Christians do, such results may be expected, when a whole church has "a mind to work."

THE STORY OF BASUTOLAND.

On the second of May, 1829, the first three missionaries of the modern Protestant Church of France were ordained in Paris. Soon after, they set sail for South Africa, and, arriving at the Cape of Good Hope, they were warmly welcomed by descendants of those Huguenot exiles who escaped from France to Holland and were allowed to emigrate to South Africa in 1698. At the earnest entreaty of the Huguenots, one of the three missionaries remained with them, in their lovely valley of Wellington, to build up their churches. The other two, Lemue and Rolland, set out northward, visiting various missions in Kaffirland, but resolving to seek new regions where the gospel had never been known. Robert Moffat was then already stationed among the Bechuanas at Kuruman, and there the Frenchmen halted awhile, to prepare for a journey of one hundred miles further inland, to the Barotse.

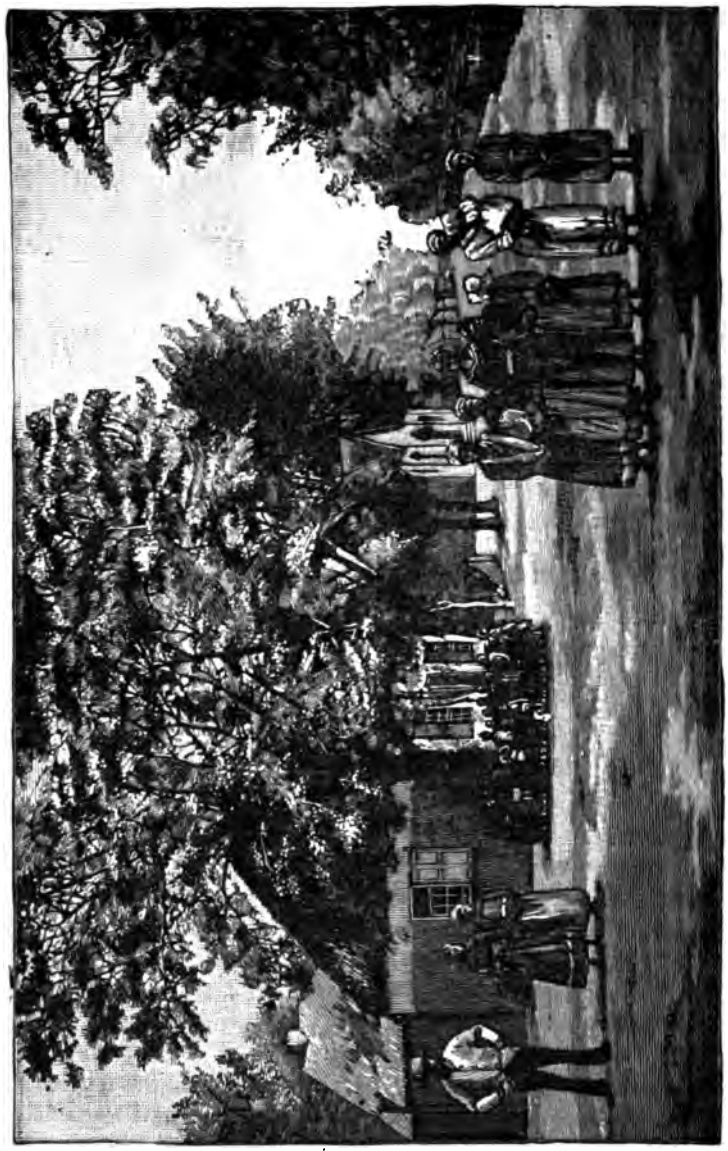


DR. MOFFAT'S ATTENDANTS.

At length reaching that tribe, they received a joyous welcome. "Here come our people!" was the cry of the natives. The chief gave them a pleasant valley in his beautiful country, and everything promised well. But hardly had they begun to build a house when Moselakatsi, the Matabele tyrant, resolved on the destruction of the Barotse. The missionaries were forced to return to the neighborhood of Kuruman, while their native friends fled eastward before the wolf. They wandered many weeks and were dying of hunger when Rolland and Lemue, taking cattle to supply their need, went in search of them, guided only by a compass across the trackless waste. When they came upon the starving fugitives they were at once recognized and were surrounded by a crowd who cried out for food. As soon as they had rallied a little, the two white men led that great black company safely back to Motito, eighteen miles from Kuruman, and there they established their first station in South Africa.

Meanwhile another missionary trio arrived from France. They heard at the coast of the disasters attending the first mission, but not of its reëstablishment, so they looked about for another opening. This was in 1833. Moshesh, the

warrior chief of the Basuto tribe, had recently settled on the northwestern slopes of the Drachensberg Mountains, which divide Natal and Kaffirland from the Orange Free State. Just then a Hottentot, who had lived with English mission-



DR. MOFFAT'S HOUSE AND CHURCH AT KURUMAN.

aries, came to hunt in Moshesh's land and told him that the Christian religion alone could give peace and prosperity. Moshesh was tired of war and he made the Hottentot promise to try and find a Christian teacher for his tribe. He also sent a deputation to "the great chief of the whites" with a present of two hun-

dred oxen, praying him to send back teachers in exchange. The Hottentot met the three French missionaries and guided them to Basutoland, where Moshesh received them kindly and appointed two of his sons to take care of them.

Hither came Rolland and Pelissier, a recruit from France, to join them, leaving Lemue in charge of the smaller field at Motito. They taught the people for five years before there was a single convert. They translated the Bible, printed spelling-books and catechism, and taught old and young to read. At first the natives protested "that it was ridiculous to hope that a black could ever be clever enough to make the paper speak." But in spite of these doubts, some of them began to make progress, until, one morning, ten of the scholars found that they could make out the meaning of some sentences they had never before tried to read! There was great excitement.



AN AFRICAN VILLAGE.

Moshesh's old father said, "I will never believe that a word can become visible." "You do not yet believe?" said Moshesh; "we will prove it to you." He told one of the best readers to go to some distance. "Now," said he to his father, "think of something and say it to the white man; he will make some marks on this robe." The words were written, the reader was recalled and read to his chief all that he had just said. The old man was stupefied with wonder.

From the arrival of the missionaries in 1833 to 1848 there was peace throughout Basutoland, and there came a time of blessing when many churches were planted. The baptism of converts was attended by crowds, and the native Christians witnessed a good confession.

At length in 1845 the British occupation of what is now the Free State led to great disorders among the surrounding tribes, in which the people of Moshesh suffered. Each tribe hoped for British aid and made war on the others. Ten years later the British withdrew, leaving many tribes at the mercy of the Boers, who then established themselves in the Free State and declared war with the

Basutos. The Basutos beat them and a broken peace followed, until a serious war of three years broke out in 1865; after which the Basutos placed themselves under British protection, and they remain under it to this day.

During those three years of war, famine, and misery, the French missionaries were driven out, but the native church grew and thrived. Native evangelists fed the scattered flocks, and one of them was able to present to the missionaries at their return one hundred souls brought to the faith of Christ by his labors in the mountain hiding-places. It was in 1870 that Moshesh, the king, became a Christian, and he died the same year, leaving his kingdom to his son Lêtsie, who still rules, though nearly ninety years old.

In 1874 there were 4,000 church members and catechumens; 80 native preachers; and 50 out-stations, with 2,500 pupils in schools. The contributions of native Christians amounted in that year to $3,554.25.

One may gain some idea of the rate of progress by comparing these figures with statistics brought down to 1890. There were then connected with the mission 17 stations; 111 out-stations; 20 French missionaries; 190 native assistants; 6,543 communicants, and 3,332 catechumens, or persons preparing for church membership; 504 were received to the churches, and 1,167 to the number of catechumens, in the year 1888.

From these figures it will be rightly inferred that a great religious awakening occurred at this time. There appeared a mysterious preparation for it in individual souls all over that region. Many external circumstances concurred with a special earnestness in labors and special perseverance in prayers to bring about a wonderful revival. "It was," says the Report of the *Journal des Missions*, "as if there passed over all Basutoland a breath of resurrection and of life." And may we not observe a connection between this prospering wind from heaven and the going forth of the Basuto churches upon their Master's errand to the regions beyond? "Go, teach all nations," said our ascending Lord, "*and* lo! I am with *you* alway." Native evangelists, under the lead of noble French missionaries who desired to find a field for the Christian activity of their converts, have entered upon a mission to the Barotse tribe in the valley of the Zambesi River. This Zambesi mission has passed through its first stages of exploration and of difficulty, is tolerated by the Barotse king Lewanika, has established schools and seen its first converts. All hail to our French brethren and their native helpers in South Africa!

THE CONVERSION OF LIBE.

[This story is taken with some abbreviations from the volume entitled "The Basutos," written by Rev. E. Casalis, an early missionary among this tribe, and afterwards the Director of the Paris Evangelical Mission.]

LIBE, the uncle of the Basuto king Moshesh, saw the arrival of missionaries in his country with great displeasure. "Why are these strangers not driven away?" said he one day to Khoabane. "Why should they be driven away?" replied Khoabane. "They do us no harm; let us listen to what they say; no one obliges us to believe them." "That is what you and Moshesh are always repeating. You will find out your mistake when it is too late." Libe was then nearly eighty years old. He soon left the neighborhood for a distant hillside, to procure good pastures for his flocks and to escape from our preaching.



MOSHESH, KING OF THE BASUTOS (1833).

He soon saw with vexation that we had found our way to his dwelling. At the first sound of our voices a smile of scorn and hatred played on his lips. "Depart!" cried he. "I know you not. I will have nothing to do with you or your God! I will not believe in him until I see him with my own eyes." One day he became furious and said: "Young man, importune me no more; and if you wish me to listen, go and fetch your father from beyond the sea. He, perhaps, may be able to instruct me."

The violence of his animosity was specially shown at the burial of one of his daughters, at which I was invited to officiate by her husband. The procession had preceded me, and I was following slowly to the grave, praying the Lord to enable me to glorify him, when I saw Libe rushing towards me with a rapidity which only rage could give him. His menacing gestures plainly showed his design, and I trembled at the prospect of being obliged to defend myself. Happily his sons ran to my aid. They respectfully begged him to retire, but he was

deaf to their entreaties and a struggle was the inevitable consequence. The wretched old man, exhausting himself by vain efforts, reduced his children to the grievous necessity of laying him on the ground and keeping him there during the whole service. He ended by knocking his head violently against the ground. At last he ceased, being quite worn out, and casting on me a look of which I could not have believed any man capable, he loaded me with invectives.



A BASUTO WARRIOR.

After this, we went to see Libe no more, though we sent him friendly messages by his neighbors. What was my surprise one day on receiving an invitation to go to him! The messenger whom he sent was radiant with joy. "Libe prays," said he with emotion, "and begs you to go and pray with him." Seeing my incredulity, the pious Tsiu went on as follows: "Yesterday morning Libe sent for me into his hut and said: 'My child, can you pray? Kneel down by me

and pray God to have mercy on the greatest of sinners. I am afraid, my child, this God that I have so long denied has made me feel his power in my soul. I know now that he exists. I have not any doubt of it. Do you think God will pardon me? I refused to go and hear his Word while I was still able to walk. Now that I am blind and almost deaf, how can I serve Jehovah?'

"Here," added Tsiu, "Libe stopped a moment and then asked, 'Have you



THE BAPTISM OF LIBE.

your book with you?' 'Yes.' 'Well, open it and place my finger on the name of God.' I did as he wished. 'It is there, then,' he cried, 'the beautiful name of God! Now place my finger on that of Jesus, the Saviour.'"

Such was the touching recital of Libe's wonderful conversion, and I soon had the pleasure of assuring myself of its reality. For nearly a year we shared the happy task of ministering to this old man whom grace rendered docile as a little

child. He was baptized in his own village. This ceremony attracted a crowd of people who wished to see him who had persecuted us, and who now preached the faith which once he sought to destroy. Four aged members of the church carried the neophyte, who was too feeble to move alone, and placed him on a couch in the midst of the assembly. We thought it our duty to ask him to give an account of his faith. "I believe," said he without hesitation, "in Jehovah, the true God, who created me and who has preserved me to this hour. He has had pity on me who hated him and has delivered Jesus to death to save me."

"Do you still place any confidence in the sacrifices you have been accustomed to make to the spirits of your ancestors?" "How can such sacrifices purify? I believe in them no more; the blood of Jesus is my only hope." "Have you any desire you would like to express to your family and to the Basutos?"

"Yes; I desire them to make haste to believe and repent. Let them all go to the house of God and listen meekly to what is taught there. Moshesh, my son, where art thou?" Here Moshesh covered his eyes to hide his emotion. "And thou, Letsie, my grandson, where art thou? Attend to my last words. Why do you resist God? Are your wives an objection? These women are your sisters, not your wives. Jehovah created but one man and one woman and united them to be one flesh. Oh, submit yourselves to Jesus and he will save you! Leave off war and love your fellow-creatures!"

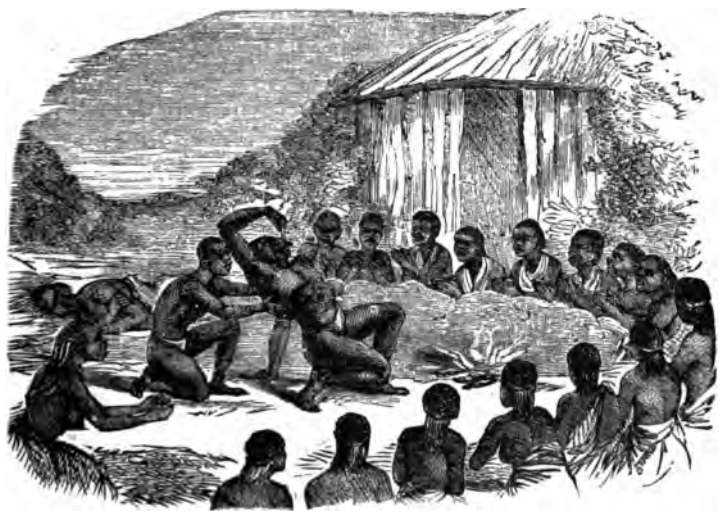
"Why do you desire baptism?" "Because Jesus has said that he who believes and is baptized shall be saved. Can I know better than my Master tells me?" It is the custom in our stations to repeat the ancient form of renouncement before receiving baptism. It had been explained to Libe and he had perfectly understood it; but it was impossible for him to learn it, or even to repeat it after the minister. "'*I renounce the world and its pomp*,'" said my colleague. "No!" exclaimed Libe, "I do not renounce it now, for I did so long ago." "'*I renounce the devil and all his works.*'" "The devil!" interrupted the happy believer, "what have I to do with him? He has deceived me for many long years. Does he wish to lead me to ruin with himself? I leave hell to him! Let him possess it alone!" "'*I renounce the flesh and its lusts.*'" Again Libe exclaimed: "Are there no joys but those of the world? Have we not in Jesus pleasures which satisfy us?"

According to a wish very generally expressed, Libe was surnamed Adam, the father of the Basutos. He died one Sunday morning shortly after his baptism. One of his grandsons had just been reading to him some verses from the Gospels. "Do you know," said the young man, "that to-day is the Lord's Day?" "I know it," he replied; "I am with my God." A few moments after, he asked that a mantle might be spread over him, as he felt overpowered with sleep; and he slept, to wake in this world no more.

SOUTH AFRICAN SPIRITISM.

A STORY OF KAFFIRLAND.

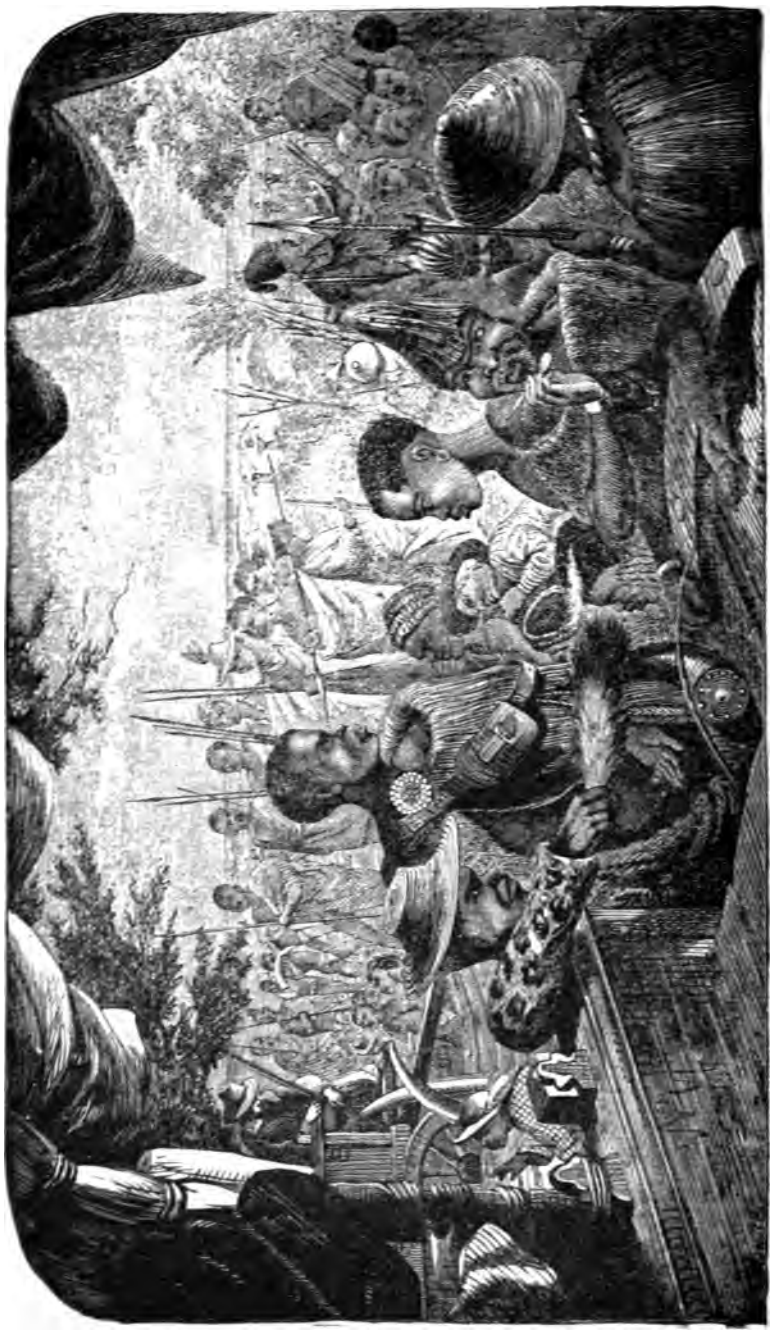
THE year 1856 opened upon the people of British Kaffraria with every sign of prosperity and peace. But one morning in May, a girl named Nongqause, the daughter of Mhlakaza a councilor of the chief Sarili, went to draw water from a stream which flowed past her home. On her return she told her father that she had seen by the river some strange men. Mhlakaza went to find them, and he reported that there were indeed strangers there who bade him go home and offer an ox to the spirits of the dead, and come again to them in four days. This he did, and he said that the strange people then told him that they themselves were spirits of the dead and the eternal enemies of the white men, and that they had come to aid the Kaffirs in driving the English from their land. They would



SPIRIT DOCTOR "EXTRACTING" A DISEASE.

guide Mhlakaza by commands from the spirit world. His chief Sarili received this message with joy, and when he was told to order that the best cattle, in which the Kaffir's wealth consisted, should be killed and eaten, he commanded that it should be done. Instantly all Kaffirland was in commotion. The heathen chiefs and people chose to abandon their allegiance to the government which forbade this slaughter, rather than their hereditary belief in spirits. Nongqause, standing in the river in presence of multitudes of people, assured them that she heard unearthly sounds beneath her feet — the voices of spirits holding high council over the affairs of men. These greedy ghosts were never

satisfied with urging the destruction of the cattle. More and more were killed, but never enough. At last the order was announced by Mhlakaza, that every



A SCENE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

animal must be destroyed and every grain of corn also. Then the Kaffirs would become worthy of the help of a spirit host. On a certain day of the next year

the ancient heroes of their race would come back, myriads of beautiful cattle would rise out of the ground and cover it far and wide, and vast fields of waving corn would spring up, ripe for eating. Trouble, sickness, and old age would be known no more, and the sky would fall on the whites and crush them out forever, and with them, every Kaffir who opposed the commands of the spirits. A delirious frenzy seized the whole community. They killed and wasted their possessions and prepared great kraals for the coming millions of cattle so soon to appear. Even when they had come to the starving point, they worked on, making enormous sacks to hold the milk which was soon to flow like water!

Meanwhile the government of the Cape Colony, which could not stay these mad proceedings, did all it could to protect its frontier, and laid in stores of food in pity for the misguided people. For while the masses were acting under the influence of superstition, there were leaders whose plan it was to hurl their followers, when half-starving and frantic, upon the colony. These leaders fancied that such a despairing host would prove irresistible, and would regain for them their ancient dominion in the land. They probably relied on the destruction of the whites and on the spoils of war to console their people for the non-appearance of the spirits with the wonderful cattle and the abundant corn.

At length, early in the year 1857, the morning of the day of resurrection so long promised and ardently expected dawned. All night long the Kaffirs had watched in the most intense excitement, looking to see two blood-red suns rise over the eastern hills, when the heavens would fall and crush the hated races. They were famished and half-dying men, yet that night was a time of fierce, delirious joy. The morning was to see their sorrows ended. The morning came, but the same old sun bathed the hillsides with silver light, and all was unchanged. "Could the predictions prove untrue?" No! it must be at noon; or, when noontime passed, it must be at sunset! But when the sun went down in peaceful splendor, the Kaffirs awoke to the facts of their dreadful condition. The leaders tried to cheer them and said the day of resurrection was only put off. But they had made a mistake fatal to their success in not assembling the people together, on pretence of witnessing the resurrection, at some place from which they could burst upon the colony. It was too late to rectify this blunder. Fierce excitement gave way to despair. The only hope left was to go to the colony as beggars to ask bread. Sometimes whole families sat down and died together, fifteen to twenty skeletons being often found afterward under a single tree. Brother fought with brother for scraps of those great milksacks made for the imaginary supply. The aged and the feeble were abandoned, while the young and strong fed upon wild plants and the roots of trees. A stream of emaciated beings poured into the colony, who sat down before the farmhouses and asked in piteous tones for food. The official returns of British Kaffraria show a decrease of population during that fatal year, 1857, from 105,000 to 38,000.

Mhlakaza himself perished, but Nongqause escaped and was still living in the colony in 1877. She preserved an unbroken silence about these awful events. Most of the Kaffirs now admit that they were infatuated; but spiritism dies hard among them and is still rife, as in all Africa. Their religious rites consist merely in sacrifices to appease the spirits. Their priests are also medicine-men, or witch-doctors. They are often skilful in the use of herbs, but these remedies

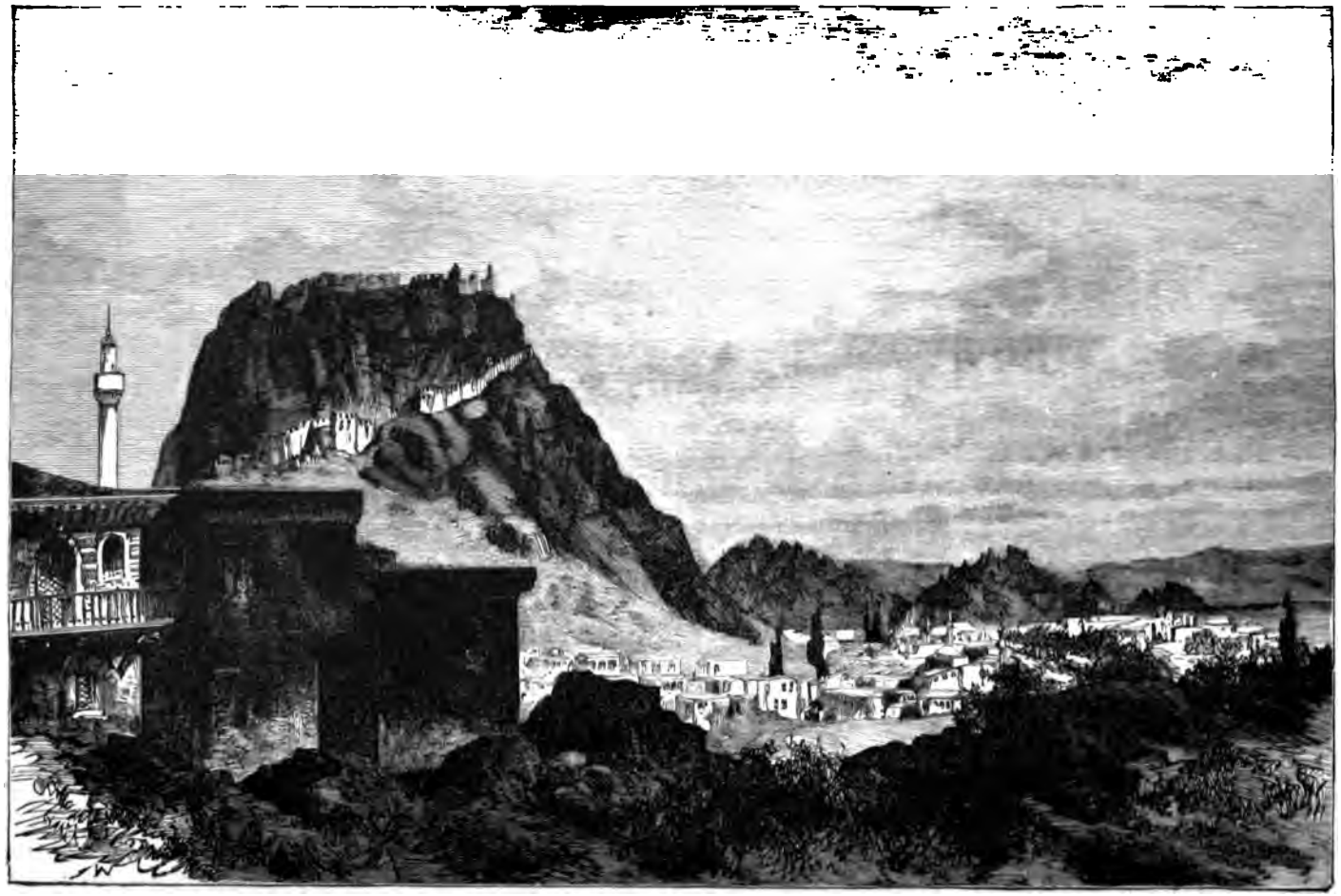
are considered quite inferior in importance to their supernatural powers. The heathen Kaffirs and Zulus endure painful wounds with stoicism, but are helpless with fear when attacked by disease. They can see how a wound is caused, but think that all disease comes by witchcraft from the malice of an enemy. To detect and remove the substance which has bewitched the sick person is the first object. To do this the aid of spirits is sought in ways both frantic and absurd. They dress fantastically, as may be seen by the accompanying picture taken from a recent photograph of Zulu witch-doctors. Only the wondrous enlightenment which comes by receiving and obeying the Holy Spirit of God can



ZULU WITCH DOCTORS.

remove the darkness of a superstition so deep-rooted and widespread. Let us not forget the appeal made to the traveler, Du Chaillu, by the poor African Adouma, whose sister had just been killed for bewitching a person who had died. "O Chally! when you go back to your far country, America, let them send men to us poor people, to teach us from what you call God's mouth."

TURKEY.



AFION KARA HISSAR. AN OUT-STATION OF SMYRNA, WESTERN TURKEY.

WHO ARE THE ARMENIANS?

BY REV. J. E. PIERCE.

I WONDER how many of the young people who read the *Missionary Herald* really know who the Armenians are. Probably they do know that many of them live in Turkey, and so take it for granted that they are Turks. If you were to ask your older friends who these people are, I presume the most of them would reply, "Turks, of course; don't they live in Turkey?"

Now, the truth is, although they live in Turkey, you cannot insult an Armenian more than to call him a Turk. He resents it as much as you would to be considered an American Indian. Shall I tell you, then, who they are? Having lived among them for nearly twenty-three years, and for the greater part of that time having been at the head of an Armenian Boys' Boarding School, I have had ample opportunity to learn how strong is their national feeling and how much pride they take in telling of the antiquity of their race.



HAIG, THE FOUNDER OF THE ARMENIAN RACE.

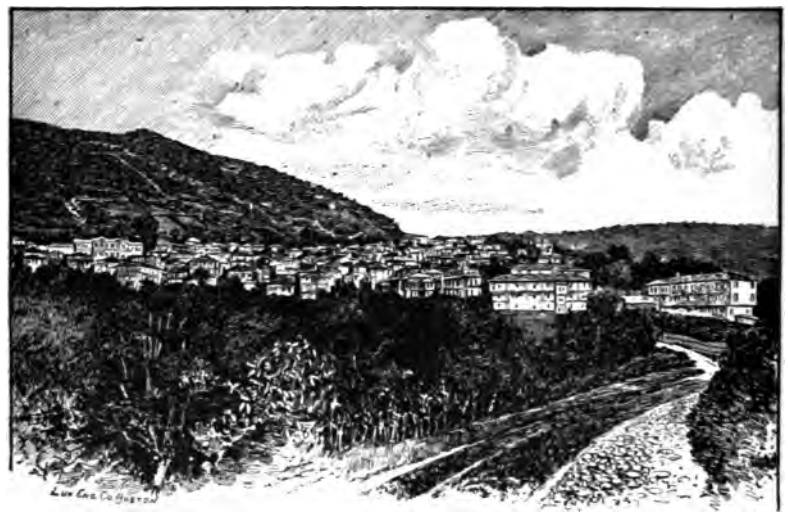
They trace their origin to Haig, son of Togarmah, a great-grandson of Noah (Gen. 10: 3), from whom they call themselves Haiks. They claim that Haig was one of the overseers in building the Tower of Babel, and that not being willing to adopt the worship of Bel, the founder of Babylon, he moved north and settled among the mountains of Ararat, in the land now called Armenia, in honor of one of their kings, a descendant of Haig. They also claim that their language, if not the original tongue, is certainly one of the most ancient.

All this may be true, and it may not, but it is certain that the Armenians flourished in what is now Turkey long before the Turks, as such, were even

heard of, and that they maintained a dynasty of their own for three thousand years, or till the fourteenth century; since which time they have been in subjection to the Turks, but have not adopted their language, their religion, or their customs.

The Armenians were generally idolaters till about the fourth century, when they adopted Christianity as their national religion, to which they still adhere; while the Turks are all Mohammedans.

The orginal home of the Armenians was in the interior of Asia Minor, around Mount Ararat, in the vicinity of Lake Van, on the banks of the Euphrates and the Aras; but they are now widely scattered throughout Turkey, as well as in Russia and Persia. They are a bright, intelligent people, peaceable, and chiefly engaged in agriculture and trade. They are among the most enterprising business men of Turkey. For mutual protection they live in villages or cities. In



PART OF THE TOWN OF BARDEZAG.

some parts of Armenia the villages are exceedingly poor, the houses being very rude, with flat roofs, and often partly under ground. The one door is very low, through which enter the fowls, cattle, horses, sheep, and buffaloes, as well as the men, women, and children. A sample of the better class of villages may be seen in the accompanying picture, which shows a portion of Bardezag, a town situated about sixty miles southeast from Constantinople among the mountains of old Bithynia. It is purely an Armenian village, of about 8,000 inhabitants.

In this village we have had our home for nearly thirteen years, and here too is the Bardezag High School for Boys, in which some of you are interested, which, with its excellent teachers, superior course of study, and invaluable Self-help Department is doing much to provide a Christian education for Armenian boys, who come to it from all parts of the country. It is a boarding school, and is the only one of its kind within an area larger than that of the New England States.

The number of pupils ranges from 90 to 130. More than 400 different individuals have already been connected with it as pupils, representing 40 different villages and cities. The course of study includes all the common branches, together with the higher mathematics, natural sciences, history, French, English, and Turkish; also, daily lessons in the Bible. A skilful Christian man is in charge of the Self-help Department, and now has about twenty-five boys under his care, who work from three to five hours per day and give the remainder of their time to study. The proceeds of their labor go to pay their board. More than sixty young men have already graduated from the institution, many of whom



CLASS IN THE BARDEZAG HIGH SCHOOL.

are doing good work as teachers and preachers among their own people. The picture above gives a good idea of the kind of boys who are being educated. At the time the picture was taken they formed our sophomore class. Most of them graduated in June, 1890. If you could only see the boys as they are when they first come to us, you would understand, at once, what a wonderful change Christian education brings, not only in thought and feeling, but in personal appearance as well.

The picture on the next page shows a typical Armenian family. The old patriarch is seen in the centre, leaning on his staff. His four sons are seated on either side, the eldest on his right, while the women and children of the household are grouped about them. They all live in one house, and eat at one table. As the old father is too feeble to manage their business, the oldest son is now the head of the family; all the others being subject to him.

This family live on the shores of Lake Nice, not far from the old city of Nice, famous for the Council which assembled there in A.D. 325.



AN ARMENIAN FAMILY

One of the boys is a graduate of the Bardezag High School. You will have no difficulty in picking him out.

ANCIENT ARMENIA AND THE ARMENIAN CHURCH.

BY REV. HERMAN N. BARNUM, D.D., OF HARPOOT.

ANCIENT Armenia occupied a large portion of the eastern part of the present Turkish Empire, and a small portion of Russia and Persia. As the region embraces the Taurus and the Anti-Taurus ranges, it is mountainous. Its earliest history, like all secular history of those times, is traditional and uncertain; but it is claimed that the government was one of the earliest formed, and that it was nearly cotemporary with the building of the Tower of Babel. It was in close relations with Assyria and Babylon and the empires of Cyrus and Alexander, and like them it was subjected to great vicissitudes, although its mountains were no little protection from invading foes.

In the fifth century of our era Armenia became subject to Persia, but about the middle of the seventh century it was subdued by the Saracens, who restored to it a nominal independence by the Armenians paying an annual tribute to the Mohammedan caliphs for about four centuries, until the caliphs were set aside by the Seljukian Turks, the predecessors of the Ottoman Turks, who are now in authority. Since the eleventh century they have been under Turkish dominion.

The largest rivers are the rivers of sacred history, the Euphrates and the Tigris. The former is nearly 1,800 miles long. The river at the point shown in the picture on the next page is about 350 feet wide. This is five miles below the junction of the two branches of the Euphrates on its passage through the Taurus Mountains. This is where we have generally crossed the river in going to Harpoot, which is about thirty miles beyond, eastward. There is an occasional bridge on the branches of the river, but I never saw or heard of one over the main stream. The ferryboat is a rude scow, propelled by a pole and a couple of oars, which, with the current, carry the boat diagonally across, leaving it to be drawn by men and ropes up to the proper landing-place on the opposite bank. The houses shown in the cut, for which we are indebted to Tozer's valuable book on Turkish Armenia, belong to the village of Gaban Maden, an outstation of Harpoot. The main part of the village lies to the left of the houses which are seen. The building to the right is an unused Greek church.

The Tigris is about two thirds of the length and size of the Euphrates. The view given on page 66 is of the Tigris after it has left the mountains of Armenia,



THE EUPHRATES AT GABAN MADEN.

at a point 120 miles southeast of Gaban Maden, in the picture above, and a mile below Diarbekir, which was the missionary station of Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Walker. Since the death of Mr. Walker, in 1866, Diarbekir has been

an out-station of Harpoot. This was the ancient Amida; and no city in Turkey has so massive and so well preserved a wall as this. The bridge was doubtless of Roman construction, but the broad arches of the central portion are the repairs of some more modern power.

Armenian ecclesiastical history claims that the "Greeks," mentioned in the twelfth chapter of John, who wished to see Jesus, were Armenians, sent by their king, Abgar. The apostle Thaddeus, assisted by Bartholomew and Jude, is supposed to have been the herald of the cross in that country. Many ancient churches are by tradition ascribed to him, but the gospel had indifferent success until about the year 300, when through the influence of Saint Gregory the Illuminator, who belonged to the royal family, Christianity was formally adopted by the Armenian government. This is probably the first time the Christian Church was allied to the State; and like all such alliances, it was a disaster to the church. The Armenians rejected the decisions of the Council of Ephesus in 451, which condemned the theory of one nature in Christ, so they have generally been classed among those who hold that Christ's human nature was absorbed by the divine, "just as a drop of water is lost in the sea," and hence they have rested under the anathema of the Greek and Roman churches. In doctrine and worship they resemble the Greek Church, although they are more simple-minded and more easy of access than the Greeks. They have pictures in their churches, but not graven images. They believe in the intercession of saints; in prayers for the dead, but not in purgatory; in transubstantiation, and in absolution through confession to a priest and through penance. Their priests must marry once, and only once; but the higher clergy must never marry. The priests are generally very ignorant, but ignorance is no barrier to the priesthood, as they are not required to preach. If they can read the prescribed ritual for the morning and evening service at the church, and also at weddings and funerals, no other qualification is required.

The chief of the hierarchy is the Catholicos, and he lives in Russian Armenia. The duties of the Armenian Patriarch, who lives at Constantinople, are, like those of the Greek Patriarch, largely political, for each one of the nationalities of which Turkey is composed maintains a distinct organization, and retains certain prerogatives, such as the decision of questions pertaining to marriage and inheritance, the trial and punishment of the clergy, etc., although the government is gradually withdrawing these privileges. The Patriarch, as the representative of his people at the capital, also has duties somewhat like those of a foreign ambassador. So the bishops whom he appoints over the dioceses devote themselves more to the temporal than to the spiritual concerns of their people. They occasionally preach, but this service is more frequently performed by *vartabeds*, a class below the bishops, some of whom receive special training for this office. In the majority of churches preaching is seldom heard, but there is a great improvement of late years in this respect, as well as in the character of the sermons.

The reading of the Bible has never been formally forbidden, and it is received as possessing absolute authority. It was translated about the year 400. Parts of it are read or chanted in the daily service of the church, but the ancient

language is little understood, and the tone in which it is read renders it still more unintelligible. The modern translation, made by American missionaries, has



THE TIGRIS NEAR DIARBEKIR.

had a very wide circulation, and it is rapidly preparing the way for a complete reformation of the Armenian Church.

CHILDREN OF THE CONQUERORS.

BY REV. HENRY O. DWIGHT, OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

WALKING one day near the castle of Roumeli Hissar, on the Bosphorus, my attention was drawn to a group of Turkish boys playing by the roadside. They were children of some of the families which occupy the quaint but ruinous wooden houses that stand on the rocky slope within the castle walls. Perhaps the popular tradition is true, that they are direct descendants of the very men placed in garrison in that castle four hundred and fifty years ago by the conqueror of Constantinople when he had completed its splendid towers and massive walls, as the first step toward the siege of the doomed city.

As I came opposite the boys one of them called out, much as if he had found a squirrel or a bird's nest: "Hi! there 's a photograph machine. Let 's have our picture taken. Say, there, take our picture now!"

This was my summary introduction to Ahmed, the taller of the boys in the group opposite. The mode of address was rather brusque, but these boys are taught that they need not be polite when speaking to a Christian. The uncouth form of the request was no reason for denying myself the pleasure of having the picture, so the camera was turned upon the boys. Just then a tot of a girl ran eagerly across the road for a share in whatever was going on. "No, Ayesha," cried Ahmed, "go back! We are having our picture taken." But the frowzle-headed Ayesha was just needed to complete the group, and the shutter gave its click before Ahmed's rough words could scare the girl from his lordly presence.

Since then I have often watched Ahmed and have become better acquainted with him by his acts than by the pleasant words that he speaks whenever I talk to him. At evening he will run with every appearance of joy to meet his father, coming home in full regimentals from his day's duty as rug-spreader at the palace. Ahmed always kisses his father's hand and takes charge of the bunch of fish or the bundle of greens which the old man has brought from the market to be cooked for dinner. This kissing of the hand is the token of respect which Ahmed always shows to gentlemen of his acquaintance provided they are Mohammedans. Christians, in his eyes, do not deserve respect. The boy is a queer compound. He uses bad language freely, but so does his father. Neither of them has ever been taught to keep his lips clean. He will tell lies without imagining that there is any wrong in telling lies for the sake of some advantage that he hopes from it. But he will not cheat or steal unless he is dealing with one who is not a Mohammedan. He is taught that the law of God as to his conduct relates to his conduct toward Mohammedans only, and that to others he

may act as he sees fit. But he would never think of tormenting a cat, tying a tin can to a dog's tail, or throwing stones at birds, and I have seen him carefully feed a half-starved outcast of a kitten in the street and work half a morning building a shelter for a litter of puppies whose only home is the mud of the highway. I saw him once, after a real struggle with his own selfishness, leave his play in order to pick up a poor little girl who had fallen and bumped her nose on the pavement. He did not know the child, but he found out where she lived, wiped away her tears with a rather doubtful-looking handkerchief, and led her off to her home, talking cheerily to her just as you might expect to see any good manly boy do in any Christian country. On the whole, Ahmed attracts one



MOHAMMEDAN SCHOOL CHILDREN.

more by his manly qualities than he repels by his faults and his meannesses. My kindly feelings toward him had a severe shock the other day when I saw how he can treat his mother.

Ahmed was playing marbles in the street, using walnuts instead of marbles as the Turkish boys do, when his mother called to him from the latticed window. The boy did not look up, but merely said that he was busy and could not come. His mother explained that she needed some olive oil for cooking and wished him to tell the grocer to send some up to the house. What do you think that scamp of a boy answered? He said: "Mother, don't bother me. The boys will be here directly and they will get every walnut away from me if I don't practise."

After a few moments of silence the voice of the poor tired woman was heard again calling, "Ahmed, Ahmed!"

"Well, what now; can't you leave me alone?"

"Ahmed, I must have that oil. If you will go for it, I will give you twenty paras." Twenty paras is two cents, and Ahmed pocketed his walnuts in a moment and looked up to the window.

"Will you, really and truly?" said he.

"Yes, I swear I will."

"All right. You give me the money first and then I will go."

"No; you go, and when you come back I will give you the money."

"You can't play that on me," said Ahmed coolly; and he went back to his play.

This brought the mother to terms. She gave him the twenty paras and Ahmed walked leisurely down the street whistling a ballad, while my hands fairly ached to give him a sharp lesson over his ears. But just as Ahmed reached the corner six boys appeared carrying two little wooden cages containing goldfinches and a bunch of birdlimes. "Come on, Ahmed!" shouted one of them, "the birds are thick in the fields to-day. We shall catch a lot."



MOHAMMEDAN SCHOOL BOYS IN HOLIDAY ATTIRE.

"Just wait a minute and I'll come," answered Ahmed. Then he ran back to his house, thrust the twenty paras into his astonished mother's hand, saying, "Here, take your money! I can't go." And he was off like a shot to join the other boys.

Nevertheless the boy really loves his mother, and when he grows older he will show her more respect. The trouble is that he has been brought up to consider himself as the most important member of the family, next to his father, so he expects others to wait upon him. He will hardly ever condescend to help his mother or his sisters, even in carrying the heavy jugs of water from the fountain. To try to save them steps or hard work would seem to Ahmed as queer as it would be to offer to do work for the housemaid in order to save her from becoming tired.

Ahmed and his companions in this group are fair specimens of Mohammedan boys, as one sees them in Constantinople. These children all go to school every

day except Friday in the little vaulted schoolhouse which has the paper placard over the door. The placard sets forth, in fine Turkish writing, that this school is maintained by the fund given by Mustafa Pasha, "the Shepherd and the Conqueror." In this school the children learn to recite, without understanding them, Arabic psalms from the Koran, to read and write, and to do simple sums in arithmetic. With the most of the children their education ends here.

The most curious and perhaps the saddest thing about these children is that they are taught that until they are fourteen years old neither they nor their acts nor their words are noticed by God, because they are only children. Children among these Mohammedans, in fact, have no religion. The older boys go with their fathers to the mosque on Friday in order to practise the bowings and kneelings and the recitation of the Arabic psalms which are a part of their worship. But the boys soon tire of standing up in a line with the men in the mosque, and run out into the courtyard to play marbles or tag until the service is over, and they can all go out for a picnic or for a boat ride.



MOHAMMEDAN GIRL AT FOUNTAIN.

The part of religion which the children like the best is the fast of Ramazan, unless it is the feast of Bairam, which follows this long fast as Easter follows Lent. It may seem curious to some that a fast should be so much enjoyed. The fact is that in that fast and because of the fast there is more to eat and more variety of things to eat in the house than at any other time of the year. The children under fourteen do not have to fast at all. After sunset and until sunrise the whole family, grown folks as well as children, stuff themselves with all sorts of delicacies and spend the night in all kinds of entertainments to make up for the pains of the fast during the daylight hours. At the feast of Bairam all the children are dressed out in new clothes. Then you will see the boys dressed as major-generals in the army, and perhaps crying at their mother's skirts in the streets because they want to be carried. Girls will be dressed in red or yellow

or blue silk, and together they will be found gadding about the streets and stuffing themselves with candy from morning to night for the three days of Bairam. There will be merry-go-rounds on all the squares, and horses and carriages for hire to the children on all the principal corners at a penny a ride. In fact the feast of Bairam seems to be the children's feast almost more than it is the feast of the grown-up people.



TURKISH WOMEN.

One consequence of the idea that these children have no need to pray or do any religious duty until they are fourteen years old is that the Mohammedan boys have no helps to lead manly lives, such as Sunday-school or Christian Endeavor meetings, or such as helpful books and papers. Do you ask why the missionaries do not teach Ahmed and his companions a better way? If they were to try it, the police would interfere, and if Ahmed were to persist in coming to Sunday-school or to church, he would be taken by the police to his father to be flogged or he would be shut up in prison. Pray that the time may come when even Ahmed and his companions may be free to learn of the pure and meek and lowly Jesus, that their lives may be as noble as you can see from their faces that they might be.

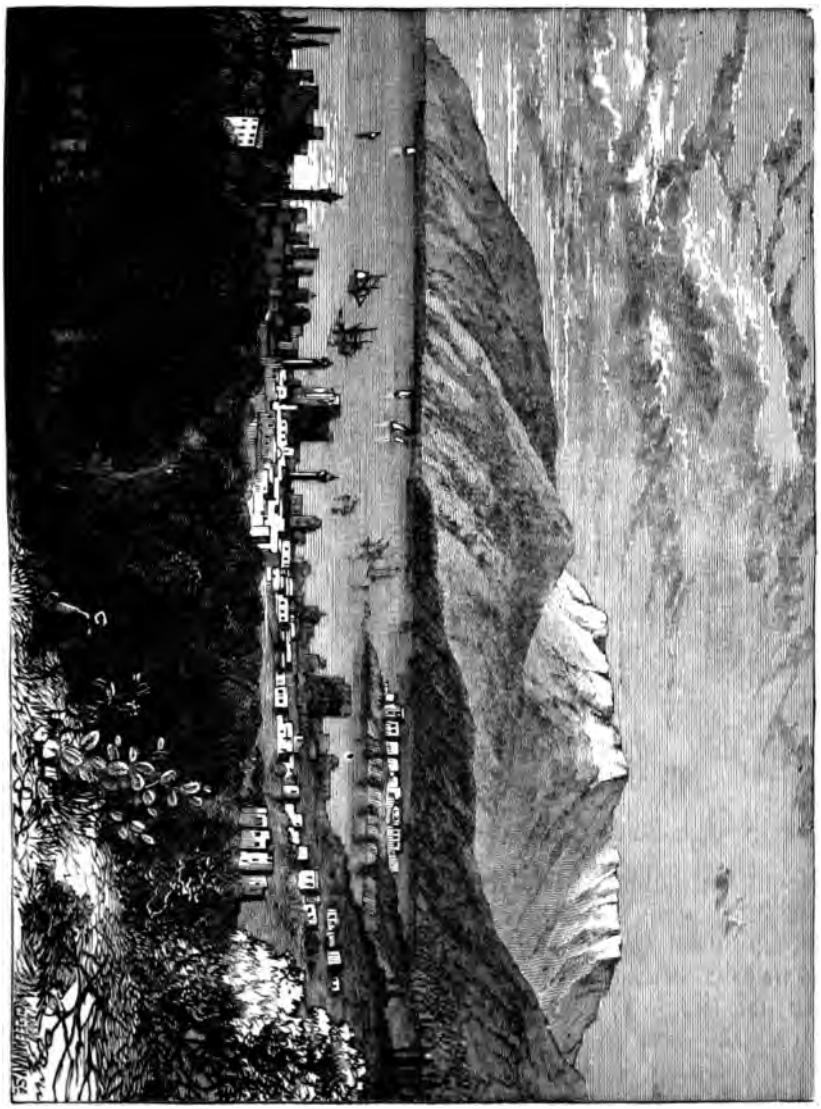
THE MARTYR OF LEBANON.

"THAT goodly mountain, Lebanon," is still, as in Bible times, *exceeding white*, as its name signifies. The average height of the range is from six thousand to eight thousand feet, while its loftiest peaks tower to nine thousand and ten thousand feet, and are seen afar by land and sea, shining in perpetual splendors of ice and snow. On the western side the mountains descend to the Mediterranean by broad terraces, broken with deep ravines. Neither has "the glory of Lebanon" passed away from its fruits and vines and cedars, its gorgeous flowers and cold-flowing waters. The scenery is most romantic, the air delightful, the vegetation luxuriant, and hundreds of villages cling to the cliffs or hide amid the labyrinths of rock.

About the year 1797, there was born at Hadet, near the foot of Lebanon, and a few miles from Beirut, a boy who was called Assad Shidiak. His parents were of Arab descent, and belonged to the religious sect called Maronites, who, though Roman Catholics and acknowledging the authority of the Pope, have certain peculiarities of their own. Assad grew up a bright and studious boy, and was sent to the best Maronite college on the mountains, where he was graduated with the highest honors. He then entered successively the service of the bishop and of several sheiks, and finally offered his services to his former college instructor, who had been raised to the Patriarchal chair. Here he arranged a code of church laws for the Maronites, which has since been adopted for general use.

In March, 1825, Assad came to the American Mission at Beirut, asking employment. He was a well-dressed young Syrian gentleman, of fine face and easy manners, and proved to be shrewd, sensible, and inquisitive. Dr. Jonas King engaged him as his Arabic teacher, and when this engagement closed Assad opened an Arabic school for boys in Beirut. He used his leisure in writing against the Protestant doctrines, and began to study the Bible for new arguments. But he afterward wrote: "As I was reading an appendix to a copy of the Bible printed at Rome by the Propaganda, and searching out the passages referred to for proving the duty of worshiping saints, and other similar doctrines, I found that these proofs failed altogether of establishing these doctrines, and that to infer them from such Scripture texts was even worthy of ridicule. Among other things, I found in this appendix the very horrible Neronian doctrine that it is our duty to destroy heretics. Now, every one knows that whoever does not believe that the Pope is infallible is, in the Pope's estimation, a heretic. And this doctrine is not merely that it is allowable to kill heretics, but that we are bound in duty to do it."

From this time Assad searched the Scriptures, and soon found himself a Protestant. In January, 1826, the Patriarch heard of it and sent for him, and with the priests tried to induce him to say that his faith was that of Rome.



BEIRUT, SYRIA, WITH A PORTION OF LEBANON.

Assad declined, as it would be untrue. The Patriarch offered to absolve him from the sin of falsehood. Assad replied that no man could make falsehood lawful, and the weakness of the Patriarch's arguments greatly strengthened him in his new views. He was severely threatened and abused, and after weeks of fruitless controversy he left secretly for Beirut. In March he wrote an account of these discussions and of the treatment he had received, which was published

at Malta and was never contradicted. The *Missionary Herald* for 1827, and for a few subsequent years, gives extended accounts of Assad, including his own statements and reports of the missionaries.

But again the Patriarch wrote, begging Assad to return to his anxious family at Hadet, and assuring him of full liberty. Assad was artless and confiding, and thought a door of usefulness was now opened to him. At Beirut he could only use his pen — "But who is there in this country that reads?" asked he. So on the sixteenth of March, 1826, he went back to his father's house. He was coldly received, and twenty of his relatives assembled and carried him off by force, as if he had been a murderer, to the Patriarch. Poor Assad wept and prayed over their cruelty, but said: "It is just what the gospel has told me to expect; the brother shall deliver up the brother to death, and a man's foes shall be they of his own household."



A YOUNG SYRIAN GENTLEMAN.

He was soon conveyed to the convent of Canobeen, situated in one of the wildest recesses of Lebanon. There a cousin of his afterward saw him, sitting on a bare floor, in a room without a bed, chained to the wall, and deprived of books and writing utensils. His mother would not believe that the Patriarch could treat him so inhumanly till she herself went to Canobeen and saw his sufferings with her own eyes. From that time forth Assad's family sought to set him free, and with their aid he made several attempts to escape; but his ignorance of the steep and hidden mountain-paths was against him, and he was always recaptured.

One of his Maronite acquaintances wrote thus of one of these returns: "We beat him enough to have killed him, but he did not die. We broke several green sticks upon him, yet all this he bore patiently and did not speak a bad word. This power of forbearance was from the Satan that was dwelling in him. He imitated Saint Stephen, saying, 'Lord, lay not this sin to their charge.' All this as though he were a devil incarnate. Some of the priests used to say: 'O Assad, just declare that you are a Maronite, and you shall go free!' But the obstinate fellow would not lie. He had this peculiar custom that he would never tell a lie. Once they brought a crucifix and coals of fire and beat him, saying, 'Either kiss the crucifix or the fire.' *He kissed the fire*, but would not kiss the crucifix; but he raised the crucifix over his head, saying, 'I honor the One who was put to death on the cross.'"

Those who passed by the convent heard the groans of poor Assad, and heard him cry: "Love the Lord Jesus Christ according as he hath loved us and given himself to die for us! Think of me, O ye that pass by! have pity on me, and deliver me!" On one occasion, when his captors had bound and beaten him, they drove him before them like a slave to Canobeen. One of the resident priests wrote as follows to a sheik who was a friend of our missionaries: "On Assad's arrival the Patriarch gave immediate orders for his punishment, and they fell upon him, caning him and striking him with their hands; and so it was that as often as they struck him on one cheek he turned to them the other also. 'This,' said he, 'is a joyful day to me. My blessed Lord and Master has said: "Bless them that curse you, and, if they strike you on the right cheek, turn to them the left also." This I have been enabled to do; and I am ready to suffer



THE CONVENT OF CANOBEEN, MT. LEBANON.

even more than this for him who was beaten and spit upon and led as a sheep to the slaughter on our account.' When they heard this they fell to beating him anew, saying, 'Have we need of your preaching? . . . Your salvation is by *faith alone in Christ;* thus you cast contempt on his mother and on his saints.' And they threw him on the ground and overwhelmed him with the multitude of their blows."

The last time that Assad was retaken he was thrown into a filthy room, loaded with chains, bastinadoed every day for eight days, sometimes fainting under the infliction, and then was left alone in his misery, half dead. The door of his stone dungeon was walled up with stones and mortar, and no access was left save a small loophole through which a little bread and water were passed to him.

A humane priest at length succeeded in prevailing with the Patriarch to let him open the door and take off the irons. Again every argument was used with Assad in vain, till the Patriarch broke out: "You love to show your contempt of the cross and of the holy images whose worship is only in honor of those who labored and died in the service of Christ." Assad answered: "Thou shalt

worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve; and as to those who labored and shed their blood for their Saviour, they are above our honors, for they are gone to inherit unspeakable honor and glory in their Master's presence." Whereupon the angry Patriarch beat both him and the friendly priest with his slipper.

Here ended the priest's account to his friend the sheik. After this, little was known of Assad's sufferings till 1828, when his brother found him walled up in the dungeon, and begged him to return to the faith of his fathers. In reply Assad preached to him to repent and turn to God, telling him that time is short and the future life is eternal. In 1829 a friend received a letter from him which Assad said would be his last. "My days are passed away as a shadow. My thoughts are scattered," wrote the sufferer. And no wonder! For at least three years he had endured, both in mind and body, all that a man could endure and live. Reports of his death began to come, and the Patriarch sent word to his family that he had died of fever on the twenty-fifth of October. Other accounts hinted that he died suddenly, and yet others that the filth of his dungeon and the meagreness of his diet were the cause. A devoted Maronite told our missionaries that after his death the walled-up door was broken down, the body of Assad taken out and carried to the foot of a mountain terrace, and the wall of the terrace thrown down upon it.



A MARONITE PATRIARCH.

This was the earthly side. On the heavenly side, we may be sure, there were angel ministrants to bear the freed spirit home to its glorious reward, and to crown him with everlasting joy in the presence of that blessed Redeemer whose faithful witness and martyr he had been.

THE KUZZEL-BASH KOORDS.

BY REV. H. N. BARNUM, D.D., OF HARPOOT, EASTERN TURKEY.

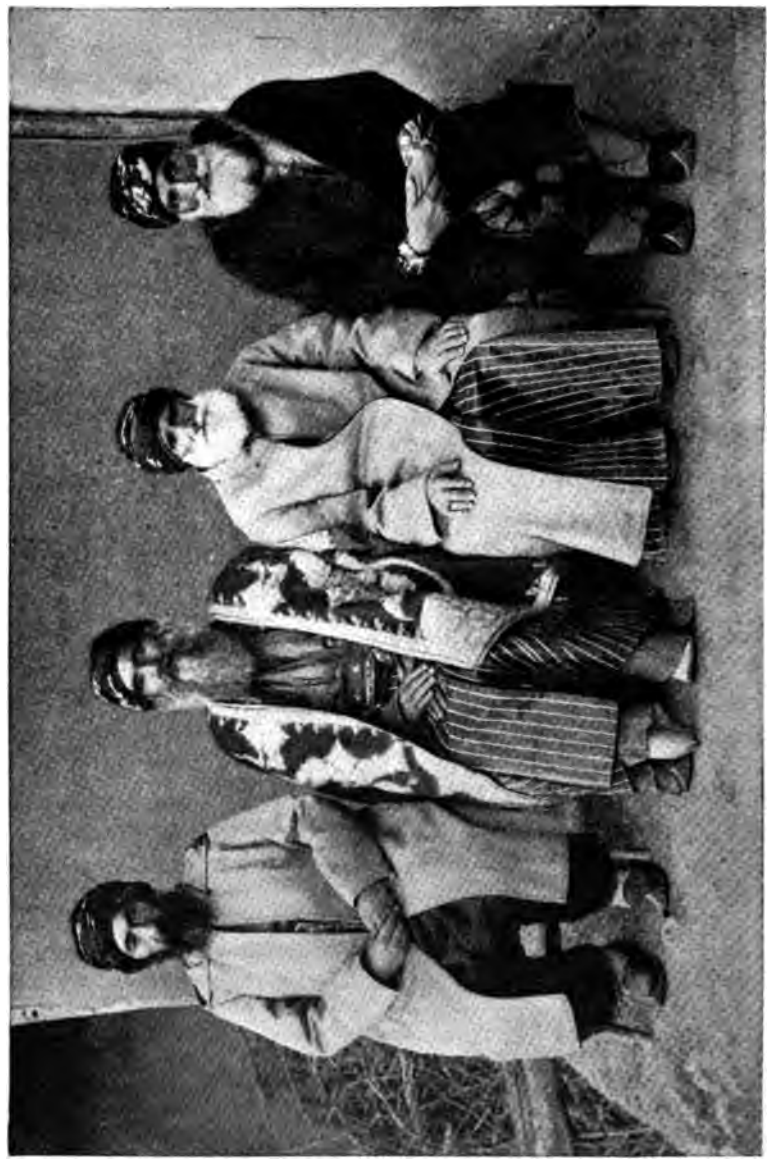
A PECULIARITY of the different raçes in Turkey is that they do not amalgamate. They have come along down the centuries as separate and distinct streams, seldom commingling at any point. The Koords are supposed to be the Carduchi, whom Xenophon mentions as opposing the Ten Thousand in their memorable retreat four hundred years before the Christian era. They still dwell among the mountains, as they did in ancient times, and they constitute a large part of the population of the eastern portion of the Turkish Empire.



A KOORD.

The Koords who inhabit the Dersim, that part of the Anti-Taurus just north of us, are called Kuzzel-bash, or Red-head. I never understood the significance of the name. They are divided into about fifty separate tribes, each with a chief, not unlike the feudal system of the Middle Ages. For many centuries each tribe has been a practically independent power, and even now they are only in partial subjection to the government. They regard

any attempt to control them as an unjust invasion of their rights, to which they submit only by compulsion. Sometimes they pay taxes, sometimes not; but they decline to furnish men for the army. The government proposes to send soldiers among them this year to bring them into closer allegiance.



PROMINENT KUZZEL-BASH KOORDS.

The Koords generally are zealous Mohammedans, but the Kuzzel-bash are such only in name. According to tradition they had a Christian ancestry; and this is confirmed by the numerous ruins of churches and monasteries which are found in that region. They do not observe the five daily Moslem prayers and

the ablutions which precede prayer, but they pray extemporaneously. So, too, they do not keep the fast of the month Ramazan, but they have a fast of twelve or fifteen days of their own. Like the Moslems, they practice circumcision and polygamy, but do not allow divorce. Many of them are pantheists. Some of them believe in the transmigration of souls, and others believe that the soul returns to its original source, that is, God. They have no written language and no literature, although a few have learned to read Turkish. Their religious teachers are called seyids. Their office is hereditary, like the Levitical priesthood, and they are greatly reverenced, although very ignorant. Like the Persian Mohammedans, they profess great veneration for Ali, the son-in-law of Mohammed, who, they say, was divine. Some say that Christ came into the world a second time in the person of Ali, and others that the name Ali was used instead of Christ's name by their ancestors, who accepted Mohammedanism only as a form, simply as a blind to the Moslems and as a veil to conceal their Christianity. The exact truth cannot be determined.

A select number, those who are free from glaring faults and are supposed to lead an upright life, constitute a sort of church. Membership is not easily acquired. A man who wishes to join must come on his hands and knees, must confess his faults and be forgiven. He cannot be received without his wife. If he commits some great offence he is turned out, and his membership is regained with great difficulty. A second excommunication is final. This chosen body has occasional secret meetings on Friday evenings, at which bread and water are passed around after the manner of the Lord's Supper. This may perhaps be a relic of the Christian communion. I believe that in regions where wine is found it is used instead of water.

A few weeks ago I had a call from four of the leading men of that district. They had come here by invitation of our governor-general. After they had made profession of allegiance to the government of the sultan, the pasha gave to each one of them a suit of clothes, besides making them other valuable presents. He also had their photographs taken, clad in their new garments, to send to the sultan. The picture on the opposite page is a copy from that photograph. The second man from the left is one of the most venerated of all the seyids, by the name of Ibrahim. He wears a gorgeous red mantle, heavily trimmed with gold braid. The old man to the right of him is Yusef Agha, one of the most influential chiefs of the mountains. On a visit to his village many years ago I was much impressed by the dignity and apparently high character of his wife, as she pleaded that we include the Koords among the people whom we try to bless with education. We tried a brief experiment, but it was not successful. Tribal feuds and fear of the government keep these people in a state of almost perpetual ferment. The man at the extreme right is Yusef Agha's son. He looks almost as old as his father.

These men called upon me just after they had visited the different departments of the college. They were much impressed, especially by what they saw in the female department, and said that they were reminded of their own ignorance and backwardness as a race. With a Christian civilization this people would become one of the finest races of the empire, but at present they do not seem

to be particularly open to religious and moral impressions. They live among lofty, rugged mountains, where there is very little arable land, and they are very poor. Many of them live by plunder.

In the southeastern part of the Harpoot field a good many nominal Christians — Armenians and Jacobites — live among the Koords. They are extremely ignorant. In appearance, in dress, in character, in language, in everything except the name and some of the rites of Christianity they are essentially Koords. About twenty years ago the Harpoot Evangelical Union commenced a missionary work in that part of Koordistan, and it is continued with a good degree of success to the present time, with the aid of the other evangelical churches of this country. In missionary work one of the first things is to give the people the



TRANSLATORS OF THE KOORDISH BIBLE.

Bible in their own language, and then teach them to read it. The New Testament was soon translated, and it was published by the American Bible Society, which has always been a most efficient helper in the missionary work; but the translation did not prove to be a good one. The Bible Society proposes to publish a new translation. The picture on this page represents the three men who are doing the work. The one in the centre became the pastor of the church in Redwan. He is now the acting pastor of the Diarbekir church, but he still helps on the work in Koordistan. The man at the right of the picture preaches in Redwan, and the one at the left at Farkin. The Koords of that district are not Kuzzel-bash, but the language of both districts is essentially the same, and the new translation will avail, we hope, for the whole of Koordistan.

SOME VILLAGES IN KOORDISTAN.

BY REV. J. L. BARTON, D.D.

THE boys and girls in Turkey, who study in schools which the children in America help to sustain, are themselves interested in a mission work in Koordistan and in schools which they help to support in that country. Koordistan is



A KOORDISH MERCHANT.

to the east of Asia Minor. Among the Koords, within the limit of the Eastern Turkey Mission, live about 100,000 Armenians, who once spoke their own Armenian language and believed in the Christian religion; but they have lost their

language now, and know only Koordish. Their former Christianity has met with about the same fate as their tongue. Many have become the same as the Koords with whom they dwell.

Among these Koordish-speaking Armenians the Protestant Armenian churches in Turkey have opened a home mission work which promises to reclaim this lost branch of the Armenian race and restore them to their nation and lead them back to Christ.

There are now six flourishing schools opened in various centres, and many other places desire teachers. The picture on this page shows one of the



CHURCH AND SCHOOLHOUSE AT KILISE, KOORDISTAN.

chapels and schoolhouses of that country. It is in Kilise, where nearly the entire village has become Protestant. The part upon which boys are sitting is the church. The wing upon the right, which extends back even with the church in the rear, is the schoolhouse. This poor people put up these buildings last year, paying most of the expenses themselves. The Home Mission Society helped them with $65 only. The pulpit and chair and stand were brought upon the backs of mules over forty miles. The outside door is one solid black-walnut plank, brought thirty miles. Glass is too expensive for this country. There are inside shutters to the windows and iron crossbars, as you see; for this is a land of thieves and robbers; and the Bible, and the straw mats upon which they sit upon the ground (for there are no floors in this country), would be stolen if not thus protected.

The buildings are made of sun-dried brick. These bricks are about twelve inches square and three inches thick. After drying in the sun for a week or more they are built into the wall and plastered together with clay mud. For the roof, large timbers are laid across nearly level and boarded on top or covered with branches of trees. Over this is packed a foot or more of earth, which is plastered over with mud. This kind of roof sheds rain, if it is carefully rolled with a heavy stone roller every time rain begins. You see, it was an easy thing for Peter to go upon the housetop to pray.

A few months ago I was present at a communion service in this little chapel,



RUINS OF AN ANCIENT CHURCH AT FARKIN.

and twenty-one persons then united with the church. Many came in from six of the near villages, and, as the country is full of dangerous characters, each man brought his gun, a heavy club, a dirk-knife, a shield, and some had swords. These arms were stacked inside the door during service, and the little chapel, packed with nearly 200 eager listeners, looked something like an arsenal.

I said the name of the village is Kilise. This means, in Turkish, "church." Those who study Greek can trace the word. This village is new, being only forty or fifty years old. But as they dig in the vicinity ruins of old buildings, wells, and groves are found. When they began to excavate for this chapel it was found that there was once a church upon this very site. It is known that the foundation is that of a church, for the altar is toward the east, as all of the old

churches of this land were built. The people have a strong superstition that prayer, to be acceptable, must be made toward the east. This is possibly a relic of Persian fire-worship. All of the nominal Christians now build their churches in this way; and one of the charges formerly brought against Protestants was that "they pray in all directions." This chapel, in which Christ is now preached, is built upon the foundation of an old church whose history no one knows.

Those sitting upon the roof are mostly pupils in the school. The teacher, Aproham, who is also the preacher, is stretching his hand out toward the village. It would be interesting to introduce you to many of the persons in this picture, but space will not permit. The children have to learn Armenian from the first, as their natural language, Koordish, has no letters and so no books. They sing very nicely, and many of them can translate at sight the Armenian Bible into Koordish. They study Armenian, arithmetic, the Testament, catechism, etc.

This country of Koordistan is filled with wonderful ruins. On its western border is an inscription upon the face of a cliff which was written by Nebuchadnezzar when he came to conquer this country at one time. In the city of Farkin, only five miles from Kilise, there are most magnificent ruins of churches, castles, and towers.

The picture on the preceding page shows a part of what was once a most beautiful church. The columns are about twelve feet long and over two feet in diameter. There is a corresponding series of arches above those shown in the picture. This church is closely surrounded with a great many graves, thousands of them, so that the church is often spoken of as "the church of martyrs." This and another church and the mosque spoken of above are all within the heavy double walls of the old citadel. The entire present city is now within these walls. I have many such pictures I would like to show you.

Within the field of this Home Mission Society are large walled cities now entirely in ruins; a city whose houses are cut out of living rock and which are now occupied; bridges and ruins of bridges built by the Romans 1,800 years ago, and many other such things. But the most interesting of all are the poor people, who know nothing of this early history or of the salvation which Christ brought to the world. They have no Bible, as yet, and live in ignorance and crime. It is a sad land to look upon, the greatest ruin of which is its people. This Society is endeavoring, with the help of the Lord, to restore this ruin to something of its former grandeur.

PALSIED HATOON OF MARASH.

BY MISS CORINNA SHATTUCK, OF CENTRAL TURKEY GIRLS' COLLEGE.

IT seems fitting that some one send for the young people of the United States a brief account of the one whose life, despite most unfavorable circumstances and surroundings, has been very beautifully interesting. Our friend through long years was known as "Palsied Hatoon." While yet quite young, she suffered from a form of disease that left her without the use of her lower limbs. Her mother carried her about on her back, and she could sit on the cushions upon the floor. But after a few more years she was confined to her couch, unable to turn or be turned, or to lift her head from the pillow. Her mother was a widow and of the poorest of our people, while her brothers were in the same condition, with large families dependent upon them.

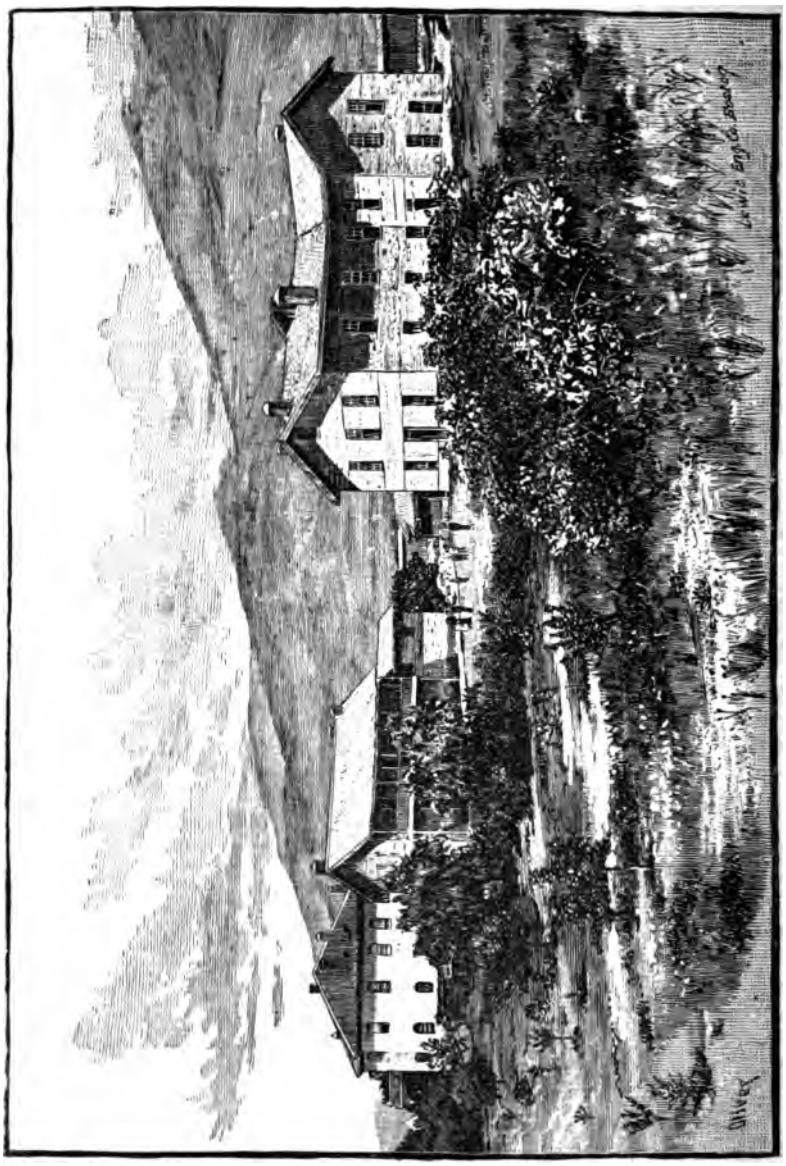


A MOTHER AND CHILD IN TURKEY.

The old mother spun cotton when by a week's work a few cents could be earned. Sometimes she sat most uneasily without work, because she only lost by her sale of cotton after working hard to gain a little. Hatoon learned to crochet and knit, and was most happy when anybody would buy her work. The mother and daughter occupied a very small, sunless room, the one window looking out across a narrow street only upon a high wall. The one growing thing about the premises was a stunted grape-vine that half-shaded the little couch when, during the heat of summer, she could not remain inside. The one great luxury Hatoon craved was sufficient kerosene to supply her lamp to burn as freely, early and late, as she desired. Though much of the time they received assistance from the church in order to exist at all, she sometimes had to go short of kerosene.

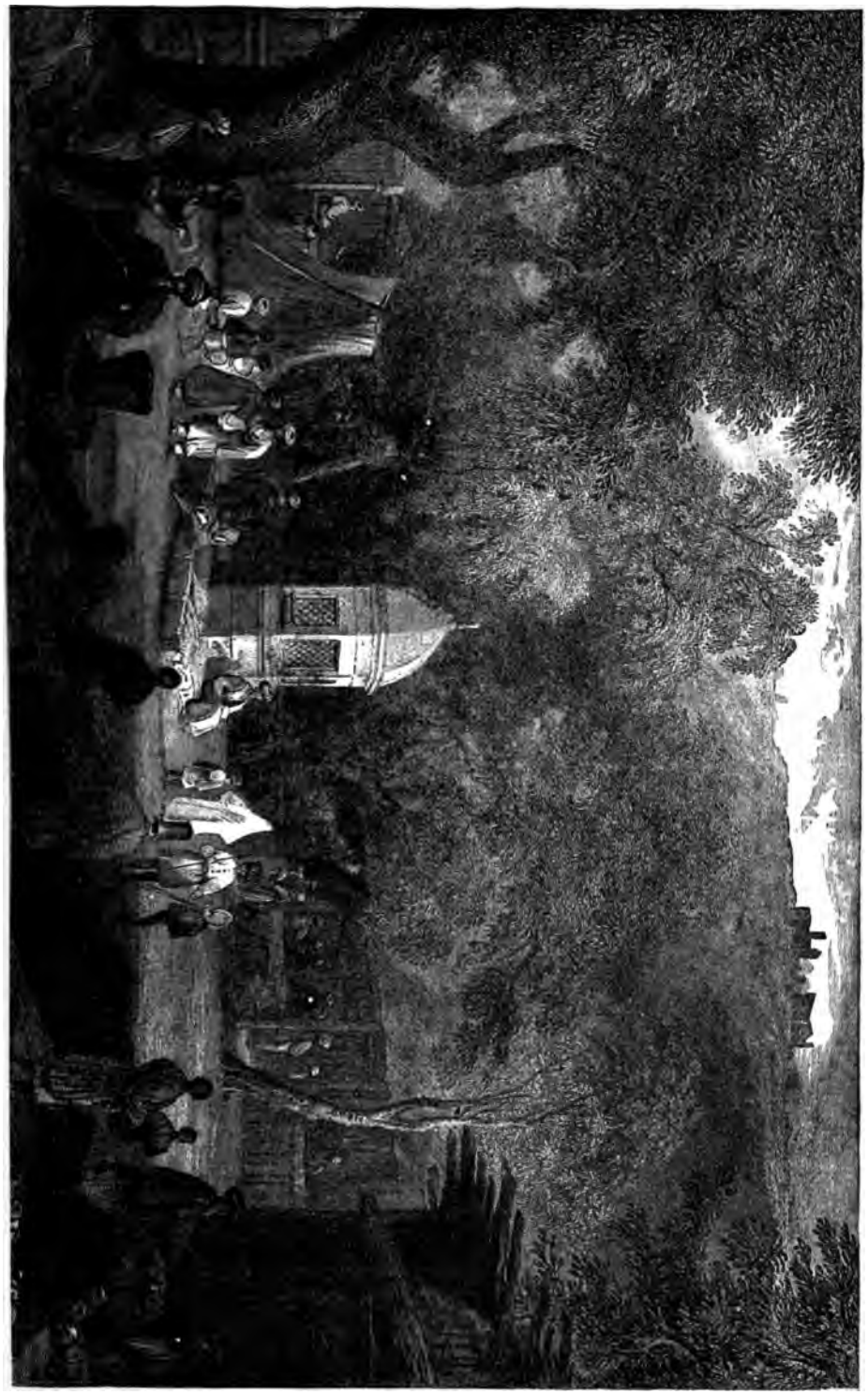
Soon after being confined to her couch Hatoon learned to read, and the Bible became very precious to her. She knew it well in every part, and nothing was so willingly undertaken by her as teaching it to others. They count some twenty or more who learned of her to read. Among these are some active Christian young

men, now church members, who on becoming her pupils were not only non-Protestant but wicked. She had a peculiar power in prayer, and labored and prayed earnestly and persistently for such as she undertook to help.



CENTRAL TURKEY GIRLS' COLLEGE AT MARASH, WITH THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

It was seven years ago that she was carried to the church to be formally received as one of its members. From time to time afterwards her neighbors carried her to church in the morning and she remained for all the services of the day. It was a very great joy to her, but she shrunk from asking friends to take her, saying it was "so hard for them." As often as once or twice in the year we



MARKET PLACE IN [illegible] CENTRAL TURKEY.

sent for her to spend a few days at the College. She enjoyed all our work, and said she could pray better for us after knowing the routine for each day. She once began the study of English, feeling she could get much help from our good books and realizing the dearth of literature in Turkish. She gave it up on finding she had not time for it except to turn off her pupils, and that did not seem right to her. She, though receiving assistance from her church, was a regular contributor to its funds. She said the Lord helped her to fulfil her pledges each year, though she never knew beforehand how she should earn her money. It was always a *definite sum* she pledged, prayed, and worked for. She regularly studied the Sunday-school lesson, though it was seldom she was at Sunday-school.

For fifteen years she continued after being confined to her couch. For several years she suffered most excruciating pain for days at a time. At last the pains left her, "in answer to prayer," she said, and she was usually comfortable though subject to fever and ague and ophthalmia, the ordinary troubles of other people here. She seldom talked of *self*, except to recount her blessings. People went to her to comfort and cheer, and they got more than they gave her. She had severe illness, however, at the last, which continued three and one-half months, and it was most pitiful to see her extremely wasted form and find her almost too weak to converse in a whisper. Her doctor and other friends tried to help her, but could do little to alleviate her distress. She continued patient to the end, and was willing to try to get well, though desirous of being released.

When asked what should be done with her books and tracts, perhaps twenty-five pieces in all, she said, "Give them only to such as will appreciate their worth." She had nothing else to think about as leaving behind except the dear old mother, and she earnestly requested that she would not leave the little room that had been so long their home, but continue to live there and *rest*, now she should not have her to care for. We could not mourn when we heard of her release on a recent Sabbath morning — the day she hoped she might go home; but we who did not attend the funeral met and recounted the good she had been permitted to accomplish, through her love for Christ and his abundant grace bestowed upon her.

SCENES IN CENTRAL TURKEY.

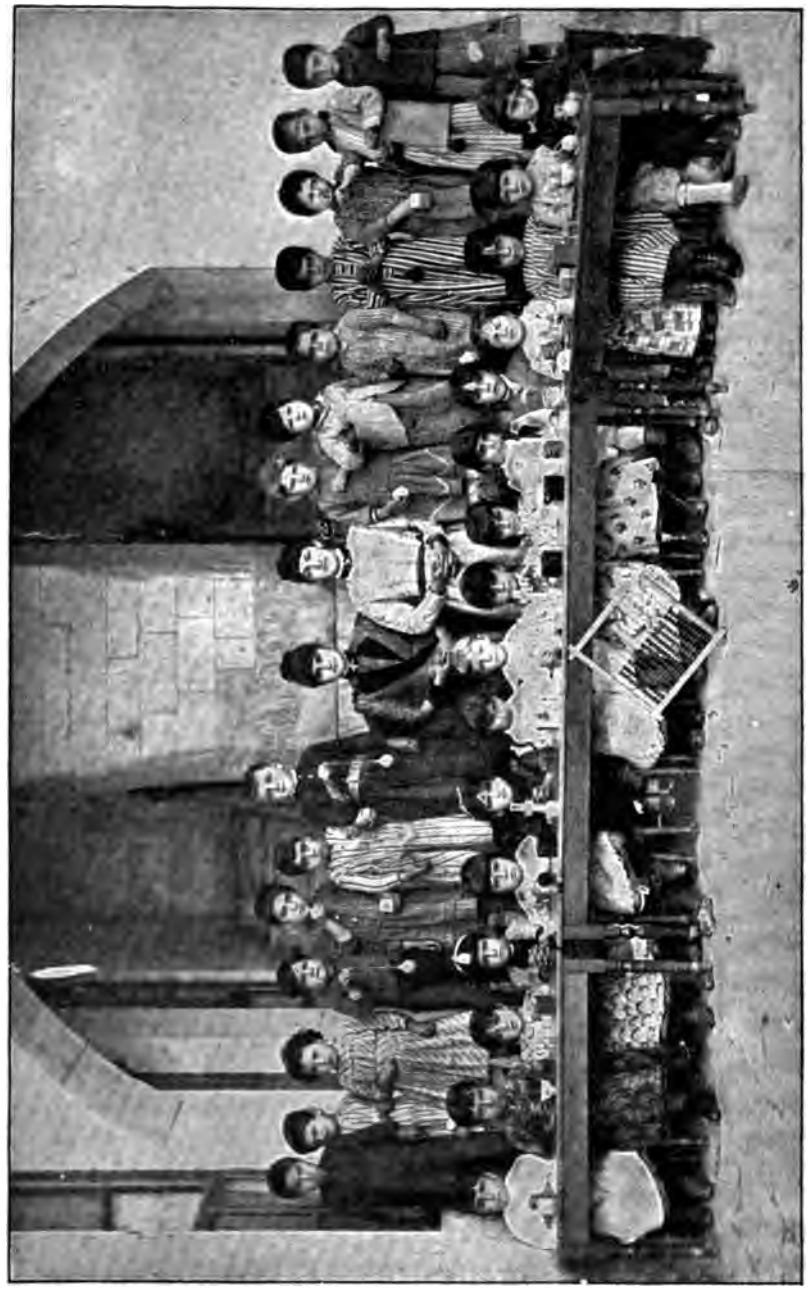
BY REV. AMERICUS FULLER, D.D., OF AINTAB.

THE bright eager faces looking out upon us from the picture on the next page are those of the teachers and scholars of the Kindergarten at Aintab, Turkey. They are, all but one, Armenians, and when you remember that Armenians almost always have very black hair and eyes you will easily pick out the single American girl among them. This school is the granddaughter of the first Kindergarten in Turkey. Is n't it a lusty yearling? I think it is less than fourteen years since Miss Nellie Bartlett opened the first school of this kind at Smyrna. The system has from the first been widely popular in Turkey, and schools have been multiplied as fast as teachers could be procured. A graduate of the Central Turkey Girls' College was sent to Smyrna to learn the system, and on her return a Kindergarten, with a department for training teachers, was opened by her under the direction of the faculty of the Girls' College. The teacher of the Aintab school is a pupil of this Marash Kindergarten Normal School.

I dare say you will think at once as you look at this beautiful group that these do not look like children needing to have missionaries sent to them, and so they are not; in fact they are themselves preparing to be missionaries to the people of Turkey who have not yet received the gospel, and they are now as careful and eager to save their *five-para pieces* for the Home Missionary Society of Aintab, which is helping send preachers and teachers to the Koords, as you are who are members of the "Extra Cent-a-Day Band." I have no doubt, too, that many of these children are already thinking and planning how they can best give themselves to the work of saving and enlightening their people and the world. Do you not think it a very beautiful thing for parents to consecrate their children when very young to the service of God? I think this is more common among Protestant Christians in Turkey than in America; certainly I have very often found young men among the students in our higher schools who have been struggling long and hard to get the education which would enable them as preachers of the gospel to do well the work to which their pious parents had many years before given them in prayer. How can any boy or girl so well honor Christian parents, or make so noble and grand a choice and please our divine Saviour so much, as in deciding to give time, talent, effort, *self* to the cause which all good men and women love and for which Jesus gave his life?

Many of the children in the picture are, as you see, girls. How much the gospel has done for them! Not many years ago it was not thought worth while to teach girls to read and write. I once heard a leading Protestant say that when he was a young man there were only two women in Aintab, a city of 40,000 inhabitants, who could read; now there are very few girls who grow up in Protestant families without a fair common school education. Does it not mean *a*

great deal for the future of Turkey that such schools, such children, and such teachers are being rapidly multiplied in the land?



KINDERGARTEN AT AINTAB.

Now let us look at something more common and characteristic of Turkey. Opposite is a picture of Dervishes, who are accounted holy men by the Moslems.

They are very numerous in all Mohammedan countries and are of many different orders, with widely different teachings, rules, and customs, and yet all much alike in the general objects which they seek. The word dervish (*door sill*, perhaps referring to their place at the door when begging) indicates the poverty and self-renunciation to which they are pledged; for they are men who have not only submitted (Islam means submission) themselves to God's will, but they have renounced the things that most men covet and have entered the way of poverty and obedience to the rules of their order. They do not associate much with other men but live together in places called *tekkes*. These are buildings something like convents set apart for their use and maintained by the income of property devoted to this purpose and called *vacouf*. Here the dervish is always sure to find shelter and plain food. They are much given to traveling about the country, usually on foot and often alone, to visit sacred places or holy men. The dervish usually carries some kind of a charm which he prizes very highly and with which he will often profess to heal disease or protect from the influence of the *evil eye*.



DERVISHES.

A few years ago while on my way to Antioch I met one of these men whose appearance and manner were so impressive and striking as to produce almost a feeling of awe in his presence. Our party had stopped for a short rest in the shade of a tree that grew near a *ziaret*, which is a holy place visited by pilgrims, when a tall old man, of commanding presence, and with very long white hair and beard, came out of the *ziaret* and held out an oblong, black and beautifully polished dish made from a cocoanut shell, rattling the little brass chains with which it was suspended, to attract our attention and to indicate his

wish for alms. I put some bread and a small piece of money in his dish and nodded pleasantly to him. He immediately took from his bosom a large brass seal curiously cut with beautiful Arabic letters and symbols, and having in the centre the sacred name Allah. This he first permitted me to examine and then with great solemnity and with many ejaculatory prayers and benedictions struck it heavily upon my right shoulder and pressed it into the palm of my right hand, by which I understood he meant to secure me from harm or accident on my journey and to impart power and skill in whatever I should undertake. These men are usually quite ignorant, but are held in great reverence and often exert a very great influence even over men in high authority.



KOORDISH CHILDREN.

The picture here shows us a specimen of Koordish children, an ancient and hardy race of people, formerly called Carduchi. They are now supposed to number about 2,000,000 and inhabit chiefly the mountain regions around the headwaters of the Euphrates and Tigris rivers. Those who live in the higher and wilder parts of the country are very lawless and barbarous, living as best they can by a little very rude farming, the care of flocks and herds, hunting and robbery. They pay very little regard to government and only occasionally and by special effort are brought into any subjection to it. A considerable number of these people have, however, occupied and permanently settled upon the fertile lands far to the south, toward Aleppo. These are generally in villages by themselves and are a peaceable, industrious, and thriving people. The Koords have a language of their own which they write in the Arabic characters. They have no printed books, and very few among them can either read or write.

CONCERNING THE YEZIDEES.

BY REV. ALPHEUS N. ANDRUS, MARDIN, EASTERN TURKEY.

YEZD is a Persian word signifying God. According to the derivation of their name the Yezidees should be worshipers of God; but it is plain they cannot be so regarded now, whatever they may have been in past ages.

1. They recognize *One Supreme Being*, but offer to him neither sacrifice nor prayer. They say he is so good that he will only and always do good anyway, so that there is no occasion to either appease his wrath or solicit his clemency.

2. They believe in a *personal devil* who was cast out of Paradise, but who will ultimately be reinstated.

As the author of all evil he needs, they say, to be propitiated and honored, and, because of his final restoration, it is worth their while to curry favor with him while he is an outcast, so that when he shall be restored to favor he will intercede for them.



From Layard's "Nineveh and Babylon."—Harper & Brothers.

CHIEF OF THE DEVIL-WORSHIPERS.

These reasons explain the esteem and reverence in which they hold him, the sacredness with which his name — *Shaytan* — is regarded, so that they never speak it, and the almost divine honors paid to his symbol, which is a brazen ox. They hope in this way to induce him, not only himself to do them no harm in this life, but also to use his good offices for them in the life to come so that *no one else* shall harm them.

3. They affirm that there are *seven* gods, each of whom, in his turn, governs the universe for a period of 10,000 years.

These gods have the title of *Melek*, which is an Aramaic word signifying king, or ruler. The god now in power is called by them Melek Taäōōs. As they do not know *when* he began his reign they cannot tell when his 10,000 years will have expired.

4. They possess four symbols of this Melek Taäōōs which are of brass, and more nearly resemble a cock than any other winged creature. They call this symbol "Sanjak Taäōōs," which means the banner of Taäōōs.

The reason they give why the symbol should be of this shape is that this god once appeared in the world in the form of a bird. They bow to and worship this symbol, advance to it on their knees, rise, deposit a contribution in a box placed for the purpose beside the symbol, and then walk away backward, keeping their eyes fixed upon the brazen bird until they have returned to the door of the house in which the symbol has been set up.



From Layard's "Nineveh and Babylon."—Harper & Brothers.

HIGH PRIEST OF THE DEVIL-WORSHIPERS.

There is a symbol for each of the four districts into which the regions occupied by the Yezidees are divided. These districts are:—

(1) The Sinjar, which is west of Mosul.

(2) The Kherzan, which is in the mountains of Koordistan.

(3) Aleppo in northern Syria, including also the vilayet, or province, of Diarbekir.

(4) Northern Armenia, and the Caucasus in southern Russia.

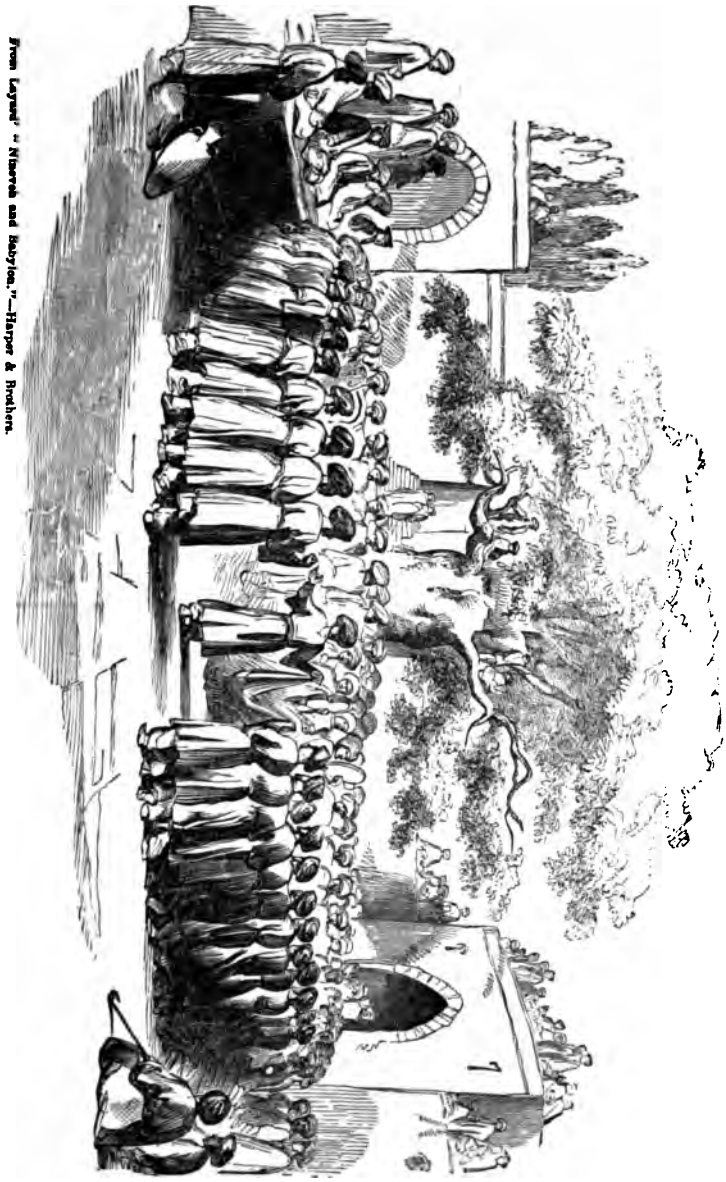
These symbols are carried about in their respective districts to the Yezidee villages by members of the third order of their priesthood, who are called Kowâls.

The Sheikhs Yusef and Aziz, who constitute the second order, farm this privilege to the Kowâls by an annual contract secured by bids. Only a few years ago a contract for one of these districts was sold for £T.250 ($1,100).

Several months are required to canvass a single district, because the villages of the Yezidees are so scattered, and the only means of travel is by horse.

Whatever the Kowâls collect by means of the "Sanjak Taäōōs," above the amount contracted for, is their own.

Some of the Yezidees claim that this "Sanjak Taäōōs" is the seal and signet



From Layard's "Nineveh and Babylon."—Harper & Brothers.

DANCE OF THE DEVIL-WORSHIPERS AT THE TOMB OF SHEIKH ADI.

of David, and that it was not made by any earthly artisan, but descended in its present shape directly from heaven.

5. The local centre of their religion is now at a spot northeast from Mosul where stands a large house of worship called "*Sheikh Adi.*" Mr. Rassam, the celebrated excavator of Assyrian and Babylonian remains, thinks that the last

name is a corruption of Addai, and that the building was formerly a Christian church of the Chaldee nation, having the name of St. Addai, or St. Taddai, which is in English St. Thaddeus. This apostle preached the gospel in all that region. At all events there is at "Sheikh Adi" a book, not less than 700 years old, which contains an account of Sheikh Adi of Hakkari, who is now regarded by the Yezidees as the beginning and foundation of their belief. They assign to him the same place in their religion that the Jews give to Moses, and that is claimed by the Moslems for Mohammed. They do not reveal the date of the foundation of their religion, but claim that it is *older than Adam.*

6. Much more that is curious and interesting might be written concerning this strange people, but our space will only permit us to add that although we have



From Layard's "Nineveh and Babylon"—Harper & Brothers.

YEZIDEE WOMEN.

been watching our opportunity to get the gospel in among them, while laboring with their nominally Christian neighbors, we have not yet been successful — chiefly on account of their inveterate prejudice against *reading* and against *books* in general.

We did succeed in getting a Yezidee youth to begin reading, but after he had lived two weeks with our helper who was instructing him, his relatives became alarmed at his progress and took him back to his father's house.

Not many months ago, however, word was received from Mardin that an invitation had been received from an influential Yezidee in the neighborhood of Severek to send a teacher to his village that a school might be started among them. This is a ray of hope for a people of whom we do not yet despair.

A GREEK TOWN IN TURKEY, 1889.

BY REV. JAMES W. SEELYE.

THE town of Ordoo lies on the eastern slope of a promontory in the Black Sea and the adjoining low-lying plain. It is ninety-two miles west of Trebizond and twenty-five west of Kerassoun, and is accessible by a weekly steamer or in small open sailboats. Owing to the well-known characteristics of the Euxine, the sailboats are rarely employed for this journey by the missionaries, unless the tour is intended to take in the intermediate small coast villages. The steamer has the drawback, however, of obliging the passengers to embark and disembark at midnight in small boats and frequently in a heavy storm and a high-running sea.

Ordoo has a population of about 7,500 souls, or 1,500 houses. Of these 200 are Turkish, 300 Armenian, and 1,000 Greek. The majority of the people are wretchedly poor. Some of the houses on the hillside seem well-to-do, but most of those on the lowland are mere hovels.

The narrow streets between the low huts are reeking with filth and garbage. If it happens to be the afternoon of a bright, sunny day, you will see a number of women sitting on the thresholds of their doorways, knitting and chatting with their neighbors across the way. The older ones rise out of deference, and stand until you have passed; the brides and marriageable maidens disappear within. Young and old are dressed in gay colors. Even the poorer have found time to embroider a jacket as a sample of their skill with the needle. You notice the headdress peculiar to the Greek women of that region, as shown in the picture on the next page, the arrangement of which impresses you constantly with the fear that they are suffering from chronic neuralgia or toothache.

If you like we will visit the house of one of the brethren who has returned early from his work. Stoop low or you will hit your head. We descend a step to the damp earth floor, and, as our eyes get accustomed to the darkness, we follow our host across the one room and take our seats, cross-legged, on mats placed to right and left of the fireplace, in which a fire is soon roaring and threatening to burn the frail house down over our heads. The smoke seeks to escape through the ragged hole in the thatch which serves as a chimney. The wood is dry and quickly turns to coals. While the hostess is busy making coffee for us, we take a glance at our surroundings.

At one side of this room, which serves as kitchen, dining-room, bedroom, sitting-room, parlor, guest-room, and sometimes workshop and hennery, is a low board platform covered with pieces of matting or a cheap rug. On one corner of it the bedding of the family is neatly piled, to be out of the way during the day.

There is also the old family cradle, in which the latest comer is quietly sleeping. The next older, a boy, is sitting on the bare ground toasting his naked feet and legs before the fire, while the eldest girl is shyly sweeping portions of the floor and setting things to rights; not that the floor needs sweeping nor that the room is disorderly, but the touching-up is in honor of the guests. Under the platform is the general storehouse where are tucked the odds and ends. On the other side of the room is a small, hanging cupboard and a rack for pans and platters. The tin and copper ware are kept scrupulously clean and polished. The floor though of black dirt is always cleanly swept. In this one room the father,



A GREEK PEASANT WOMAN.

mother, five or six children, and the grandparents live, and to this home will the boys, when they grow up, bring their brides. Here is found a corner for one or more guests. Every housekeeper takes pride in the extent and warmth of her hospitality.

The coffee is ready and handed to the guests in tiny cups. It is black and strong and may or may not be sweetened. In certain localities the guest discovers the degree of honor in which he is held by the amount of sugar he finds in his cup. In serving, the hostess uses the word "*oriste.*" This is a flexible and convenient term, an equivalent for which the English lacks. It corresponds in this case to "help yourself." The greeting on entering a house is always "*Kalos oriste*" — welcome. The freedom of the house is yours. It has num-

berless meanings and is very convenient. It may mean, take a seat, begin to eat, go out, come in, let 's be going, please repeat what you were saying, what do you wish, etc.

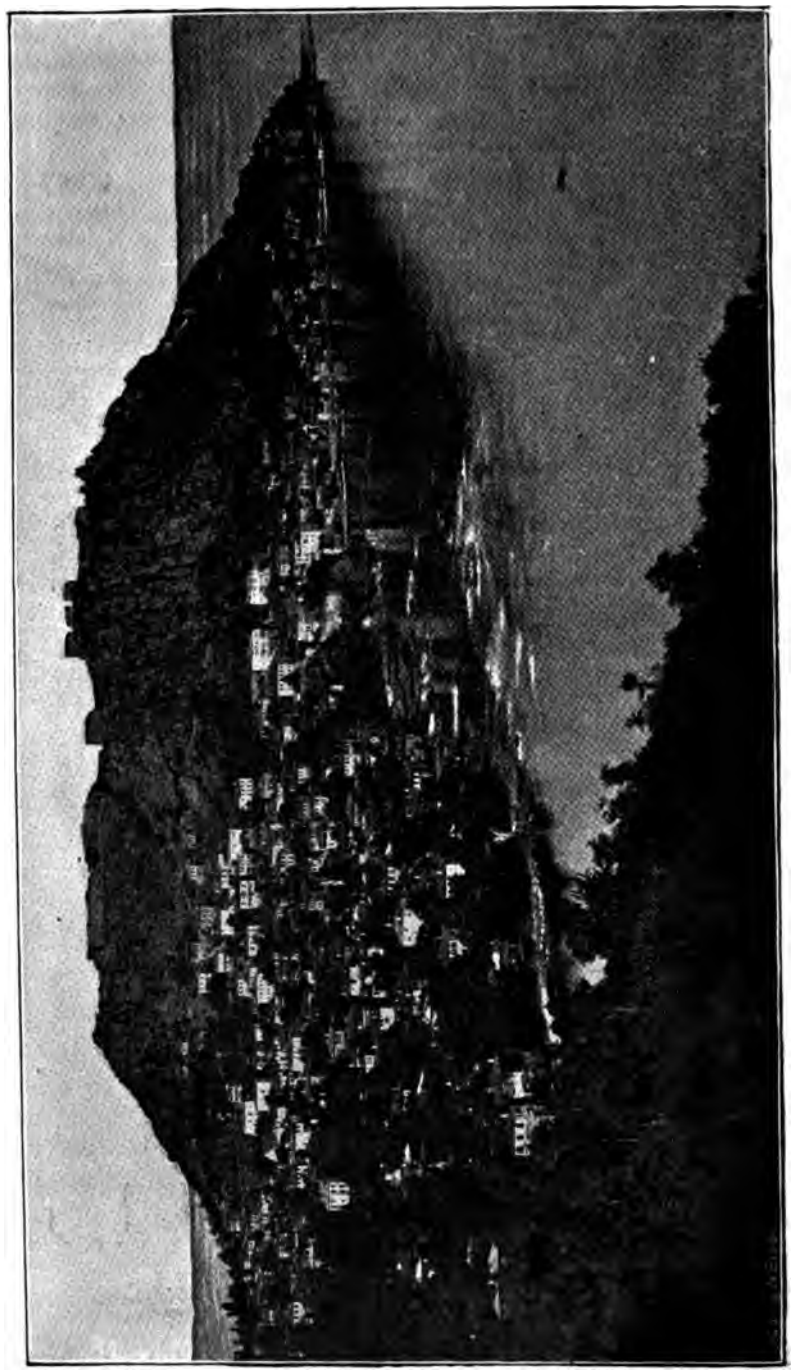
On leaving, we find our rubbers, which our party had discarded on entering, nicely cleaned and arranged in a row ready for slipping on. Instead of raising our hats in European style as we depart, we return the salutation of the host by touching the chin and forehead with the fingertips of the right hand, replying to the "*Hairete*" (rejoice) with "*Sas aphinomen ēgēan*" (we leave you health).

During such a call the conversation will turn on a variety of topics. If religion and spiritual things are not discussed at first they will be before leave-taking. The housewife may bring out her treasures of embroidery for the guest to look at. There may be a sick baby in the cradle to prescribe for, since all foreigners are *ex officio* physicians. Official oppression always keeps the attention where other topics may fail.

The tax-gatherers are always oppressive: this year especially so. The complaints have resulted in the sending of an inspector from Trebizond to inquire into the matter. Notice was sent to the villages and on a certain day of January, during my visit, the streets were filled with villagers ready to file their complaints. They brought their proofs along too. One burly fellow brought in a filbert-tree on his shoulder. "This tree," cried he, "was taxed for 120 pounds of filberts. Will some one be kind enough to tell me on which branch to look for them?" The inspector on hearing the complaints of the villagers seemed quite touched, wiped his eyes, and called them "My poor people."

The tax-gatherers, not a little aroused by the inspector's visit, were on the alert, and seeing the tears, they summoned a physician to certify to the inspector's insanity. So he was seized and shut up where he could neither hear complaints nor be heard himself. Meanwhile the collection of taxes continues.

The chief business of Ordoo is the providing a market for the mountain villagers who bring in produce to exchange for tea, coffee, sugar, cloth, kerosene, etc., or for cash. In Ordoo Wednesday is a special market-day, and from before daylight until noon the highway is filled with men, women, and children, horses, mules, and donkeys, laden down with bundles of wood, bags of wheat, corn, flour, vegetables, cheese, butter, eggs; molasses made of grapes, pears, or mulberries; fox and jackal skins, nuts, etc., etc. At the entrance to the town a rope is stretched across the street at what is called the *kantarlik*, or weighing office. Here each person is obliged to pay one cent for his burden, be it large or small, and two cents for that of each of his animals. In return for the toll he receives an order on the public weigher in the central market, where all are obliged to go first, entitling him to the free weighing of his goods. The poverty of the people is astonishing. One cent does not seem a large fee, but hundreds and hundreds of these poor fellows cannot pay even that. They are obliged to leave their very garments at the office, as surety that on their return at nightfall, after a day's bargaining over a few cents' worth of produce, the result of a week's hard labor in their mountain homes, the one cent will be forthcoming. These pledges are piled in a hopeless heap in an open shed, to be picked out and claimed by the individual on his return.



KERASSOUN, ON THE BLACK SEA, BETWEEN ORDOO AND TREBIZOND.

In the summer, Ordoo is considered very unhealthy, and the merchants with their families move up into the mountains to their *Yaïlah*, or summer village, on a plateau 6,000 feet above sea-level, distant 39 miles. They begin to make the change in May, and gradually all the town find their way up the mountain.

Lack of trade compels a large number of the men to leave their families in the early spring and go off to Russia or Bulgaria to find work. The wives at home spend the long intervening months caring for the children as best they can. They cut and fetch wood from the mountains, work in the fields for a few cents a day, and if household cares confine them, keep their fingers flying over their knitting. The art of knitting is not limited to the women. Men and boys are often seen on the road or in the fields carrying burdens or tending sheep, while their fingers are hard at work on a stocking. Knitting is something to which the women can turn at any time; but it is often their only employment for many weeks. The housewife buys the raw wool at twenty-four cents the *oke* (about two pounds and a half). It takes three days to prepare this for spinning, seven more to spin it by hand, and twenty-six more to knit the twelve pairs of socks which the oke is supposed to make. Each pair sells for eight cents, or ninety-six cents for the lot. The difference between the cost and selling price is seventy-two cents, to make which the poor woman has been laboring for thirty-six days; that is, she has made two cents a day!



GREEK YOUNG MEN.

Evangelical Christianity in Ordoo had an interesting beginning. It sprang from a single Testament which a Greek merchant of the place bought in Constantinople many years ago. He was ignorant of the character of the book and consulted a priest about it. He was ordered to burn it. He was loath to do so, but feared the priest. A friend found him and purchased the book, read it, became enlightened, and was converted. When Dr. Parmelee visited the place he found this man dying, and heard from his lips the story of his conversion and an expression of a genuine faith in the Saviour for salvation. He soon passed away, but the seed bore fruit and resulted in the prosperous state of the churches there to-day. One of the oldest Greek Evangelicals is a woman who, eighteen years ago, hearing that a preacher had come to town, and curious to see what sort of a creature he might be, watched for him near the public fountain. After seeing him her first remark was, "Why, he is just like any other man!"

THE SHQIPETARS IN 1891.

BY REV. J. W. BAIRD, OF MONASTIR, EUROPEAN TURKEY.

Ask one of them who they are and he will tell you, "Those who live in Shqiperi." In the time of Paul they were known as Illyrians; that is, "the free." Some of them claim that their language is closely related to the Sanskrit and that they are the descendants of the Pelasgians who came to the Balkan Peninsula about the time that Abraham went to Canaan. Alexander and his army, as well as Pyrrhus, were Shqipetars. Their national hero is Skenderbeg, who, just before the discovery of America, for twenty-five years successfully resisted the Turks.



A MOUNTAIN ALBANIAN.

Their neighbors call them Arvanati or Arnaouts, but others know them as Albanians. Their own name is probably derived from *shqipye* (eagle), which well describes the Albanians — strong, brave, and rapacious. Their legends and songs are of heroes and their raids. The Bulgarians say of them, "Naked, barefooted, but fiery as hornets." Loving war and plunder, they have ever been ready for a fray, and consequently have made almost no progress in civilization. Saint, lawgiver, or philosopher they seem to have never had. They were at one time all nominally Christian, but now rather more than one half of them are nominally Moslems, who, however, retain their own language and customs and treat their non-Moslem neighbors as equals. The Turks they often speak of very disparagingly, and in turn they are regarded as heretics.

As well as I can guess there are about 1,500,000 Albanians, most of whom live northwest and west of Macedonia, though many are found in Greece and even in Sicily. There are two main dialects, related to each other about as Highland Scotch to Boston English — the Gheg, or northern, and the Tosk, or southern.

The Turkish government has thought best not to attempt to enforce its rule in all parts of Albania, and so in the mountain fastnesses the Albanians do their own governing. A man and his rifle — Albanians have a weakness for firearms — are governor, court, and police, all in one. Brigandage and blood feuds have cursed the country. Revenge is taken by openly shooting the offender, but not before having warned him. They scorn to do it secretly.

Wherever a strong government puts down brigandage and blood feuds, and gives security to life and property, the Albanians make rapid progress in civilization, and give clear proof that in mental ability they are not a whit behind any of their neighbors. Their heads are generally quite large and well-formed. Their complexion is lighter than that of the Greeks. They are much prized in other countries to which they go temporarily to get a living, as watchmen, guards, etc., because of their faithfulness and bravery. I have seen a Jew entrust a sum of gold to a ragged muleteer. When the man had gone, the Jew said, "That man who has n't shoes to wear in this sleet will deliver that money as he promised or die in the attempt. He 's an Albanian."



AN ALBANIAN PEASANT.

One strange thing about the Albanians is that, living beside civilized nations with whom they have had much to do, they have got along without books and schools in their own language. The first book published in Albanian was a short Catholic catechism, printed near the end of the sixteenth century. Since that time but very few others have appeared, and these in quite a variety of alphabets. The British and Foreign Bible Society has translated, printed, and circulated the New Testament and six books of the Old. There are now only two schools where an Albanian can learn to read his own language: one taught by Jesuits in Scutari, and one in Kortcha. I have visited the latter and am sorry to say it is very small. There are some Turkish schools, but as Turkish is almost unknown in Albania they do little good. In the towns and large villages among the Tosks are Greek schools; but money could not hire the

Greek party to allow Albanian to be used either in school or in church, although that is the only language the people use in their homes, for that would defeat their purpose to Hellenize this people. Thus it happens that the Albanians never had the gospel preached to them in a language they could understand.

Our European Turkey Mission felt called to begin work among this people, some of whom are members of our churches. In 1890 we ordained an Albanian, Mr. G. D. Kyrias, a graduate of the Samokov school. He is in the employ of the British and Foreign Bible Society and resides in Kortcha. In addition to his other work he has preached regularly for nearly a year in his own house, and though there is much opposition he is greatly encouraged. He wishes very much to have some one to help him, for the people are ready to listen to the gospel. The American Board, however, cannot furnish us with a small sum of money for tracts, rent of preaching place, or for support of preacher. A little is given for a Bible-woman, and we hope she will begin work this summer, as soon as she graduates from the American College for Girls at Constantinople. I have no doubt that she will find plenty to do and that her efforts will be appreciated.



ALBANIAN WOMAN OF THE CITY.

I was in Kortcha this spring and found it the best-built town for its size that I have seen in Turkey. Many of its inhabitants appeared unusually refined. They are neater in their dress than those of Monastir. What pleased me most was to find people ready to listen to the gospel. This readiness is greater than it ever seemed to be in Macedonia, whose cry has been in my ears as I have climbed its mountains and crossed its plains the past eighteen years. There are two or three now doing what they can to evangelize their countrymen, without any salary from the Board. They are toiling in these fields white for the harvest. If the churches cannot furnish them with good sickles, will they not give them at least a file to sharpen some borrowed sickle? Must they pull up the wheat with their bare hands?

A few words may be necessary in exp anation of the pictures given with this

article. The picture of the Mountain Albanian represents a very common dress in the western portion of the country. It is said that the national costume is handsome and consists of a cotton shirt with a woolen *fustanella*, or kilt, reaching to the knees. The picture of the Albanian peasant shows this fustanella, but is not so long or full as in the garb of the better classes. One hundred and fifty gores form a moderate fustanella, but 300 would be more in conformity with the fashion.



ALBANIANS OF THE NORTH.

The picture of the Albanian city lady shows the dress of the women in Scutari. The face is too dark to do the Albanians justice, for they are little, if any, darker than the average American. It is said that the poorer classes, though picturesque in appearance, are extremely dirty in their habits and seldom change their clothes. The dress of the women is often quite fantastic. The girls frequently string together the coins they have collected and wear them upon their heads or as a necklace. The picture of the man and his wife on this page represents the Albanian as found on the border of Montenegro.

The following description has been given of a native Albanian: "He is of middle stature, his face is full, with high cheek bones, his neck long, his chest full and broad, his air is erect and majestic to a degree which never fails to strike the traveler; he holds in utter contempt that dissimulation which is characteristic of the Greek, and, unlike the Turk, he is gay, lively, and active."

These are the people whom we hope to reach with the message of the gospel.

A GOSPEL TRIUMPH IN THE LAND OF ARARAT.

BY REV. GEORGE C. RAYNOLDS, M.D., OF VAN, EASTERN TURKEY.

PERHAPS it is in individual experiences, rather than in the histories of nations or communities, that the wondrous triumphs of the gospel are most strikingly illustrated. May we give you the story of one of these experiences from the mountain fastnesses where the head waters of the Tigris River take their rise, in the land of "Ararat"? (2 Kings 19 : 37.)

Among those deep cañons with the eternal snows looking down upon them, in a small village where wild and lawless Koords formed the greater part of the population, there lived, some eighteen years ago, a few Armenian families cultivating their scanty arable fields in the same rude way their ancestors have used since the time of Abraham, and depending on the milk and wool of their cattle and sheep to eke out their scanty income. Not a soul in the village knew how to read and the condition of the Armenians was little better than that of the Koords themselves. In those days a mendicant priest, himself barely knowing how to read and write, visited the village and attempted to turn an honest penny by opening a school. But as the chief idea he seemed to have of a schoolmaster's duties was to wield the rod, the children soon tired of such instruction and left the priest to seek other fields of labor.

But in the mind of one person, Atom, the eldest son of one of the families to which I have referred, a thirst for knowledge had been awakened, and he meditated how he might attain his purpose. He knew that there was some sort of a school at a monastery a day's journey away, but his parents would not listen to his leaving home to go there. Still the desire burned within him, and one day when he was alone in the field plowing he determined to gratify his desire at all hazards. So when he unyoked the oxen for the noon rest he started for the longed-for seat of learning. His parents soon learned where he had gone, and first the father, and then the mother, carrying her infant on her back, trudged over the hot, weary way to persuade him to return. But they did not succeed, and he stayed in the school till he had learned to read and write fairly well. Then returning home, his newly acquired accomplishments gave him an important position among his people, and he was constantly called upon to keep accounts, write or read letters, or transact business in different places.

On one of his business trips he met a man who had a copy of the Bible in the modern Armenian language. It was a new book to him, and he was immensely interested and had soon bargained for the purchase of the book.

The precious volume was his constant companion, and he read it in the house and by the way, and its precepts began to take hold of his heart and life. Not long after this he visited the city of Van, and someone told him that some new people, called "Protes" (a shortening of the word Protestant, used as a term of reproach and frequently shouted after us in the streets), had come to the city and that they had Bibles and other books to sell, and he had better visit them. Others warned him against them as "Satans." He visited the home of one of the missionaries, who spent a large part of a Saturday afternoon in talking with him and invited him to stay to service on the following day. This visit made a deep impression on his mind. On his occasional visits to the city during the



VILLAGE ARMENIANS.

following months Atom would call on the missionaries, tell them of his daily experiences, and ask their help in solving the various difficulties he encountered in studying the Word, and it was not long before it was evident from his own account and the testimony of his neighbors that a radical change was going on in his heart and transforming his life.

One of his visits occurred at the time of communion in the Protestant church, and the question of his uniting with the church was broached. His examination gave a wonderful revelation of what the Spirit is able to accomplish in the human heart, through the medium of the Word, with little or no human agency, and no doubt remained in the minds of those present as to the propriety of receiving him. Not long after, in consequence of the breaking out of the Russo-Turkish war, the outrages of the Koords made his village almost untenable, and Atom decided to remove his family to the city, and one day he appeared with his whole family at the door of the missionary house. The group as it then

appeared seemed neither particularly attractive nor hopeful, save as latent possibilities even then suggested themselves. Our first picture shows a group of villagers from the same region and gives a very correct idea of the condition of this family as it then appeared. The coarse and scanty clothing, the stolid faces, the use of the ox as a beast of burden, are all true to the life. A few copper and earthen vessels in which to cook and eat their food, and some coarse carpets under which they might sleep at night on the ground, formed the sum of their household utensils. A place was found where they might live, and the children began to attend school. The Bible was a prominent textbook in the



ATOM AND THE SCHOLARS AT VAN.

school, and both children and adults were brought under gospel influences. It was delightful to see the minds and hearts of these children expanding in response to the new ideas to which they were thus introduced. Even the adult members of the family began to lose their stolid looks and show that these new ideas were having their influence even on them.

The second of our illustrations shows as the central and oldest member of the group the young man Atom after a few years of the new life, and while he was acting as steward for the then incipient Van Boys' Boarding School. His bright and benignant face reveals the new life of love that had been awakened within him, endearing him to all with whom he was brought in contact. It was while

acceptably performing the duties of this office that by a sudden sickness, and, as it seemed to our short sight, prematurely, he was called home to the better world.

The pictures on this and the next page present the family after these transforming gospel influences have wrought upon them for some twelve years. In the larger group the widow of Atom sits on the left, with her little girl standing at her side and her son standing at the other end of the group. These two children are now in the schools, bright and attractive, and give promise of useful-



THE FAMILY AT VAN.

lives in the future. The two sisters of Atom, standing at the ends of the rear row, were both members of the first graduating class in the Girls' School. The older one, Asmeen by name, has been teaching for a number of years in the city school and has done efficient work in the school as well as a Bible reader among the women of the city. I wish you could see her dignified and ladylike bearing in her daily school work or on examination days, or see her seated with a group of girls about her at the noon recess, while they ask for Bible stories or pleading, "Teacher, can't we have a little prayer-meeting?" And then the little girls go home to relate to their mothers what they have heard. Or you would be interested to go with her to the homes of her pupils and hear the mothers ask her what strange power she exercises over their daughters to render them

obedient and truthful. Sometimes she visits the sick on their beds of pain, and you might hear them saying, "Read us more of the precious words of Jesus. Tell us your own experience of a Saviour's love."

Asmeen is now taking a two years' course at the American College for Girls at Constantinople, to fit her for more efficient work in the future. The younger sister, after several years of successful teaching in the boarding school, has married one of our estimable young men and founded a home of her own. Two brothers stand between the sisters. The older, whose wife and children are also in the group, has done efficient work as colporter among the villages of our field. The younger brother has developed unusual talent for drawing and painting and has done really creditable work in those lines. He now teaches those branches, with writing, in our schools. In the centre of the group sits the old mother, her beaming face showing that she appreciates the transformation that has been wrought in her family. The picture opposite shows the remaining brother and his wife. His name is Marderos, or Martyr. He spent a number of years in our schools as pupil and teacher, carrying on the study of English with special enthusiasm. Then he went to Harpoot for his theological course, where he found his efficient wife among the graduates of the female department of the college. He has now for several years occupied the important and responsible position of preacher of the Van church. The contrast between his native village hut, the animals sharing the same apartments with the family, and the comfortable home he now occupies, — the walls hung with his brother's paintings, his bookshelves furnished with works on philosophy and biography, all revealing a refined and cultivated taste on the part of the occupants, — well sets forth the change which vital Christianity and Christian education are effecting in many families in this as well as in other lands.



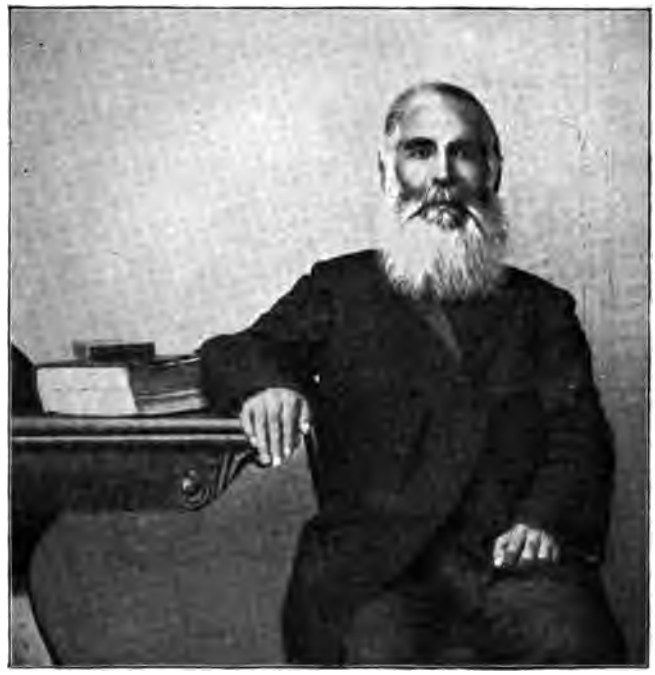
MARDEROS AND WIFE.

I am sure any of our young readers would be thankful to have had a hand in contributing to such a transformation as that here described, and I trust many will seek for such opportunities in the future.

THE HISTORY OF TWO ARMENIAN BOYS.

BY REV. CYRUS HAMLIN, D.D.

ABOUT the year 1847 two Armenian boys named Simone and Steppan were in the convent of Moosh, in Eastern Turkey, as "pocravores," freshmen, or rather sub-freshmen. They were really servants of the vartabed who was the head of the convent. Nominally they were his students, and in course of time, say twelve or fifteen years, they might hope to become vartabeds themselves, or, if they should choose to marry, they might become very respectable priests.



REV. SIMONE TAVITIAN.

One day Simone heard in the village market place a trader returned from Constantinople relate how he found at the great capital a new school established by some foreigners for teaching the theology of the Bible. The term, "the theology of the Bible," took possession of him at once. He went back to the convent to tell his roommate Steppan, and they had long talks about it. They both agreed that if they were ever to be priests or vartabeds, that was just what they ought to study. They thereupon resolved they would go to Constantinople and find that school.

They were poor, ignorant boys, but they had firmness, faith, and courage. Who will say they had no divine light and guidance? It is true they groped their way in great darkness, but it was not Egyptian darkness. Against all advice and opposition the two poor heroic boys, each with a pack containing his clothing and his bedding for the long journey (a rug with a few articles rolled up in it), set forth into the future after *the theology of the Bible!*

Their absolute poverty made them absolutely safe. Even Koords treated them kindly and sometimes shared their coarse fare with them, and in every village they were hospitably fed, and at night they always found a roof of some kind, from nature or from man, under which to spread the rug and sleep profoundly till morning.

Arrived at Trebizond, footsore and weary, the Black Sea interposed some four hundred miles of its dark waters. A multitude was waiting for the steamer, and they found sympathetic countrymen who paid their deck passage and provided a haversack of bread and olives to feed them across the unquiet waves.

At Constantinople a friendly passenger who knew the city took them directly to the Armenian patriarch. Was he not the father of all the Armenians, and especially of poor, needy youth like them? They fell at his feet and told him their story. He praised their wonderful achievement, assuring them it would be remembered for the forgiveness of their sins. "But as to that school for teaching the theology of the Bible, I found it was a bad, heretical thing kept by foreigners. I have shut it up and sent the foreigners home. But you shall not fail of reaching your most praiseworthy object. I have a very learned and excellent vartabed, a very devout and pious man whom I am going to send right off to that convent at Moosh. But now one of my secretaries will take charge of you and show you our great city."

They felt a great and bitter disappointment, but were so charmed with the paternal care and kindness of the patriarch that they turned back on their long journey to Moosh under very comforting circumstances, finding their new vartabed very social and entertaining. The last evening before arriving at Moosh, while eating their evening meal, the vartabed coolly said to them, "His Holiness the patriarch told you a great lie about that school. He has tried to close it, but he could n't, and he never will." "O vartabed, why did you not tell us and we would never have turned back?" "Because the patriarch made me responsible for bringing you safe to Moosh."

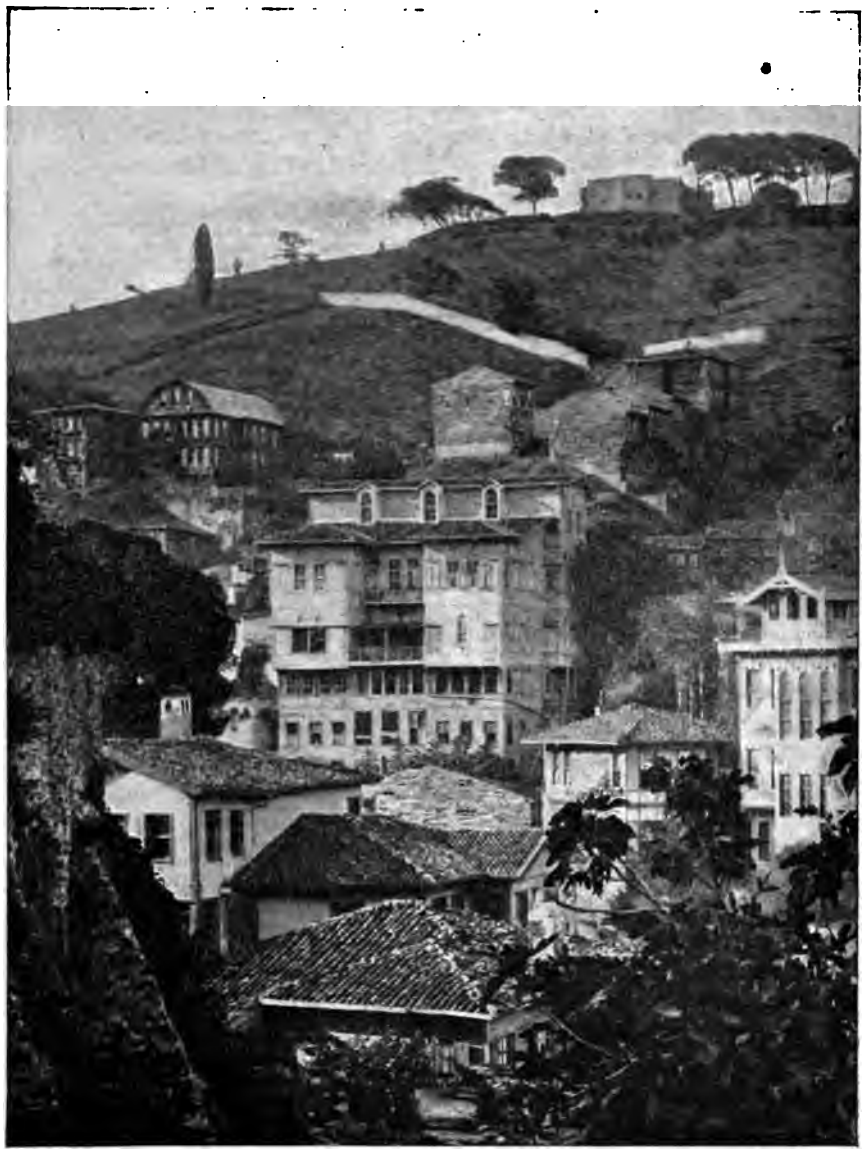
For a time they were contented, and then they said: "This is the same thing over again, and Muggerditch vartabed is no better than the old one. We cannot do anything but just be his servants." "Well," said Simone, "I am thinking of the great Armenian convent at Jerusalem, and I am going to see Hadji Haroo-tune, who has just arrived from his pilgrimage."

He returned from this interview fully determined to go to the convent at Jerusalem. He said to his roommate, "Up! let us go to Jerusalem. There we shall find just what we want." "Jerusalem!" said Steppan, "Jerusalem! Is not Jerusalem sixty or seventy days' journey distant? No, brother Simone, don't talk to me of Jerusalem!"

So Simone valiantly started alone for Jerusalem. He would fall in with some pilgrims by the way and, if not, it was only going from one place to another, and it was of little consequence whether it should take him seventy or eighty days. He would get the theology of the Bible near its source.

Steppan remained without any congenial comrade in the convent of Moosh; Simone had gone; would doubtless die by the way; he would never see nor hear of him again. He reproached himself for not going with him. But now he thought, "I know all about that school of the Bible at Bebek, on the Bos-

phorus." He had been so near to it he could find it without any help from His Holiness, the patriarch. So he took again the long, wearisome journey and in due time appeared at the Bebek Seminary of the American Board, with the



THE BEBEK SEMINARY BUILDING.

simple testimony of good character. He proved to be a diligent student, with an earnest desire to know the Bible. He was puzzled to find so many things to study and a long course of four years. He told me nothing of his remarkable history. He did not know it was remarkable. He told me about the con-

vent and his useless life as a "pocravore." He had tried two vartabeds, and all he did was personal service, for which they praised him when it was satisfactory, and when it was not they called him pig, donkey, dog, and other vile epithets which he was ashamed to repeat.

After a few months, when winter rains were abundant, I was watching one day some Bebek students in their athletic contests, hurling a heavy stone. There was a knock at the gate and I pulled the line which opened it about fifty or sixty feet distant, and a poor young man of forlorn aspect, clothed in the black serge of the interior, entered dripping with rain. The students all stopped to look at him as he made direct for the door where I stood. When about halfway, Steppan uttered an exclamation of surprise, rushed out from under cover, clasped the dripping fellow in his arms and kissed him on both his wet shoulders. It was the long-lost Simone, who with no less joy returned the salute on drier spots. The forty students did not fully understand it, but they applauded.

Simone was then called upon to explain how on starting for Jerusalem he had brought up at Bebek. He had found the famous convent after a very long and wearisome journey. He was at first received with honor and kindness. The convent was proud to know of its reputation so far north of the Taurus Mountains. But he found nothing to satisfy the craving of his soul. That one idea, *the theology of the Bible*, had taken possession of him, and the many supplications to the saints and the virgin, their fastings, and vigils, and shoutings, and their narratives of martyrdoms and miracles, did not meet his case. When they found him incorrigible they ejected him from the convent with bitter reproaches as a heretic.

In the mean time he had heard of Bishop Gobet, who received him very kindly and listened to his story with astonishment. "Oh," said the bishop, "you must now go to that seminary at Bebek; I will pay your fare and give you a note to Mr. Hamlin; and when you get there, write to your brother Steppan to come and join you." Each met the other with unspeakable astonishment and joy in our court.

Who shall say that the Spirit of God did not impel these poor ignorant youths in their long quest after the truth? They still believed in the intercession of the Virgin Mary and the saints, but as they came to apprehend the fulness of Christ everything of that kind disappeared. They received the truth in love.

After finishing their course with the approbation and affection of their teachers they returned to the region of their Eastern home. Steppan became pastor of a church at Haineh, and Simone became the helper of the missionaries at Bitlis. More is therefore known of him. He witnessed a good confession. The Misses Ely, of Bitlis, now in this country, speak warmly of his Christian character. He was a true disciple, humble, earnest, devout, fearless. He led many souls out of darkness into light. All men knew that he walked with God. Both he and Steppan were called home before the eras of massacre and outrage began, and they have doubtless received into everlasting habitations many of their converts wearing the martyrs' crown.

The history of these two youths affords interesting illustrations of the providence and grace of God.

THE BURIAL OF BROTHER OSCAN.

BY REV. CYRUS HAMLIN, D.D.

I LOOK back with great interest to the first Protestant burial from the membership of the much hated and persecuted church at Constantinople which occurred in 1846. The deceased was a Mr. Oscan, by far the oldest member at the formation. I had always admired his venerable and dignified person. His tall form, his fine countenance, and his white beard and hair would attract every eye in any assembly. I supposed him to have been eighty or past when he made his public confession of the faith he had long cherished. He was then in failing health. He had lost property and position among his people, but he poured forth his expressions of joy and gratitude that he had lived to see the first evangelical church among the Armenians, and he looked forward to the spread of the gospel through the empire. It was his death song. In a few weeks he began to fail, and he departed in peace and hope.



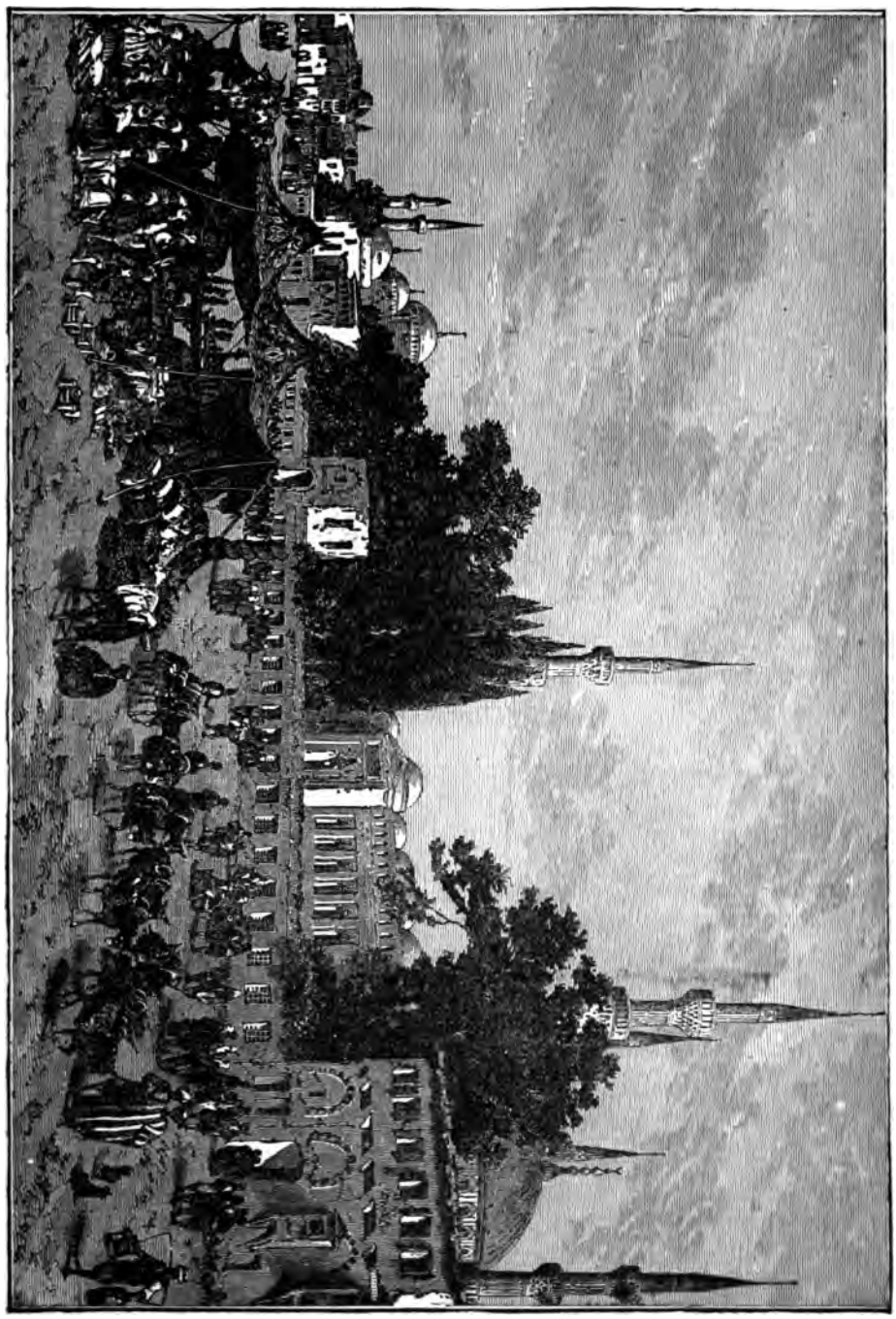
THE PERSECUTING PATRIARCH.

The event was waited for by the persecutors. The roughs boasted that his body should never be buried. They would seize it when carried out to burial, tie a rope to the feet and drag it through the streets of the city. It was an occasion of great anxiety and alarm. We apprehended that a mob of thousands might assemble. All the male members of the church and many "evangelicals" not members, to the number of between one and two hundred, assembled both to honor the dead and guard his remains. Our minister resident, Mr. Carr, sent the dragoman to the chief of police and governor of that side of the Bosphorus to inform him of the threats of the mob to seize the body and drag it through the streets. He listened with Mussulman gravity, and simply replied:

"Inshallah bouilé bir shay etmeijeckler" (If it please God, they will do no such thing). This was quite satisfactory, and he sent sixteen cavasses to guard the procession. Our minister and his aides were out on horseback with considerable display. The procession moved silently through the "Grand Rue" of Pera, attracting great attention. The brethren bore the casket, the pastor walked in front carrying a large Bible, the missionaries were with the rear of the column mixed in with the brethren. The street was lined with a curious crowd on both sides, and one could hear various remarks in various languages, such as "This is the new sect of Armenians." "No crosses, no candles, no chants." "Sixteen cavasses! By Gemini! the government is going to protect them anyhow!" "Ils sont des braves hommes," said a Frenchman, meaning "They are a very decent looking set," etc.

The point of anxiety was reached when we passed the Taxim into the open, and there would be nearly half a mile of exposure to the mob. There was no mob there. Evidently the police had dispersed them or prevented their assembling. They were really collected on the gorge on our left out of sight. As we approached the grave we saw a multitude surrounding it, but there were three or four bodies of the Turkish troops going through with their daily drill. They were on every side of the grave. Dr. Dwight remarked: "This noise of fife and drum will prevent our funeral service from being heard, but we had better have noise and safety than the assault of a mob." The body was placed by the grave, and the pastor, Rev. Absalom Hachadourian, stood upon the bank of earth to begin his service, and instantly the music ceased. The multitude believed this new sect was infidel. They were disciples of Voltaire. As they had rejected the ceremonies of their old religion, it was said they had no religion. The pastor saw his opportunity not only with the multitude but with those Turkish soldiers, and he broke forth in Turkish with a powerful voice: "We evangelical Armenians believe in the immortality of the soul and in the resurrection of the dead — they that have done good unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of condemnation." Continuing he uttered a brief confession of faith, read some passages from the Bible, with brief remarks, the soldiers evidently giving profound attention. A prayer was offered, the casket placed in the grave, the grave rapidly filled up, the earth smoothed over and sprinkled with water. The pastor lifted up his hands and pronounced the benediction, and instantly the military music burst forth on every side. It was as profoundly impressive as though the angel of the Lord had come down on guard. Were the troops accidentally there? or was it so planned as to seem accidental and yet most effectively overawe the mob? "If it please God, they will do no such thing."

We formed the procession again and were returning to the city full of gratitude and admiration, when suddenly there burst up from that gorge, as from the bottomless pit, a howling mob of roughs to the number of many hundreds, — some considered them a thousand, — hurling stones and brickbats with such insane fury that they all went over our heads. The sixteen cavasses formed in line with naked scimitars, and prevented the mob from rushing on us. They skirted along for some distance and the stones fell thick among us. "Keep far apart,



A SQUARE IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

brethren," said Dr. Dwight; "give open spaces for the stones; don't run; take long steps; in three or four minutes we 'll reach the Taxim." Dr. Dwight was hit a glancing blow on the left shoulder; one brother was knocked down, but they picked him up and marched him right along; and some few others, four or five perhaps, were hit. No one was seriously injured. When I think of the stones



MOSQUE OF SULTAN ACHMED, CONSTANTINOPLE.

I saw hurtling through the air, our escape seems wonderful. I think nine tenths of the stones went over us, and nine tenths of the other tenth fell in the open spaces. We reached the Taxim, where we entered again the "Grand Rue" of Pera; our sixteen cavasses formed in our rear and stopped the mob. The brethren quietly dispersed to their homes, and our venerated and beloved brother Oscan slept in peace.

MODERN MARTYRDOM IN ARMENIA.

BY REV. JOHN K. BROWNE, OF HARPOOT.

SOME thirty years ago one of the Harpoot missionaries on entering an Armenian village about dusk saw a typical priest of venerable appearance leaving the church with his people, having just finished the sunset service. The missionary, as is always our custom, courteously saluted the priest, when a dialogue began, in substance as follows: —

"How does life seem to you, my aged brother, as you draw near to the grave? You must be very old."

"Yes; I am over eighty, and have been a priest fifty years."

"Have you fed your flock like a good shepherd?"

"Oh, yes! as well as I could, though they have n't eaten very well," replied the priest, looking upon the crowd and grinning broadly.

They, in turn, shouted derisively, and one of them contemptuously replied: "What does he know more than we that he should feed us?"

"If this be true, my brother," said the missionary, "may God spare your life to atone for such neglect!"

"No, no," answered another, "his time is up, and so let him die the death of an ass."

"Oh, why do you speak like this of your priest? You should respect his white hairs and sacred office."

To this one of the "chief men" of the village said: "Why should we honor that which he does not honor?" Then, turning to his priest, he continued: "You know you have fed this people only what you have eaten. You have taught us drunkenness and wickedness, even to blaspheme and profane the Sabbath."

To this awful charge the priest made no reply, when another old man drew near and added: "All my life I have been one of your people, and see, I am only an animal. I am a lost sinner, for I know nothing of the salvation the missionary speaks of." The wretched old priest waited to hear no more, but hobbled away, followed by the hooting of the crowd.

Among the indirect results of missions in Turkey, which to many seem quite as important as the direct, is the change in both the priests and people of the Armenian Church. They are also far more friendly, even cordial, to us, while the people are now demanding a pure and educated clergy. But whatever may have been their errors this certainly can be said of the priests, that during the eight centuries of Moslem rule they have kept intact the ancient Gregorian ritual

and creed and, with rare exceptions, their people loyal to their faith in spite of all allurements to the faith of their rulers. This, I say, is a noble record.

During the recent and present massacres, when fearful pressure has been



ARMENIAN VILLAGE PRIESTS.

brought to bear on priests and people to save life and honor by formally accepting Mohammedanism, they have set their people splendid examples of heroic faith and often preferred death by torture to denying their Lord.

Honor, then, to a church and priesthood which, though we cannot but think

they have wandered far from the purity of the "faith once delivered unto the saints," can yet enable men, women, and children to witness such a good confession and die so grandly!

Turning now from the priests of the old Gregorian Church to the pastors and preachers of the Protestant churches, the reports come from every side that "as they lived well so they die well."

Up to this date little has been heard from the more distant parts of our field, but tidings from the nearer villages show that, though the government has frequently declared "the Protestants are the most loyal of our subjects," yet our communities have suffered the same pillage, butchery, and barbarities as those of the Gregorians.

One pastor, after more than thirty years of most faithful shepherding of his people, "after being awfully tortured to make him deny his faith," joyfully laid down his life as a "good shepherd" before all his flock.

A graduate of the last class of the Theological Seminary at Harpoot, who daily walked with God, "is not, for God took him," though by a most painful death by torture, thus grandly fulfilling the prophecy of his name, which meant "martyr." A classmate and kindred spirit had a life as well as death of singular beauty and loyalty to duty, of which the following is a brief outline: —

Born in the Syrian quarter of Harpoot, he was taken, at the age of fourteen, to the famous monastery of the Golden Crocus, near Mardin (see *Missionary Herald*, January, 1895), to be educated as a monk or for the priesthood. In spite of many favors, he grew more and more dissatisfied with the life and teaching there, and soon left it to find purity and peace of mind in another. Failing there also, he sought it in others, and finally fled to a mountain cave, hoping that by living a rigidly æsthetic life and giving all his time to reading, meditation, prayer, and fasting he might satisfy his spiritual cravings.

Thus he lived in solitude, barefoot in the snows of winter, subsisting mainly on wild fruits, herbs, and acorns, supplemented by occasional gifts from villagers, who regarded him as a being of almost supernatural holiness.

After six years of this painful unrest and hunger of soul, trying to satisfy conscience and head by the deeds of the law, Christ was made known to him at the hands of a colporter, who, hearing of him, after much weariness and peril, finally reached his cave. Then was repeated the story of Philip and the eunuch, or, more nearly, that of Ananias and Saul.

As the firelight of the cave died down and the morning light was breaking, the faithful colporter was allowed to find rest and the soul of the truth-seeker remained flooded with the light that was to "grow brighter and brighter unto the perfect day." Then the monk disappeared and the Christian remained.

We must pass the rest of his history merely in outline. Upon the solicitation of one of the missionaries of Mardin he entered the mission school there, and after completing his theological course became an earnest, eloquent preacher in Arabic.

Subsequently he felt a strong desire to visit his parents at Harpoot, whom he had not seen for fourteen years. They found it impossible to be separated in their old age from their Joseph, and they begged him to remain and preach in the Harpoot field. This necessitated learning the Armenian language, but his filial

love stood the test and we gratified his ardor for study by allowing him to take an additional course of theological study, and he graduated with honor from Harpoot Seminary in the class of '93.

He was eagerly sought by many places for their preacher, but, hearing of a wine-loving church, he visited it to rebuke them severely, and they were so won by his fearlessness and faithfulness that he was pressed out of measure to be their pastor. They gladly complied with his hard conditions, and when he had secured one of the choicest of our teachers as his wife, the whole village joyfully received them to their new parsonage.

Humanly speaking, never was there a future of richer promise than of those devoted servants of Christ, when the Koordish hordes swept down towards that happy village. Compelled by their flock to leave before the marauders entered,



CLASS OF 1393, HARPOOT THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

they reached Harpoot. In the first attack his wife, "faithful unto death," was killed by a bullet and so was mercifully spared seeing his arms hacked off and his body hacked to pieces.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord . . . that they may rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

Still we must not think that such noble examples of martyrdom are to be found chiefly among priests, pastors, preachers, or teachers. Quite as notable and very numerous ones are found among the people and even among our pupils.

In a recent letter from Harpoot, Eastern Turkey, many have read this account: "In this city large numbers of men having been confronted with the alternative of denying their faith, or death, boldly declared their faith and were instantly shot down or butchered in cold blood. Two Protestant preachers and one Syrian priest were thus murdered."

At Ichme a large number of people were crowded into the church and with them their aged pastor. They were taken out one by one, and whoever would not renounce his faith and accept the other was shot down or butchered. Fifty-two were thus killed, and the pastor among the first. Our Protestants are about

exterminated; the Gregorian Church is turned into a mosque, and our chapel into a stable.

"At another village, two hours from Ichme, on the Euphrates, some were killed (probably men) and a large number, mostly women and girls, were being taken to a neighboring Turkish village to be forced to change their faith. While on their way, in their desperation, fifty-five rushed into the river and were drowned rather than deny their faith and meet a fate to them worse than death.

"At another village not far from Harpoot many more were killed, and the wives and girls taken into the houses of the Moslems. In scores of villages plundered and burned, the people have met with a like fate."



TURKISH BRIGANDS.

Another instance shows that our school girls, even in extreme peril, showed the fruits of their Puritan training. The following is written by one of their teachers: "I mentioned that some of our party became separated from us in our flight. The next day we heard that they were at an inn; so men were sent to bring them to us. Such weeping and embracing as there was when they came! They had had such narrow escapes all the way, fleeing from one place to another. Again and again they were urged to deny their faith, and threatened if they did not. *But every one stood firm.* We have great cause for thanksgiving that not one of our boarding girls was lost to us. We hear, however, that two of our day pupils have been carried off from their homes. What a fate! How much worse than death! Our girls were very brave and quiet through all the fear and excitement. Each girl fled with her Bible, and that was all they saved."

A MARTYRED PREACHER IN TURKEY.

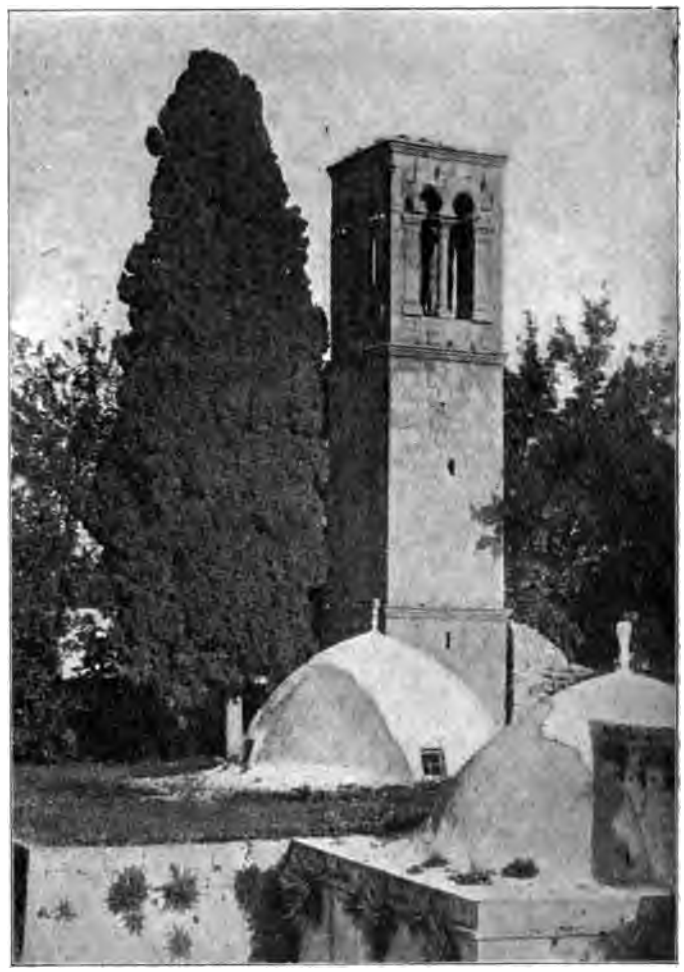
ABOUT ninety miles east of Aintab, in Central Turkey, is the city of Oorfa, which was called Edessa by the Greek historians. Tradition makes it the same as Ur of the Chaldees, from which place Abraham set out for the land of Canaan. In this city in the year 1838 was born, of Armenian parents, a boy whose name was Hagop Abouhaiatian. His father died when the lad was two years old, and the property which would have supported the children was wasted, and young Hagop was obliged to go to work in a weavers' shop, where he learned to read. Half of each day was spent in the shop and the other half in study.

When Hagop was eight or nine years of age he heard people say that some people from the other side of the world had come to Aintab and Smyrna, and that they were dreadful heretics, telling people that their fasts and anointings and worship of the Virgin and other images were useless and wrong. These were the American missionaries who, Hagop was taught, were trying to turn the Armenians from the true faith. But a little later a man came to Oorfa bringing a number of Bibles for sale. The Armenian bishop declared that these Bibles were heretical, and ordered the man to leave the city; but the real fault he found with the Bibles was that they were in the language which the people could understand and not in the old Armenian, such as the priests read in the churches, but which very few of the people understood.

A little later a Christian physician came to Oorfa and often read the Bible to his patients. In a story of his own life which Hagop wrote in his later years we find this record made of his going to listen to this physician. It was when he was about fourteen years old: —

"One Sunday morning I thought I would go and see him, and if I should find any following him, I would go and complain about it to those who had authority, so as to injure them. I was afraid of being seen to go there, lest I should be prosecuted, so I chose a time when I would not be seen by anybody. On entering the room I found there were about ten or twelve present, some of whom were discussing concerning the ceremonies of the Church, and I learned that the Protestants refused to accept anything not found in the New Testament. Although I had gone with a spirit of enmity against this man and the doctrine which he taught, I was surprised at his knowledge of Holy Scripture and the words of grace which he spoke about our Lord Jesus Christ. I listened for two hours and then returned home. I could not forget what I had heard, and the desire to hear him again was growing in my heart. Yet I feared to arouse a spirit of persecution on the part of my mother and relatives. However, after eight days, I again went to see him secretly, and began to converse with him respecting the ceremonies of the Gregorian (Armenian) Church, but I was quite unable to answer him. He urged me to read the Epistle to the Romans, and

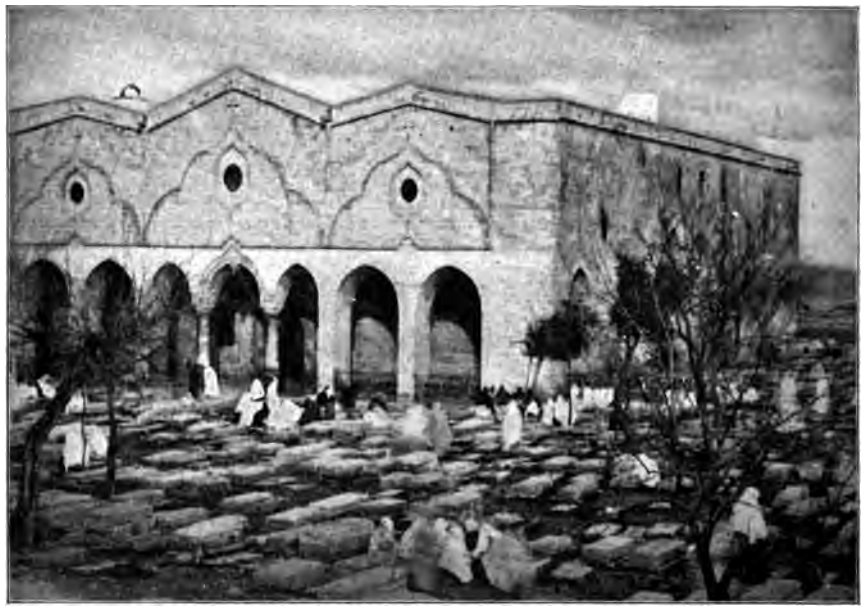
the third chapter of the Gospel of St. John. For six months this man labored to bring me to a knowledge of the Saviour, and all this while was praying for me. At last the grace of God visited me, and the portion of Scripture by which it pleased God to do so was the seventh chapter of Romans; and having faith that only Jesus could save me from such a wretched state, I was not ashamed to confess it. Leaving all my cowardly and dreadful difficulties on him, without conferring with flesh and blood, I confessed the truth of the Bible. This was in 1853. By strength received from the Lord I succeeded in keeping the treasures of his salvation in this earthen vessel. The result of my confession was my expulsion from the church and the school, and having been anathematized, my friends and relatives turned against me, and my dear mother refused to see me for one year. Human nature could not have borne up under the trials which were my daily experience, had God not been my light, my salvation, and the protector of my life. My confession of truth not only changed me spiritually, but entirely altered all my prospects in life."



THE OLD TOWER OF THE SCHOOL OF EDESSA, OORFA.

Notwithstanding these persecutions, Hagop remained steadfast, going to Aintab, where he was received into the church by Dr. Schneider, and joining a class which was to receive training for six months. After this he began to go about as preacher and teacher. Here is a little incident from his autobiography showing how he was accustomed to work: —

"Every Lord's Day from 100 to 200 people gathered in this small room (for the people sat on the floor, as is the custom, and packed into little space). The schoolroom also was a low, dark little room. In this schoolroom I had from fifty to sixty children intrusted to my care, to teach them the Bible and how to live Christian lives, as well as arithmetic and the languages in common use, Turkish and Armenian. Up to the present time there had been no definite distinction between the duties of preacher and teacher. So I often led the prayer-meetings, visited the people and read the Bible in their homes, or preached in the chapel, as well as instructed the children. About half an hour's walk from the city three Armenian families resided, and the head of one of them had been converted with his household. He earnestly invited me to give the Sabbath-school lesson in his house. When we gathered there and had knelt in prayer, on arising from our knees we found the house surrounded by about 100



THE OLD ARMENIAN CHURCH OF OORFA (WHERE THE MASSACRE OCCURRED).

men. We hastened from the spot, but had gone but a little way when our persecutors, enraged at finding that we had escaped from the house, followed and began to stone us. Of course, in seeking to injure us these poor deluded people thought they were worshiping God. Fortunately, nothing serious occurred."

We have not room to give details of the next few years during which Abouhaiatian came to America and afterwards went to Germany, fitting himself to be a preacher to his people. He was greatly impressed by what he saw in Germany connected with the history of Luther, and his ambition was fired to be as strong for the truth as were some of the martyrs of Germany. Returning to Turkey in 1871, he accepted a call to be pastor of the church in Oorfa, and within six years sixty-two new members were added to the church. On pleasant Sundays

his church was not only filled with people but 100 or more would stand outside of the house and listen. Later on he went to Europe to secure funds for the building of a church, securing there about $4,000. On returning to Oorfa, more than 100 members of the church met him when he was nine hours from the city and, as they came nearer, other hundreds were added to the company that came to welcome him. The church which he had desired to build was after great labor completed, and was one of the best Protestant churches in Turkey. For over twenty-five years this man labored amid many trials and difficulties, but with the constant blessing of the Lord. A year and a half ago his wife died, leaving him with six children whose bright faces you will see in the accompanying photo-engraving.



THE SIX CHILDREN OF MR. ABOUHAIATIAN.

And now comes a sad and yet noble sequel. Miss Mellinger, who was then a missionary of the American Board at Oorfa, reports that after the first massacre at that city, which took place October 28, 1895, there was a reign of terror. For many weeks the Turks went from house to house with threats of vengeance on those who did not become Moslems. During all this time pastor Abouhaiatian was a tower of strength, comforting the people in their woes, trying to secure relief in their distress. Another massacre followed on December 28 and 29, during which probably 8,000 people were killed. Some 3,000 of them had congregated in the Old Armenian Church of which there is a picture on the previous page. The walls and roof are of stone, and it seemed a safe place of refuge from the wrath of the mob. But the building was fired, and those who did not perish in the flames were slain by the sword as they tried to escape. When the Turks saw the pastor they said, "Here is Abouhaiatian; we must make an end of him." He asked for his life for the sake of his six children, but seeing that they would not spare him he said, "Do not touch me here; I will come to you." And while he was going he was shot dead. His

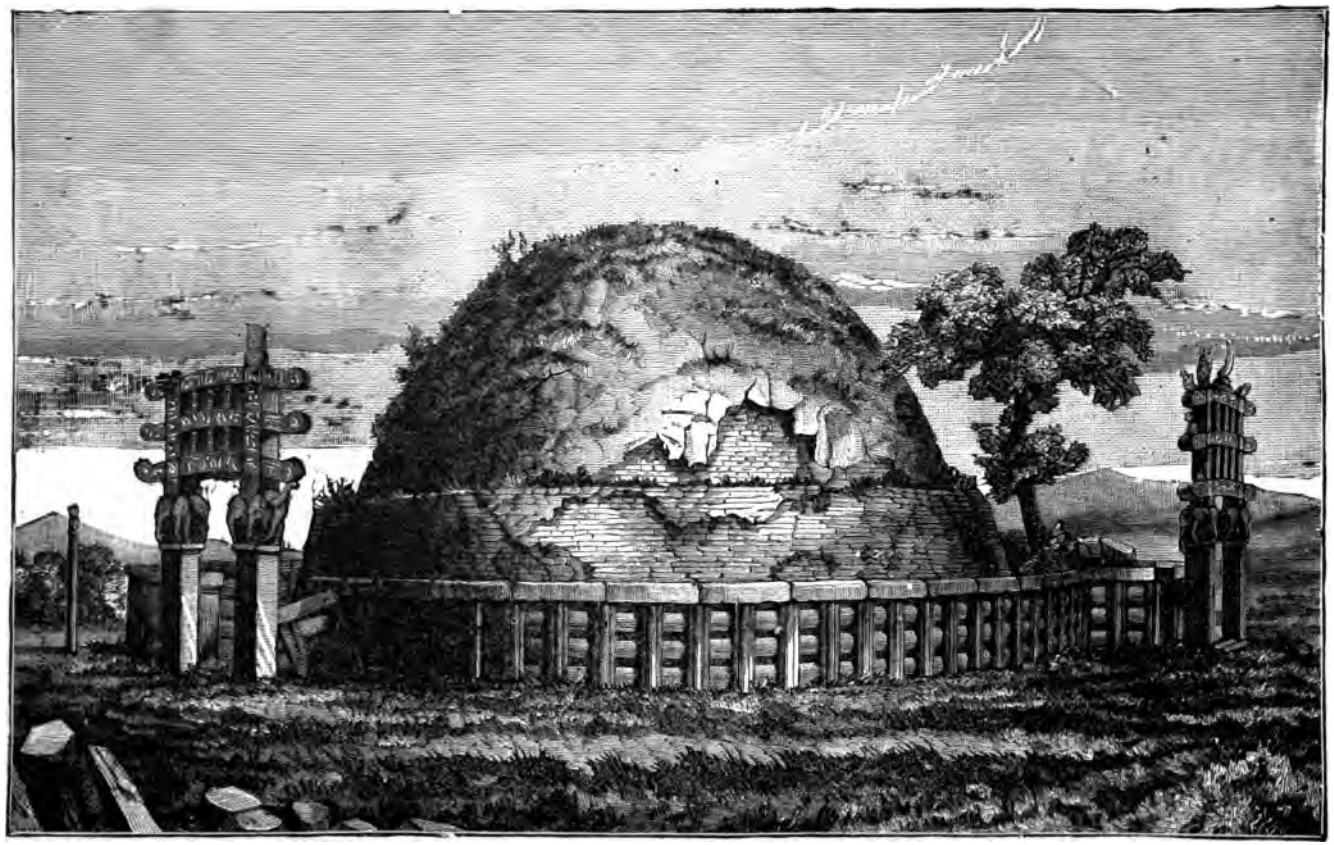
eldest daughter, Yeonega, now nineteen years of age, saw his body put on an animal and carried off for burial. Miss Shattuck, writing about this terrible experience, says that Yeonega and the other children were with her, as well as 300 others whom she was able to shield during that awful storm of blood. She speaks of Yeonega as calm and brave, though fully knowing what a loss she has sustained, and feeling the responsibility for the care of the younger children. Yeonega herself afterwards wrote to Miss Mellinger an account of what had happened, as follows: —

"Saturday morning, December 28, after family prayers, my father went to see Miss Shattuck. After an hour he returned home and carefully closing the door behind him, he kissed us all tenderly. I saw by his face that something had happened and so said, 'Father, what is the matter?' And just then I heard fearful cries and awful sounds in the streets. Father said, 'Don't be alarmed; we will go over to Dr. Kivork's.' So leaving everything we quickly went over the flat roofs to that house. Fifty men were there, who hid themselves the best they could. The Turks came, having all kinds of weapons red with blood. They saw my father and asked him to preach to them, and then they shot him through the heart. They killed over forty-five men in that one place. As soon as possible I ran to my father. Before he died he said: 'Fear not, the Lord is with you. I have no fear, for I am going to my dear Saviour;' and then he closed his eyes. O my *seralee* (my dear), I sat there in my grief and all the world was dark, blank. Other Moslems came and drove us all to a great mosque. While going many of the young girls were taken by the Turks, and I just escaped being carried away to a harem. After remaining in the mosque three days, Miss S. sent soldiers, who found us naked, and we were taken to her home and she prepared clothing for us, and we were hungry and she gave us meat. How hard it is for us to be without our beloved father! We have lost all — home, father; yet I thank Him that in such trials He has brought me nearer Him."



REV. HAGOP ABOUHAIATIAN.

India and Ceylon.



THE TOPE OF SANCHI.—A BUDDHIST MEMORIAL MONUMENT.

IN AND ABOUT MADURA.

BY REV. GEORGE H. GUTTERSON.

THE Atlantic is crossed. The *Britannic* has transferred her mail to the "tender" off Queenstown and feels her way up the Mersey. Later on you have been to the Tower. A few days more and the Indian steamer is bearing you down the Channel. Through the Bay of Biscay and the blue Mediterranean; you have seen the canal at Suez and the Bedouin on its banks. Sinai frowns upon you from the deserts of Arabia. Rainless Aden with its memories of Keith Falconer is a picture in your mind. The dangerous Red Sea is behind and the broad sweep of the Indian Ocean before you. The Southern Cross flashes upon you from the midnight heavens. Rounding Cape Comorin and steering northward your steamer drops anchor, some bright morning, in the roadstead off Madras. Scarcely has the anchor touched bottom before the ship is surrounded with a swarm of strange-looking boats, huge, unwieldy things, made of rough plank tied together with rope made of cocoanut fibre. Each boat is manned by a dozen scantily clad natives perched on some rude crosspieces which serve as thwarts. Every man is pulling a long pole with a spoon-like arrangement at the end, which does for an oar. They are all shouting at the top of their voices, and if you are a missionary you will wonder, as you look down upon them from the rail of the ship, if this is the material upon which you are expected to work! Embarking in one of these boats, they row you within a rod or two of the beach, then invite you to get out upon their naked shoulders or else into a chair, in which you are borne to the shore.

You are now in Southern India. You have stepped out of the restless, rushing civilization of the nineteenth century into the calmer, more philosophic life of twenty centuries ago. In Madras, the flourishing capital of the Southern Presidency, you see Christian schools and churches side by side with heathen temples and shrines. Upon its streets you meet Parsees, educated Brahmans, wealthy native merchants with chains of gold about their wrists, English governors, generals, and merchants riding to their offices, where the swinging punkah makes the heat bearable.

But we are not to linger in this great city. The comfortable second-class carriage over the South India Railway will take us in twenty-four hours to Madura, 345 miles away, the centre of the Madura District, and also the central station of the Madura Mission of the American Board. This South India Railway is a narrow-gauge line under government management. Most of its stations are solidly built of stone, and it runs for miles between hedges of Indian aloes. Just before entering Madura City, it crosses the Vaigai River. It was necessary, of

course, to bridge this river. It is said that many of the Brahman priests of the temple and prominent natives in the city, who were watching the engineers at their work while the foundations for the piers were being sunk in the bed of the river, declared that the patron goddess of the city would never allow the Englishmen to put a bridge across that river. Very soon the water began to come in and fill up the deep holes in the sand. "Look, look!" they exultingly shouted, "the river goddess is here; you can never build this bridge." The engineers drew off their men and ceased operations while they sent to Madras for a powerful pumping-engine. This was wheeled into the sandy bed of the river, the fires



VEGETABLE MARKET IN INDIA.

were started, and very soon the wells were pumped dry so that the courses of stone and Portland cement could be put into their place. "Alas, alas! where is the goddess? She is of no use!" cried the natives. "You white men are gods; hereafter we will worship you."

Madura is one of the most rapidly growing and prosperous cities in India. It is purely a native city, and is a fine specimen of such. Several high English officials are stationed there, and their influence, together with government enterprise and native coöperation, are rapidly making it a place of importance as a business centre and a source of influence. It is a very ancient city, known to the Romans, mentioned by Pliny, and is the stronghold of idolatry and caste in Southern India. There are 80,000 people in Madura City to-day, and before many years there will be 100,000.

The Madura Mission of the American Board, started in 1834 in this intellectual and religious centre, is now one of the best organized missions

in all India. Two and a half miles out of the city, on a broad, banyan-shaded thoroughfare, traveled constantly by thousands of Hindus, is the "Mission College." A son of Massachusetts, born under the elms of beautiful Lenox, is now building up and making strong this Christian university under the palms of sunny India. Let me paint for you a few of the pictures one may see any day in and about our Madura town.

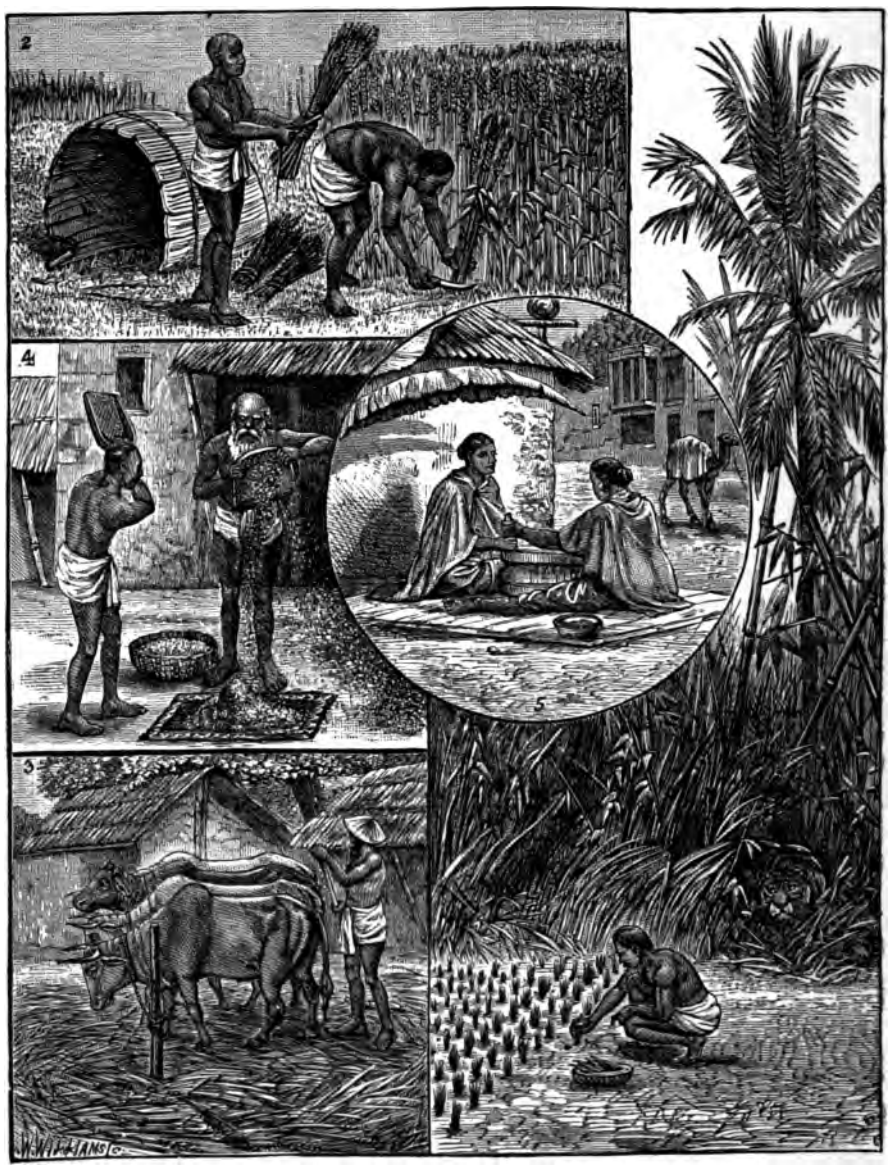
We are standing near a pile of rice, poured down in the street just out of people's way. It suggests the green ricefields stretching for miles on every side of the city — fields which have been plowed perhaps for twenty centuries. Every Hindu eats rice if he can get it. If he can't afford it, he eats millet or some coarser kind of grain. The whole process of rice-growing is an interesting one. Before putting the plow into the soil, water must be let on and allowed to soften the earth, which has been baked hard as a rock by the sun. This water is stored up in great irrigation tanks or ponds. The people of India are adepts at irrigation. The plow is little better than a sharpened stick, and both plowmen and cattle go halfway to their knees in mud as they do their work. The little rice plants are put down one by one into the soft mud, women and girls doing the work. Water must be kept three or four inches deep on these ricefields until the grain is ready for reaping. It is reaped by hand, bound into bundles and carried upon the heads of women to the threshing-place, and trodden out by cattle in much the same way as it was in the time of Abraham.

The city of Madura is a centre also of the weaving trade, both of cotton and silk. The implements are very rude, but the product is very beautiful. At every step you meet Brahman and other high-caste women wearing very gracefully the richly colored silken cloths for which the city is famous. Just yonder the weaver is driving down his stakes and putting together some of his weaving arrangements by the roadside; he is preparing the warp, the loom is inside his house. He can produce delicate fabrics, and dye them in lasting colors, extracted from roots and herbs.

The next thing that greets the eye will be the flower merchants sitting cross-legged in their little stalls, with piles of fragrant cape jessamine, pink oleanders, yellow and white chrysanthemums exposed for sale before them. While you wait they will deftly tie a wreath for you, using the slender filaments of dried banana plant instead of wire. The Hindu is always and everywhere a lover of color in art and in nature. They never dress in sombre garb. The poor coolie who can neither read nor write, and whose wages is five or seven cents a day, is often seen with flowers in his hair, he having no buttonhole to wear them in.

Next beyond the flower bazaar are piles of cocoanuts on the ground, and country carts unloading their burden of rich, yellow bananas. The onion and garlic merchant is near by, while cardamons and annis, coriander and ginger, and all the spicy odors of "Araby the blest" fill the place. Very likely you may purchase some flowers and some bananas, but the other good things you will leave for the cook or butler, while you stop, for a moment, at the goldsmith's, a step or two beyond. The Hindu jewelers are very numerous, very clever, and very cunning; every town and village boasts a number of them. They can really do very beautiful work in silver and gold, but they do not understand how to cut or set precious stones to the best advantage. Every Hindu woman is

exceedingly fond of jewels and bestows them in every available place upon her person, from her toes to the tips of her ears. Nor is her dress complete without them. She avails herself of pearls from the deep seas off Ceylon and rubies



VILLAGE LIFE IN INDIA.

from the mines of Burma; and 18-carat gold has to be refined for her necklaces.

But, hark to that loud music coming round the next corner; it means a morning procession from the temple on its way to obtain the sacred water with which

the goddess is to be bathed. The most important part of the procession is the big temple elephant; perhaps there are two or three of them. The keeper, with his sharp iron goad, sits upon the back of each, while the sweet-toned bell, suspended by brass chains from the elephant's neck, keeps time with his majestic gait. The Hindus have a proverb that "the walk of a graceful woman should resemble that of an elephant." Nor is this without reason, for there is a definite majesty and grace to the motion of these stately animals.

But enough of what *has been* in Madura. Let us turn to that which *is* and *is to be*. For the last and best scene, come with me to the "Western gate" of the old city; behind you are towers and minarets of Hindu temple and Mohammedan mosque; before you, in the distance, groves of palms and low red hills almost bare of verdure. You are passing along a genuine Oriental street filled with strange sights — native carts covered with bamboo matting, drawn by two oxen or sometimes by one; coolies with baskets of bananas on their heads; women carrying earthen jars of water or sour milk in like manner; now and then a donkey with somebody's washing on his back; hundreds of travelers with sandal and staff and drinking-vessel of brass; and, what is to us the most interesting, numbers of young men and boys on their way, if it be schooltime, to Pasumalai College alluded to above.



HINDU SILVERSMITH.

And a word or two about these schoolboys; they are not unattractive looking fellows; their eyes are bright, their faces indicate intelligence, their hair is very black, and carefully braided under their turbans or flying loose in the wind from their morning bath; their clothing is white cotton cloth, clean or otherwise, as the family purse or custom dictates. Very likely they can do a hard example in mental arithmetic quicker than you can, and as for feats of memory, they 'll beat you every time. They do not reason just as you do, but the chances are that they are more polite to their parents. These schoolboys, representing Young India, just as you do Young America, are carrying the latest textbooks open in their hands. As they hurry on, they recite passages from Locksley Hall, or verify the references in Paradise Lost. The shrines by the roadside are unheeded, as they walk swiftly on to join the 350 boys who are gathered in the college church for morning worship — the hymn, the Scripture lesson, the earnest prayer, all in their own tongue. In more senses than one they have left the great city of Madura, with its ancient religion, behind them, as they come to school this morning, and are coming into that which Madura with all its temples can never give them — the light.

HINDU CASTE.

BY REV. S. B. FAIRBANK, D.D., AHMEDNAGAR, INDIA.

CASTE is a Hindu institution. It is a social system, but it also affects religious standing. It classes men as high or low, pure or impure, without reference to their character or their attainments. A man is born into the caste of his parents, and though he become very rich or learned, though he become a king or a saint, he cannot enter a caste higher than that to which he belongs by birth. He may lose his caste by breaking its rules. Yet in that case he does not enter a lower caste, but becomes an outcast. If he obeys the rules of his caste, no immorality or incompetency or crime will turn him out of it.

There are social distinctions in every country. They are marked in countries like Great Britain, where there is a hereditary nobility, and the land is mostly held by the aristocracy; and they are still more marked in countries like Russia. In New England there is political equality, and social standing is not largely hereditary. Yet social strata have been formed, and they are becoming more defined and fixed continually. Wealth, culture, occupation, and parentage make classes anywhere. And these come to be regarded as high or low, and respectable or common, or degraded. But all these distinctions are tentative. Merit, success, or marriage may carry one from the lowest to the highest grade, and vice or incompetency may degrade. So these social distinctions in Christian lands do not correspond to those made by caste in India.

The race distinctions between the white and the negro, and between Americans and Chinamen, are more like caste distinctions. The white not only thinks the black his inferior, but also feels a repugnance to him. Even a trace of negro blood is offensive enough to prevent marriage. But eating or drinking with a negro does not pollute or degrade a white man. So the resemblances between race distinctions and caste distinctions are only partial.

It is likely that some castes originated from race distinctions. India was peopled by successive immigrations. The tribes that live on the hills — as the Gonds and Khonds, the Kols, the Todās, the Kātodis, and the Wārolis — must be aboriginal, and may have been driven from the plains by the Tanners and Thieves and Scavengers, the Mahārs and Māngs and Pariās, who now live near the gates of the villages and cities. These again became subject to the Cultivators and artisans, and are not allowed to live inside the village limits, even where the village walls have disappeared. They are outcasts, and are under the control of, and subject to, the caste people who live inside the walls. Lastly the Brahmans came, and by diplomacy and priestcraft gained their ascendency over

all. Their supremacy was political, social, and religious. They retained political control till the Musalmāns came. And after the Musalmāns, the English came and subjugated and reigned over large parts of the country, and, with the exception of Nepāl and Bhotān, have controlled the rest by their "residents."

Many of the native princes were and are of castes with whom a Brahman



HINDU CARPENTERS AT WORK.

must not eat. But as premiers, secretaries, judges, etc., Brahmans have usually had the control in native principalities, both in civil and judicial matters. Such Brahmans live in close social relations with a prince, although they would be defiled by drinking water from a cup which he has touched.

Their business has originated many castes. Goldsmiths, blacksmiths, carpen-

ters, weavers, etc., each form a caste, or rather a group of castes. Mahārs are outcasts, but are divided into grades of which they say there are twelve. That portion of them which makes weaving its profession is one of the lower grades, for there is something used by them in their work which the others say is polluting. Shoemakers are vile because they cut and sew leather. And tanners are still lower because they handle and scrape rawhides.

The use of certain things for food also makes caste distinction. There are castes nearly as high as Brahmans, but lower because they eat fish. Mahārs, if for nothing else, would be outcasts because they eat the flesh of the sacred cow. Europeans say that they eat carrion, and some of them do eat beef when it is "high." But they claim that an ox which "God has killed" (by disease, etc.) is just as fit for food as if man had killed it. Especially cattle that have died from poison are thought to be good for food. They say that blood flows when they cut up a dead ox. Yet they keep the blood for food; just as some Europeans disregard the Mosaic law and use blood for puddings. Māngs eat pork, which the Mahārs refuse and abhor, like the Jews. The Cultivators eat mutton and kid; only the animal must be sacrificed, or else killed by a Musalmān, who says "Bismilla," as he cuts its throat.

For whatever reasons a caste originated, it has become permanent by custom. Custom is the higher law in India, and no stronger argument for an observance is required than that it has been observed for a long time.

Every Hindu must obey the rules and imitate the customs of his caste. If he does this he is a good Hindu. If he does not, he is liable to incur expenses for purification and restoration to his caste privileges and his business. He has a right to them only because he is in good caste standing. For disregarding the caste ritual he may be turned out entirely and permanently. One specially important rule is that he must not eat food which has been cooked or touched by a person whom his caste regards as of low caste. Nor must he drink water that has been touched by such a person. If he do so, his caste people esteem him polluted, and will not eat with him or drink from a vessel that he has touched until he has been purified and restored to caste privileges. The purification is often obtained at great cost. And in any case the one restored must provide a big dinner, of which his caste fellows will partake to show that he has been restored.

There are some articles, such as parched rice or uncooked peanuts, which are not regarded as food. They may be bought of anybody and eaten without defilement. They are called *kadann*. Articles regarded as food are called *anna*. Kadann is eaten on fast-days, and may be eaten without limit on a day of the strictest fast. But if kadann is wet when received from a person of low caste, it defiles. When Shivarām, the first Māng who was received to the Chāndè church, came to partake of the communion for the first time, the relatives of the Christians who were to partake of the bread and wine with him assembled and sat in the chapel to see what their Christian relatives would do. When the bread was distributed they made no sign. But the deacon handed the cup first to Shivarām and then to one who was a Mahār of Chāndè, their own village. As soon as he tasted it, the Mahārs rose, as if frightened, and rushed away.

But they care more about the letter of the rules than about their spirit. To avoid giving the sick unnecessary trouble, I usually gave medicine in powders or in pills. But I found that when it was necessary to give a liquid medicine, it would not defile the patient if I poured it from a bottle! Should I pour it from



A MARATHI BRAHMAN.

a cup, it would defile. But caste rules allow them to take medicine that is poured from a bottle. The upshot of it is, that caste requires them to preserve ritualistic purity. It takes care of the shell but disregards the nut within.

Some immoralities are not thought to defile. A Brahman widow was the kept

mistress of a Parsī judge. Her relations to him were generally known. But she was not called to account and remained in good standing with her caste. Had she been known to have eaten with him, or to have drank water which he had touched, her caste would have called her to account.



HINDU WOMEN WITH WATER-JARS.

The Hindus tell a story of ten Brahmans who were traveling in the heat. They came to a well and must have water to quench their thirst. But they had not even a cup or a string to draw water with. So they took a shoe for the bucket, and undoing a turban used it for the rope. Nine of them drank water that was drawn in the shoe. The tenth would not drink and thus defile himself. When they came to a village he complained of their defiling themselves. But they joined in testifying that he drank from the shoe and that they would not. So they remained in good standing, and he was turned out.

There is usually something in his dress that shows the nationality of each person you meet in India. It is so even in Babel-like Bombay. Especially the covering for the head is distinctive. The Hindus all wear turbans of some kind, and they are bound in such styles as to indicate the caste to which the wearer belongs. The turban of the Marathi Brahman, on page 141, is distinctive. None but a Brahman would bind his turban in just this way. So the cloth which covers his neck behind and hangs down in front is put on as a Brahman wears it. But the sleeves of his coat are made differently from the ancestral fashion. It should appear by wrinkles on the wrist that they are long enough, if drawn out, to cover his hands, so that he may take hold of things without touching them with his naked hands.

In the picture of Hindu carpenters, on page 139, one of them is characteristically figured as holding a piece of wood with his toes while he splits it. His turban is bound properly for a carpenter. But when at work a carpenter would usually have no clothing on his body above his hips, although he would be wearing his turban. The man standing is dressed in this way.

The everyday dress of Hindu women is less distinctive. The outer dress is a single cloth several yards long and rather more than a yard wide. This is put on deftly, so as to cover not only the body but also the head. It is properly shown in the picture of two Hindu women with their water-jars. In the Marathi country women usually wear jackets with sleeves that come to their elbows, as shown in the picture, and they always wear bangles on their wrists. These are made of glass, or shell-lac, or silver, or perhaps gold.

GANESH, THE HINDU LORD OF HOSTS.

BY REV. ROBERT A. HUME, AHMEDNAGAR, INDIA.

THE pictures here given are representations of the Hindu god Gănesh, or Gănpati. In some parts of India he is called Puliar, as shown in the last picture. He is always represented as having an elephant's head and a very fat body, and sometimes as having many hands. He sometimes has four, and sometimes eight, female attendants, some of whom have peacock feathers to drive off flies; others offer him various gifts, and all wish to serve him. The umbrella over his head is to shield him from the sun and rain.



GANESH.

Many stories are told of the way in which he came to have an elephant's head. One of them is as follows: One day his mother, Pârvăti, went into her private room, and placing her son Gănesh at the door, told him to allow no one to come in. Soon her husband, who has many names, such as Shĭva, Mahadev, and Shankar, came and was about to enter her room. Gănesh told his father that his mother had forbidden any one to enter. Because the boy opposed him, Shĭva got angry and cut off his son's head. When Pârvăti came to know it, she was wild with grief. So to console her Shĭva said: "Do not cry; I will give him the head of the next living being that comes along." This happened to be an elephant. So the great god Shĭva cut off the head of the elephant, put it on his son's body and restored him to life. Then he said to Pârvăti: "Now, what a fine son you have. The elephant is wisest of animals, and your son shall be the god of wisdom." Ever since then Gănesh has been worshiped as the god of wisdom. In every Hindu school there is an image of this god, whom the school-children worship daily. At the top of every sheet of the alphabet, and at the head of every copy which the school-children write, are the words: "Shri Gănesh," that is, "The Blessed Gănesh."

The meaning of the name Gănesh is "The Lord of Hosts." This is one of the most impressive names of God given in the Bible. How different the Chris-

tian and the Hindu Lord of Hosts! One naturally asks how so intelligent a people as the Hindus could ever have accepted such a belief as the above. They are not now as intelligent or as pure as they once were, and even now they could



GANESH, WITH HIS EIGHT ATTENDANTS.

not be induced to believe a new story so foolish as this. Hence the origin of this belief must be better than what the story just told would represent it. And in their old books we can find its origin as follows: —

The word "to know" in the old language of the country, that is, the Sanskrit, is written with one letter, namely: ज्ञ (pronounced *dnya*). In old times the

religious teachers of many religions were fond of speaking in poetical or figurative language. Therefore, long, long ago, when some of the early Hindu religious teachers were speaking of the name of God, they said: "His name is ज्ञ, because he has all knowledge." Now this letter has a twist in it something like the twist of an elephant's trunk. So the next step with these poetical teachers was to say: "The name of the god of wisdom is the letter which looks like the elephant's trunk." Then they said: "His beginning is like the beginning of the elephant." Then they took a step further and said: "His head (that is, his beginning) is like the elephant's." So they went on, till after many years, as the people turned further and further from the knowledge of the true God, they forgot the way in which this idea originated, and came to believe that the god of wisdom really had an elephant's head.

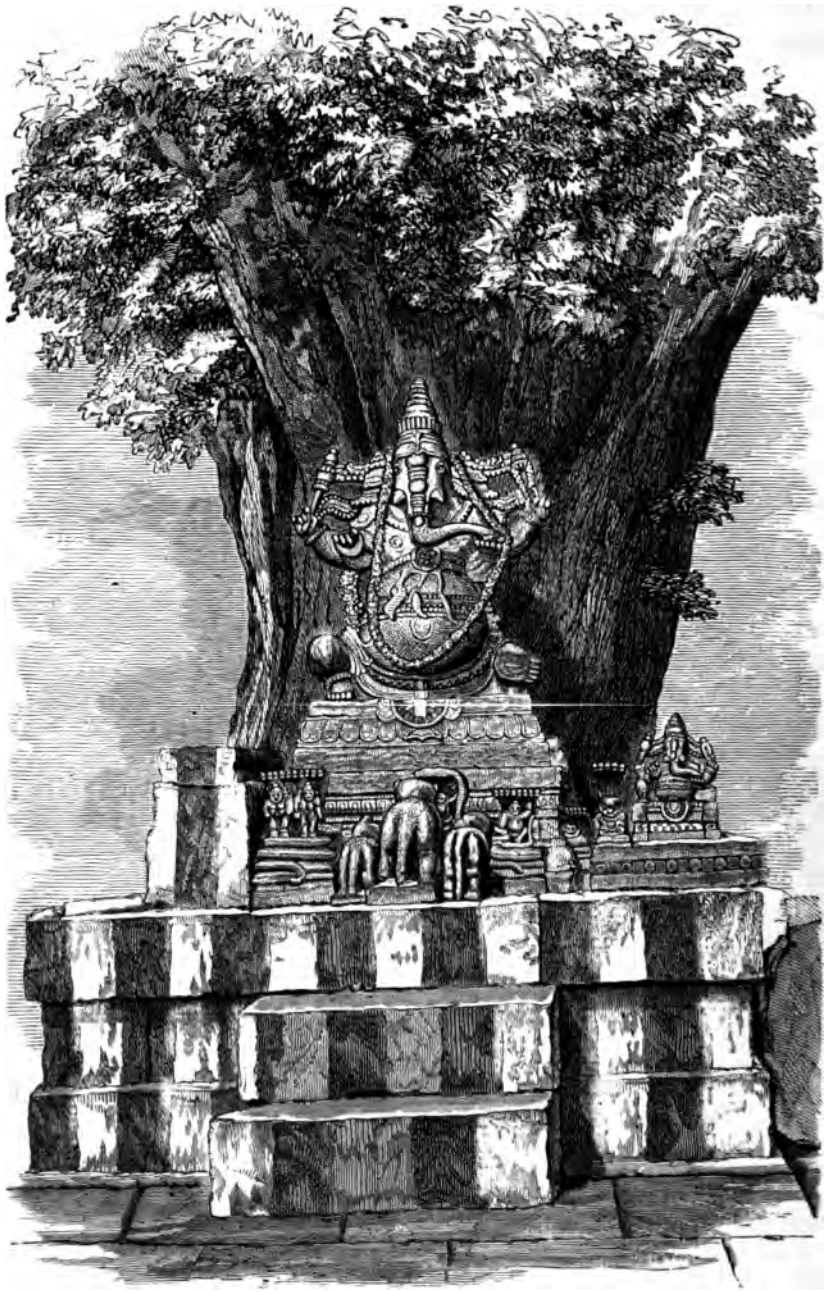
In the same way at first the representation that the god of wisdom had four female attendants probably meant that the four points of the compass, that is, the whole world, waited on him. When the number was increased to eight, probably it was an effort to indicate more fully that all creation waited on the god, by personifying the four cardinal points and the four intermediate points of the compass, and representing them as serving him. Nowadays, in some philosophical books, it is said that these eight attendants signify earth, water, fire, air, sky, mind, intellect, and consciousness. But the ordinary Hindu would probably think of his Lord of Hosts as attended by dancing-girls. Look at the figure of Gănesh and notice the type of holiness indicated by the faces of his attendants, and then one can see how low is the Hindu "Lord of Hosts."

This is one illustration of what is said in the first chapter of Romans from the twenty-first to the twenty-fifth verses. "Because that, when they knew God, they glorified him not as God, neither were thankful; but became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened. Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools, and changed the glory of the uncorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things. Wherefore God also gave them up to uncleanness, through the lusts of their own hearts, to dishonour their own bodies between themselves: who changed the truth of God into a lie." When any one does not honor and obey God, he loses even the right idea of God.

The Christian teaching of missionaries, an education into the English language and literature, which thousands of young people are getting, and all the influence which comes from contact with such ideas as are common in Europe and America, are leading large numbers of Hindus to see that their old ideas about Gănesh are low and wrong, and that the true Lord of Hosts must be a very different being from their ordinary conception of him.

Some see and believe that Christ came into the world to show men what the Lord of Hosts is, and they now trust in him. Some who have given up the modern Gănesh, yet have not fairly understood who Christ is, and what he can do. Others have something of this knowledge, but they do not feel drawn toward him. They think it a shame to accept the ideas of any foreigners about God. So some of them are hoping to get up a purified Hinduism by going back to such old explanations of their religion as have been given above. But, just as their forefathers fell lower and lower by not glorifying and serving the God

whom they knew, so these people will only go further from God by this course. Meanwhile the true Lord of Hosts, that is, he who showed himself to man in



THE GOD PULIAR, OR GANESH.

Jesus Christ, is waiting and longing to have the Hindus know and love him, and wishes the aid of all his children to hasten that day.

VILLAGE SCHOOLS IN INDIA.

BY REV. H. J. BRUCE, OF SATARA, MARATHI MISSION.

AMONG the many departments of our mission work, no one is more interesting or, we think, productive of more direct and pleasing results than that of our common, or village, schools. There are more than a hundred of these schools situated in separate villages, or in small native communities, which become centres of gospel light in the thick darkness of surrounding heathenism. The brightness of these lights varies greatly according to circumstances; and I want to tell you of some of the difficulties which we experience in connection with them. The desire for an education is certainly increasing among the people, but



A VILLAGE SCHOOL IN A CHOWDI.

it often happens that, when in response to urgent requests we attempt to establish a school in a village, there are not energy and decision of character enough among the people who wanted the school to overcome the difficulties in their way, and especially the opposition of some of their own number, and so they leave everything for the missionary to do.

One of the first things to be considered, in starting a new school, is whether there are any suitable and available places in the village for the teacher to live in and for the school to meet in. I once commenced a school in a village where the teacher lived for several months in a little hut which he built with his own hands out of *cornstalks*. He gathered the children together under a large tree,

where they were taught their letters and some of the first truths of the gospel. The teacher was afterward fond of reminding me that once when I was visiting the school there came a sudden gust of wind and carried off one of the little books so far that it could never be found again.

Many of the villages have public "rest-houses," which are called *chowdis*, where travelers may stop for the day or the night. They are generally bare rooms or sheds, open on one side, without any furniture whatever, unless it be a grim idol bedaubed with red paint, which often occupies a central and prominent position. The traveler brings his own provisions and cooking-vessels; and building a fire on the earthen floor he cooks his food, and sleeps upon the floor. This is the nearest approach to "hotel accommodations" which one can find in this part of India, outside of the large cities. But it does very well for the natives with their simple habits of life. The picture on the preceding page is of a common village chowdi. It has thick walls of either stone or mud, and the roof is simply a hard kind of earth which rests on a framework of timbers. You will observe that there are *five* openings between the posts in front. There may be three or seven, but never an even number. This is owing to a native superstition; and you will find this idea in almost all the architecture of India, whether Hindu or Mussulman. The same superstitious fear of the even number is seen in other matters as well. Some years ago an American merchant in Bombay wished to get one of his ships insured for 50,000 rupees. He went to a Hindu insurance agent for that purpose. The agent did not like the look of that round number, but he was willing to insure the vessel for 51,000 at the same rates. In the end the ship was lost, and the agent paid the extra thousand rupees just for his superstition.

It often happens that where a school is started in a new village it must be held in the village chowdi, as that is the only available place. The inconvenience of such a place may be seen, with the help of a little imagination, in the illustration. As the building does not belong to us, it is not under our control. It is subject to perpetual intrusions from those who have a "hereditary" and "inalienable" right to its occupation. Every traveler may find his way here, and he spreads out his traps upon the floor and cooks his meal without let or hindrance. Groups of men may be seated here and there talking loudly and angrily, or perhaps smoking or playing cards, while the school-children are crowded into one corner, trying in vain to get their lessons. The buffalo cow and her calf, which are now seen standing quietly outside, may sometimes be found inside the building, and living creatures in the shape of vermin of various sorts usually abound in such places. It is a very difficult thing to transform such a place into a "temple of learning." Proper order is impossible, and it is a very happy thing for the school and for the village when the missionary is able to erect a plain, neat building, which he may call his own, and which may be used as a schoolhouse during the week and as a chapel on the Sabbath. Sometimes a teacher's house is added to it, and the whole establishment becomes a civilizing as well as a Christianizing agency in the village where it is located.

We still have many schools in chowdis which ought to be provided with better accommodations, and in many places the people are asking for schools where there is not even a decent chowdi in which to gather a school. There is a

chance for indefinite enlargement of our work in this direction, and few lines of work promise richer results than that of our village schools. They have been the starting-point from which not a few of our village churches have grown, and



A HIGH-CASTE GIRLS' SCHOOL NEAR AHMEDNAGAR.

some of our best native Christian workers received their first impressions of Christian truth in these same village schools.

These village schools are the feeders of our higher schools. When a boy has attended faithfully for several years, and has reached a certain standard in his studies, if his character is such as to make it seem advisable, he is taken into the

station school for a year or two, and may eventually go on to the Christian Vernacular Education Society's Normal School at Ahmednagar, or to the mission high school, or even to the Theological Seminary, to be fitted for work as a preacher or teacher. Our whole educational system, therefore, depends largely upon the success of these little common schools scattered about among the villages.

Should any of you wish to visit one of these little schools, I think you would be surprised to see how different they are from your fine schools at home. You would not expect to find the pupils sitting in easychairs, with desks and other furniture in Chicago's latest style. Possibly in some places you might find a tall hard bench on which some of the boys are sitting, but more likely you would see them sitting on the earthen floor, with legs crossed, and their books on the floor in front of them. Neither would you find the order equal to that of your best schools at home; and yet we do think that our schools are an improvement on the native private schools, or even those which are supported by government.

In the private schools and sometimes in the government schools the scholars study aloud, making great noise and confusion. At a certain hour of the day they all join in singing the multiplication table. They learn this not to twelve times twelve, as you do, but to ten times thirty, and sometimes to thirty times thirty. Two boys are appointed as leaders, and they shout out two numbers at a time, as "18 times 23 are 414; 18 times 24 are 432." The whole school will repeat the same at the top of their voices, and so on. What a racket they make! When you go into a village at the time of this recitation you would not need to inquire where the school is, for you can hear it at a great distance.

In contrast with our own village schools, most of which are among the lower castes, I am sending you a picture of a government high-caste girls' school in Bhingar, near Ahmednagar. The girls seem to be dressed in holiday attire; and how bright they look! The little ones are sitting cross-legged on the floor, according to the custom of their country. Do you see the little black spot on the forehead of each one? That indicates the caste of the girl, and here they seem to be all Brahmans. The head-master, who is the one sitting, has a different mark upon his forehead. Running crosswise like this it shows that he is a worshiper of Shiva. If it were perpendicular, it would show him to be a worshiper of Vishnu. But what a profusion of ornaments the girls have on! There are ornaments on the hair, rings in the ears, a ring in the nose, necklaces in abundance, armlets, bracelets, finger-rings, toe-rings, and anklets. Many of these necklaces are of gold and pearls and are costly. There is a certain necklace, not distinguishable in the picture, which indicates that the girl is married. It is placed on her neck by her husband at the time of marriage, and must never be removed until she becomes a widow.

The people of India generally do not think much of their daughters. If you ask a man how many children he has, he will give you the number of his sons, not thinking the daughters worth counting. But when you look at these bright-faced girls in the picture, do you not think them worth saving for the Lord Jesus Christ? We long to reach them with the gospel, but they are so hedged about that it is difficult to do so. Will you not pray for the fifty millions of children in India, that they may be brought into the glorious light and liberty of the gospel?

SACRED MEN IN INDIA.

BY REV. JOHN S. CHANDLER, OF THE MADURA MISSION.

THERE are many Hindus who are considered sacred, not because their life is without spot and blameless, but because, like the man in the picture, they torture themselves in some way, or do some laborious service for their gods. Sometimes they are very sick, or have some other great distress, and then the sufferer will put a little silver wristlet on to one arm, or handcuff himself with iron cuffs, or chain the right arm to the neck, and make a vow that if he is relieved out of his distress he will wear that a certain number of years and then go to the temple of his favorite god and perform some meritorious act, like rolling around the temple and village, three or four miles' distance. Sometimes they think they discover a way of gaining purity and becoming gods, and then they will undertake to accomplish some great work, like digging a great well in a certain place and paving the sides in order to furnish pure water for the Brahman priests. In that case, they will do as this man in the picture has done — have a rough frame of coarse hoop-iron made and riveted on to the neck so that it cannot be taken off. Of course it makes it very painful for the wearer to do anything that makes it rub on his neck, and when he tries to walk, or sleep, or do any work, he suffers much more.



INDIAN FAKIR.

The next picture shows one of the most painful of these instruments of torture: an iron cage. It was worn for more than seven years by a man who at last became a Christian and gave it to be sent to America; and now it can be seen any day in the Missionary Museum at the Hartford Theological Seminary.

The following account is made up from the accounts written by Rev. J. E. Chandler and Mrs. Chandler, of the Madura Mission, in 1866, after the man's conversion: —

His name was *Sokappan* (man of purity). He was rich, intelligent, of high caste, the head of his village, and one who in his youth had been the disciple

of a Brahman priest, and had been set apart as a sacred person with the consecrated beads upon his head, neck, and wrists.

One day he read in the village legends that under the east gate of the village temple, deep under ground, there was flowing a very sacred fountain which brought the water of the Ganges a thousand miles, and was efficacious for washing away sin. So de determined he would win merit and a speedy entrance to heaven, and become a god, by digging a large tank seventy feet square and fifteen feet deep, and opening there to the Brahmans and others this fountain for sin and uncleanness. Otherwise he supposed that his admittance to heaven would be slow and like that of other men. He would have to be born as one animal and then another and another before he could end his earthly life.

He owned a cotton-farm and devoted the revenue of this to his work. Giving up home and wife and friends, he lived in a small hut near the Brahman street, where he spent his time bathing and performing ceremonies, and eating only one meal of coarse food a day, such as the Brahmans sent in to him.



THE IRON CAGE.

With these austerities he had this cage fastened on to his neck, and with the yellow cloth of an ascetic about his loins and this about his head and sacred ashes on his body he made frequent journeys to sacred places. At one place he lay down in the road and, rolling over and over, followed the idol-car in its circuit around a great rock, two or three miles, all the time with the cage on his head. This was enough to make him a god in the eyes of the people and they worshiped him and made liberal donations to his work.

On one occasion he heard a song written by an ancient sage to the effect that the *giver* and not the *receiver* of charity was blessed by the gods. So he ceased all efforts to solicit aid and resolved to complete the task at his own expense and thus obtain all the merit.

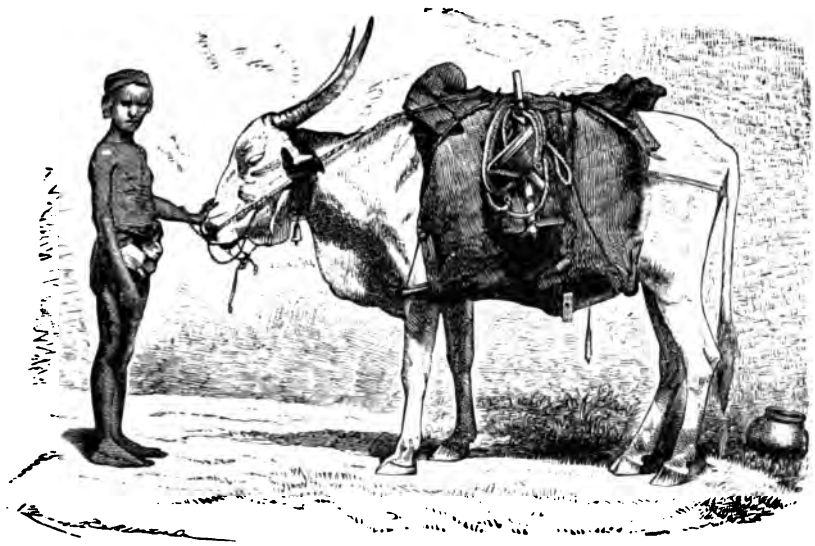
For several years he refused to converse with missionaries or native Christians and was very abusive to a Christian neighbor when the latter tried to talk to him. But two or three influences effected a change in his mind.

First, he was shocked at the conduct of a Brahman priest who, when he carried an offering of sugar-cane juice to the idol, poured only a little on the idol and drank the rest himself, saying that the Brahmans were the real gods. This led Sokappan to abandon his ceremonies and lay aside the yellow cloth and sacred beads.

Second, he was interested in the price of cotton and borrowed of his Christian neighbor a paper that quoted such prices, for it was near the close of the war in this country and agents were traveling through South India to buy cotton. His attention was attracted by a reference to Jesus in one of the columns of the

paper, and he inquired, "Who is Jesus?" This led to a willingness to read Christian books and the Bible and to association with Christians. Soon after he listened to one of the missionaries, Mr. Tracy, until midnight, as he talked to him about the atonement.

In 1865 he became a Christian and publicly preached Christ as the true and only Saviour. But he never allowed anything to interfere with the work on the tank. Meantime learned Brahmans, Mohammedans, and Roman Catholics tried every way to win this "god of the iron cage," as they called him. The Brahman priests were going to celebrate the completion of the tank by a festival in his honor, at which he was to be decorated with flowers and carried about in a palanquin, and then his cage was to be removed and deposited in the temple as a sacred relic. When they found that he cared not for all this they used threats and curses, but all to no purpose. At last when his work was all done, and



INDIAN OX.

walled up with hewn stone, with stone steps leading down to the water, so that none could gainsay his conscientious sincerity, he went secretly to a blacksmith and had the iron cage removed and locked in a strong box for the missionary. This was in May, 1866. Later in the same year he was baptized by Rev. J. E. Chandler. He stood in the church by the side of a low-caste woman who would never have dared so approach him when a heathen, both equally dependent on the Mediator for pardon, and both children of God. He married a Christian girl and became a respectable farmer, and though bound in affliction and in iron, sat clothed and in his right mind.

Since his conversion he has continued as a Christian. He had bad habits to overcome, as all such do, and one of them was that of depending on others for his support and getting money by asking for it. He tried to borrow from the missionary, and, because it could not be given him, in his weakness he held aloof for a considerable time. But in recent years he has become active

again as a member of the church, and is in good fellowship with his Christian brethren.

The ox represented is such as religious mendicants sometimes lead about. This one carries water-skins for supplying water where it is scarce. But the mendicants often train them to nod assent to certain questions and shake their heads in disapproval of others. Then they put artificial horns on to the natural ones, making them very long indeed, and adorn the horns and neck and body with bright colored rags. Taking them through the streets as they beg, when any one gives them food, they ask the ox if the gods will bless that house and



ROLLING FAKIRS.

the ox answers "yes" by nodding. When they are turned away from any house they ask the ox if any blessing will come to that house, and it shakes its head in dissent. And the poor ignorant people think they will be blessed or cursed as the ox indicates, and are afraid to refuse them food.

The three men in the last cut are rolling round the same rock that Sokappan rolled around, and in the same manner, except that they have no cages on their heads.

SIN-CLEANSING FOUNTAINS.

BY REV. JAMES E. TRACY, OF THE MADURA MISSION, INDIA.

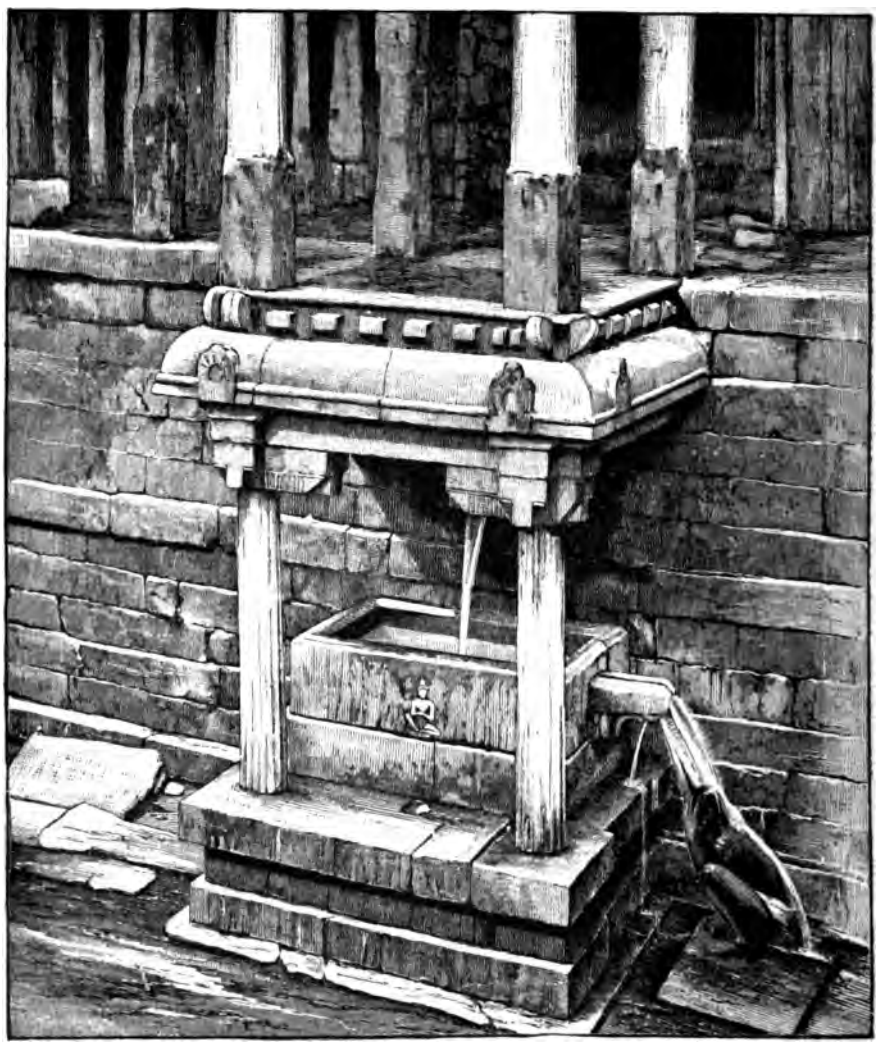
In southern India there are, in various places, fountains and streams of beautiful crystal water which the ignorant people believe will wash away their sins. They do not stop to ask *how* water can cleanse their souls from sin; perhaps they do not even stop to think what *sin* is; but their priests and ancestors have taught them to believe that their gods appointed these sacred streams and fountains as places where sin would be washed away, and so they go to them and bathe and think that their sins are taken away.

The picture on the next page shows you one of these fountains. It springs out of a forest-covered mountain-side in the Madura district, about twelve miles from the city of Madura. Some rich man has built a stone porch over it, and a bathing reservoir, so that pilgrims who come to wash can have a place to stay in overnight, and so that different castes can bathe in the holy water without coming into too close contact with one another; for there are high-caste sinners and low-caste sinners. If you could go to this place, you would not see where the fountain bubbles out of the mountain-side, because it has all been built over; but in the back part of the great porch, where you see the pillars, there is a large, square reservoir, with steps on all four sides leading down into the water, and the fountain sends its stream into this reservoir and keeps it full to a certain depth. Here high-caste sinners bathe their bodies and wash their clothes, and the water overflows and runs out through the opening which you see under the little stone canopy. Low-caste sinners must content themselves with bathing in this water; and you see one man is squatting down on a flat stone, to the right of the tub, and the sin-cleansing stream is pouring over him. On the front of the tub is carved an image of the god Kārliār, who presides over the fountain, and who is worshiped in a great temple down by the foot of the mountain, not far away.

People come here to bathe at all times in the year, but especially during the months of April and July, because during those months great festivals are held in the temple, and people come, sometimes from long distances, to make offerings at the shrine and to wash themselves from sin. At such a festival you would see strange sights. Gay costumes of many-colored cloths, and men and women and children wearing strange kinds of ornaments and offering various articles for sale. You would see men and boys with long, uncombed hair, who had made vows not to cut or comb their hair till this festival, when they make an offering at the shrine, and then, after having their heads clean-shaved all over, bathe in the fountain. You would see women bringing little toy cradles as offerings to the god of this sacred place, who has given them, they think, some blessing for a sick child. There is a large tree standing in front of the temple and on its

branches are hung these votive cradles. Some of them are large enough for a child to lie in quite comfortably, and some of them are too small even for a doll to stretch itself full-length.

The fountain flows out from one of the steep hillsides which together form a ravine; and at the mouth of the ravine, about half a mile from the fountain, stands the temple. The water of the fountain runs down the ravine like a little



A SIN-CLEANSING FOUNTAIN IN INDIA.

silver thread, disappears sometimes and then comes to the light again, and finally flows through the temple. During and after the rainy season it is quite a stream, but much of the time it is, as you see it in the picture, only a mountain spring. The path from the fountain down to the temple is a beautiful one that leads among lovely wild flowers and through tangled thickets and under great, spread-

ing trees, and, as you wander in and out, you see bright-plumaged birds flying about, and gay butterflies lighting on the flowers, and shadows dancing everywhere; and in the midst of all the beauty and fragrance of nature you suddenly come on the temple, with its horrid images all smeared with oil and paint. The contrast is as sad as it is startling.

There are many places in India where streams and fountains are supposed by ignorant people to have the power of cleansing sin. One of the most beautiful of these is in the southern mountains. The name of the stream is Pāvā Nāsā Arw, or, The Sin-destroying River. Thousands of pilgrims go there every year, even from long distances, and after they have bathed and washed their clothes clean in the running water, they travel home again satisfied. The road to this sacred place is shaded much of the way by a beautiful avenue of banyan-trees, planted many years ago by some prince or wealthy man. It gives a delightful shade for the pilgrims who travel on foot and who often stop on their journey at noon or at night, to prepare their food or to rest. Under many of these trees along the way are little shrines, where idols are placed and where pilgrims pause to worship as they go by. Many years ago some devout person set up an idol close by the growing trunk of one of the trees, and in the picture above you see what has resulted. The tree grew larger and larger until it enclosed the idol in the folds of its growing trunk, and, slowly through the years, the idol has been encased and uplifted and become an inseparable part of the tree. That is just the way it often is with us, children. Some temptation yielded to sets up a bad habit in youth, and, unless it is broken up, it grows on with the growth of the boy or girl



IDOL IN A TREE.

till it becomes just as firmly fixed in his or her life as the idol is firmly fixed in the tree. It ought to be a lesson to every one of us.

The picture below shows you the high priest, who has the direction of, and a certain control over, all the Sivite temples and shrines and sacred places up and down the district. He lives in the great temple in Madura, and has great authority in all the ceremonial and financial affairs of the worship conducted there. He is looked up to as almost a god, and when he goes anywhere he is carried in a palanquin, on the shoulders of men, or on a chair over which is borne a gorgeous umbrella or canopy. His forehead, shoulders, and breast are smeared with the sacred ashes from the undying sacrificial fire. His garments have been washed white and pure in holy water. The circlet upon his head is of coral



HIGH PRIEST OF THE MADURA TEMPLE.

beads of great price, and around his neck are other strings of beads which he uses in his prayers. You notice the position of his fingers, and that his right hand is holding a string of beads. These little things are all a part of his worship, as also are the little brass jars on his right and left hand and the folded pieces of silk which lie before him on the embroidered rug. He is sitting cross-legged upon a platform, behind which rises a back or screen. His face does not look as if he were a man whose religious life had made him more conscious of God's presence. He is a fat, well-fed man, learned in Sanskrit, and an able man of affairs, but not a man of holy life. His religion does not require him to be holy, nor does it teach him that only the pure in heart can see God or be happy in his presence.

CHILDREN IN INDIA.

BY REV. JOHN S. CHANDLER, OF MADURA.

THE picture of the three children shows that children in India enjoy a good meal as well as those in any other land. These two little girls and one boy have been eating off plates made of banyan leaves pinned together by straws. Their food is rice with a little curry made pungent by red peppers. They have used



AFTER DINNER IN INDIA.

their hands to eat with, and now all that remains for them to clear the table is to wash their hands and throw away the leafy plates where dogs will come and lick up the remains of food. The clothing they wear, a single cloth apiece and

necklaces and bracelets for the girls, is the usual outfit of the majority of su small children, if, indeed, they wear anything at all. Some kind ladies America once sent out for such little boys as this one a quantity of butter neckties to be buttoned at the neck. As children grow older the girls are occ pied more and more in the houses, and the boys in the fields.

The young woman in the picture below has swept the space in front of t door in the street, and with great dexterity made all sorts of geometrical figur by dropping white ashes between her thumb and forefinger. These front-do decorations are made in connection with festivals in honor of their idols, a little girls learn to make them wonderfully well. When she has finished this t



DECORATING THE THRESHOLD.

young woman will go to the well, with earthen or brass vessels, to bring wat for cooking and bathing purposes, and often several girls will go together f company and for assistance in raising the heavy water jars to their heads. Som times one girl will carry two, and even three, pots of water on her head, one top of the other. Certain castes have the custom of carrying the water jar the hip instead of the head.

Another operation that requires much practice and skill is that of poundi the grain to be cooked. This is done in a solid mortar of wood or stone, by long wooden pestle raised and brought down on end on the grain in the sm hollow of the mortar. As the grain is driven out around the edge it is broug

back by the hand of an assistant, or the bare foot of the one pounding. Two girls standing on opposite sides will pound alternately and avoid interference with each other's pestle most adroitly. One of the earliest amusements of little girls is pounding a little heap of sand with a smooth stick, as the older ones pound grain.

Boys have to do more outdoor work, following usually the occupations of their fathers. The third picture shows how much of the water is drawn out of wells. They have no pumps, so they plant a stout post in the ground near the well and place a long well-sweep across the top so that one end can be drawn down over the well. To this end a long bamboo pole is fastened, and by it a large wide bucket is lowered into the well and drawn up full of water. The man who works the bucket stands on two stone slabs projecting from the side of the well near the top. To help him bring up the weight of water in the bucket one man mounts to the middle of the well-sweep and, when the bucket end is down, walks to the other end to carry that down by his weight and thus bring the bucket up. This requires much steadiness and practice in balancing one's self on the sweep as it seesaws back and forth. It is usually learned in boyhood, and it is a common sight to see three or four men and boys rapidly moving back and forth on a well-sweep, and thus drawing out the water that flows along many channels to irrigate the fields of young grain. The moisture near the well encourages the growth of shrubs and trees, and many a well, like the one shown on the next page, has a cluster of oleander bushes and cocoanut trees by its side.

Many boys are too poor to have the chance to learn this kind of work, and get a living by watching the grazing cattle. The cattle and buffaloes of a village are committed to them in the morning, and they drive them about over the fields wherever there is pasture until the evening, when they are brought back in herds to their owners.

One of the great games of the country is to turn loose excited bulls and oxen with cloths on their horns, and then try to pull off the cloths; and these cowboys often amuse themselves by seizing the tail of some frisky young animal and chasing it over the fields.

These children learn much evil from their superstitious and ignorant parents, but they are capable of learning that which is good and true.

One little boy in a heathen family attended a mission school and, with his secular lessons, learned the stories of the Bible and many of its beautiful verses. As he grew older he felt that the idols worshiped by his parents and all his people were not gods and could not save his soul. Several other young men felt just as he did, his younger brother among them, and finally they decided to become Christians. Immediately their friends began to persecute them so much that all went back except this young man and his brother. These two were faithful to Jesus and refused to go back to their heathen ways. So they were turned out of their home and went to a training school to become teachers. There they were baptized and admitted to the Christian Church. Since then they have both become teachers, and the older one is now a valued and useful instructor in the theological school. He has a happy Christian home to live in, with furniture and books to make him comfortable and contented. But his father and mother live in a low house that looks more like a hut with mud walls and thatched roof, where

cows and buffaloes go in at the front door and occupy one side of the squar while the family have their small rooms on the opposite side. For the house a square enclosure open in the middle. The floors are bare except where the spread mats to sleep on at night. Sometimes in the hottest weather they slee outside in the street on the bare ground.

The difference between this teacher in his civilized home and his relatives



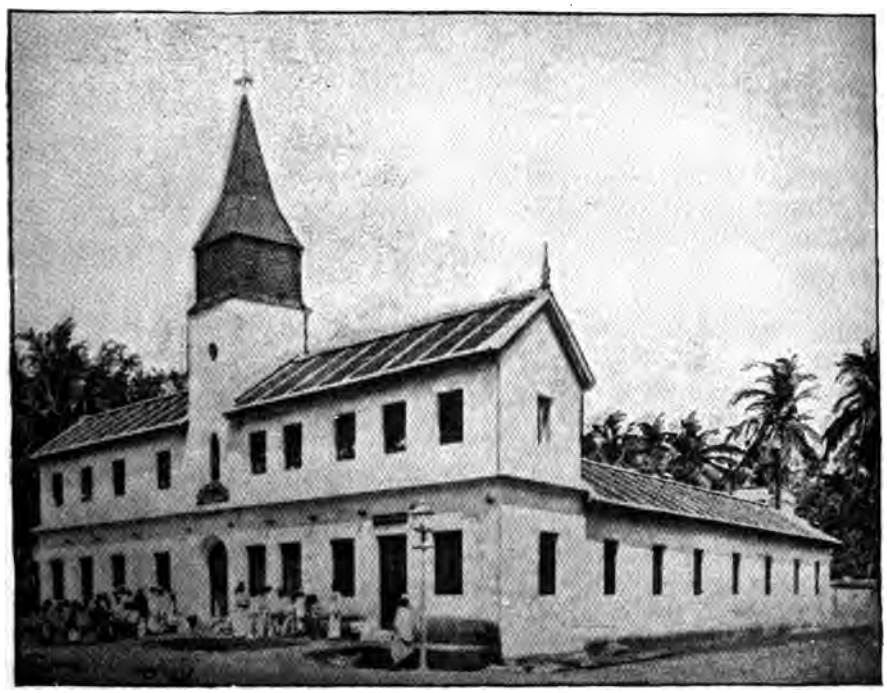
DRAWING WATER.

their heathen houses is what Christ has done for him in his outward life. In heart Christ has done a great deal more by giving him the blessed Spirit to tea him the truth and make him hate all sin and love God and his fellow-men. H heathen relatives, on the other hand, not knowing the true Saviour, are full fear about the anger of the gods they worship, and know nothing of the pea and joy of trusting in Jesus.

A MISSION'S WORK FOR THE YOUNG.

BY REV. JOHN P. JONES, OF PASUMALAI, SOUTHERN INDIA.

EVERY mission is permanently successful in proportion as it does thorough work for the young people intrusted to it. In heathen lands this work is carried on mostly through schools. I have heard men, ignorant of the work, ask the question: "Does it pay to conduct mission schools in India?" They might as



THE HIGH SCHOOL AT MADURA.

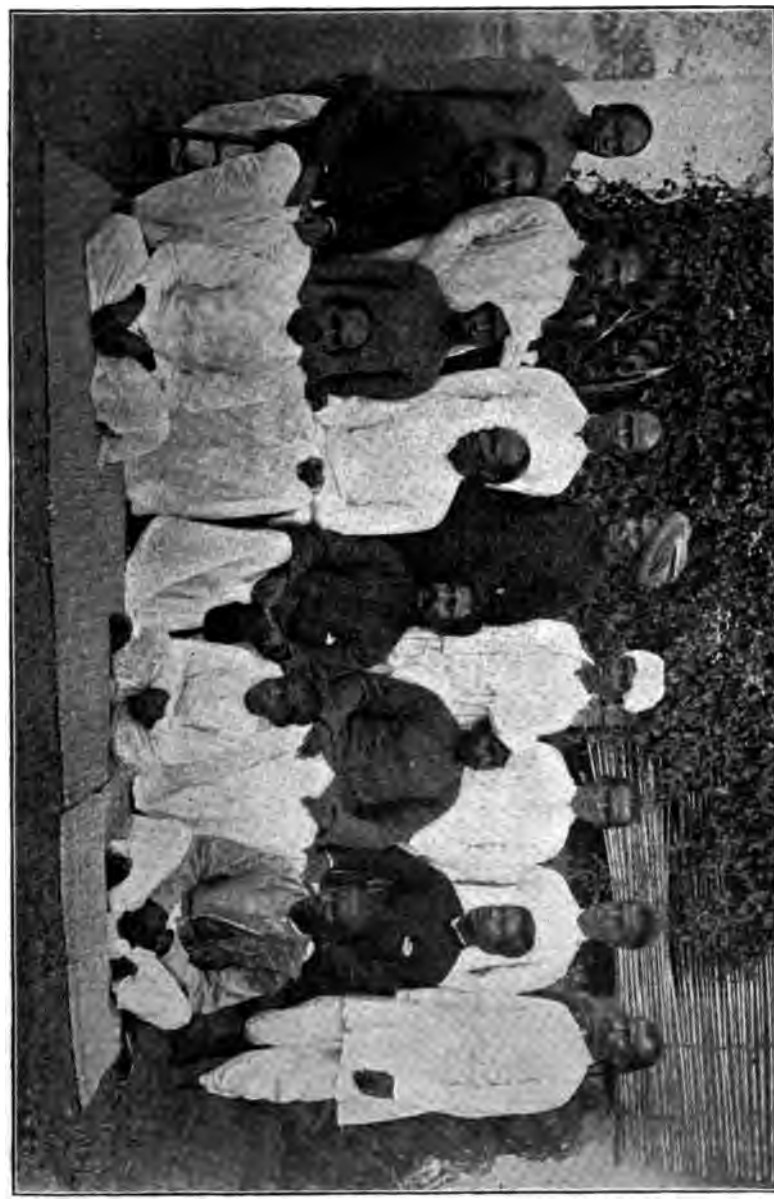
well ask, Does it pay to build a foundation to a house? Does it pay to prepare well the soil, sow good seed, and water and weed it carefully in order to have a good harvest? All missionaries, as they see the mighty influence of these institutions in uplifting and transforming the Christian community and in leavening the whole lump of heathenism, never question the wisdom of our school work.

One class of our schools is intended to reach those who are not Christians — to open the Word of God to them daily, and to teach them the divine excellence of our Lord and the heavenly character of our religion, and thus to make Christians of them. In our Madura Mission we have more than 100 such institutions, with nearly 4,000 heathen and Mohammedan children in attendance. They attend our schools, notwithstanding the fact that there are probably other schools in the neighborhood, because we furnish them with a better education. Many Hindus send their children to these schools because they are *Christian* schools. More than one Hindu has said to me, "I can trust your Christian schools to give, not only a good secular education, but also a sound moral training to my children. This we cannot find in our schools." In all these schools we daily teach God's Word to all the scholars and inculcate the truths of Christianity. It is wonderful to see how much of God's Word these bright children of retentive memory can recite.

I remember nearly two years ago hearing each member of the whole upper class of a small out-of-the-way village-school recite at one time 135 verses out of the Bible, being all their Bible lessons since I last visited them. They also told me where those verses were found and gave the subject of each lesson. Some of the brightest and most earnest Christians we have in our mission are those who were brought to Christ through the schools. How blessed a work to lead these 4,000 young and tender minds out of the dark mazes of heathenish superstitions, follies, and errors into the sweetness and light and saving power of the truth as it is in Jesus!

The picture on the preceding page represents to you the highest of this class of schools in our mission, the High School of Madura City. It was erected a few years ago, and has in it more than 200 bright youths under instruction. They are the sons of men of influence and culture in that city. They are to become, in fifteen or twenty years hence, men of power and pillars of society. Who can estimate the influence upon the life of these young men and of this city of the quiet daily work of this Christian institution? As I have sat before the highest class in that school, a class of forty young Hindus and Mohammedans, conducting their Bible lesson in English, observing their thoughtful inquiry and youthful interest and surprise at Bible truth, I have said to myself, "Where upon the streets of our cities or villages in India could a man find so attentive and so appreciative an audience to address and to instruct as the teacher daily finds in every one of these schools?" This school at Madura is a growth. It began many years since as a primary school. Subsequently there was a demand that it be made a Middle School. Some years ago it was found necessary to convert it into a High School. Four fifths of the more than 200 students are Hindus, and of the other fifth one half are Mohammedans and the other half Christians. The building is the best for its purpose in the district, and has a good site in the city of Madura, which has a population of 83,000 souls. In connection with it there is a prosperous Sunday-school. Public lectures are given, and a public reading-room is also maintained. Such institutions are a vast power to leaven the lump of heathenism.

The other class of schools that we have are those intended chiefly for our Christian young people. These are so arranged and classified that only the brightest and best of our Christian children enter the highest of them. And



A CLASS IN THE PASUMALAI INSTITUTION.

most of these children are trained with a view to becoming leaders of the Christian community, as preachers, teachers, or Bible-women in our mission. The Bible training which these children receive is very thorough; they are vastly

better informed in God's Word than are most of the young people of America to-day. In one of our small boarding schools for girls the missionary lady in charge tried some months ago an experiment. One morning she took paper in her hands into the school, and without warning told the girls to be seated and to write down as many Bible verses as they could remember at the time. One girl wrote 76, another 73, another 71, and others nearly as many verses from memory.

The highest school for our Christian girls is the Madura Girls' Normal School, where the scholars receive not only almost a High School education, but are also furnished with a Normal training and certificate which qualifies them for positions of trust and usefulness, both in and out of the mission. The graduates of this school are doing splendid work all over South India. I saw a couple of years ago a revival of God's Spirit sweep through this school and bring all those bright young women into a new or a higher life of joy in Christ. This school has had much to do in shaping and developing the high type of Christian womanhood now found in our mission.

The highest of our schools for Christian boys is the institution at Pasumalai, containing as it does the theological, normal, and collegiate departments. For thorough Christian training and broad liberal culture this institution is not excelled by any in India; and it is doing a quiet but all-important work of preparing a large number of native Christian agents for our and other missions, and for the regeneration of the millions of that district.

On the preceding page is a reproduction of a recent photograph of some of its students, nearly all of them being members of the theological department. Of these young men ten have come directly from heathenism; and the persecution which they have endured on account of their new faith reveals a higher Christian heroism, and the story of it would read like a romance to Americans. Some of them, to my knowledge, have had to overcome obstacles and withstand tears and appeals which none but parental love and Hindu ingenuity could bring to bear upon young Christians.

One of them is the son of a petty nobleman. Another has come out of very low heathenism into a Christian experience of faith and joy, the rehearsal of which has brought me great cheer and delight. Still another has since been ordained as a pastor of one of the leading churches of our mission. Several of them are the orphan children of heathen parents who died during the famine of 1876. They were picked up as helpless and hungry waifs, and are now the intelligent and grateful monuments of the missionary's Christian philanthropy. Some are the sons of faithful Christian parents, the children of prayer, and well trained in Tamil and English for useful Christian service. These young men are only a few out of about 400 youths who were then enjoying the intellectual light and warm Christian inspiration of that grand institution.

Who can estimate the invaluable service of the more than 150 schools of our mission? What *could* we do without them? Each one is a beacon of light and a harbinger of salvation to a village or circle in that district which is a centre and stronghold of heathenism. The brains, the bones and muscle of Christ's church in India are to be formed and developed in these schools.

A HINDU VILLAGE.

BY REV. JOHN S. CHANDLER, OF MADURA.

MANY a village in South India has no road leading to it. Cart-tracks from different directions are the only approaches, and in the wet season these are flooded with water or enclosed in the fields and cultivated. Then the only way for carts is through the water. Foot passengers can always reach them, for the natives go barefooted and do not mind water and mud. Even with shoes on, one can often reach such a village by keeping along the ridges between the rice-fields and on the embankments of the watercourses.

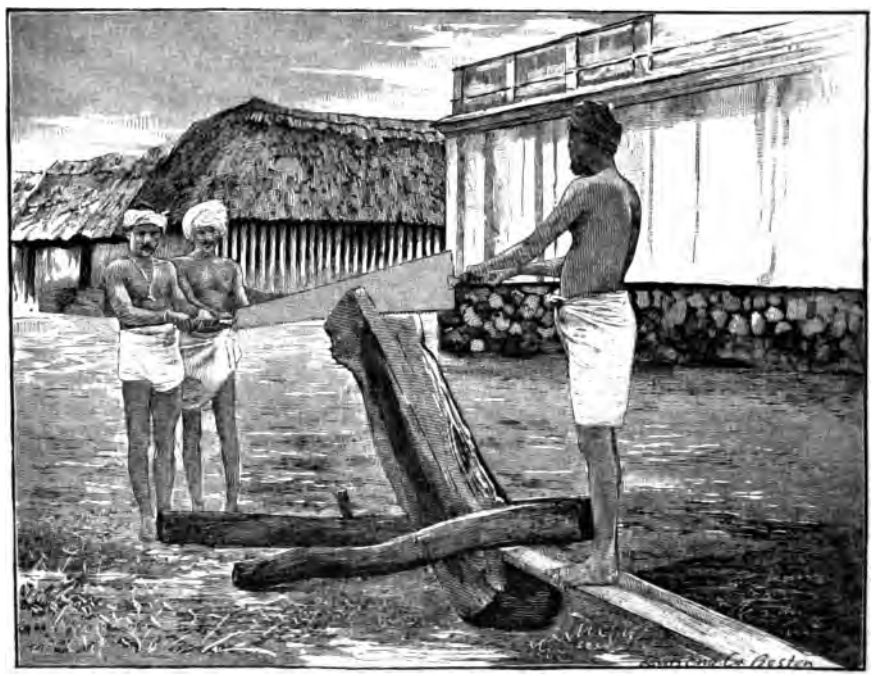


A HINDU VILLAGE SANCTUARY.

The picture above shows the general place of worship for the villagers. They may have other places too, and many idols in their houses, but this is the protecting sanctuary. At the right, the largest idol is of stone and represents Ganapati, the elephant-headed god, the one that is supposed to bring prosperity and bless the family life of the people and help the children acquire knowledge.

Around him are various little images, many of them being the hooded cobra, which is an attendant god. In front are several rows of images of cattle. Cattle are sacred, and one of the gods rides on a great bull, they think, so they always have images of them. Here they have an unusual number. Behind them is a stone frame from which hang brass bells bound to the cross-slab by iron chains. The people will often fasten such bells to a tree, and when the wind blows the branches and makes the bells ring, they think the god is swinging in the branches.

Once a man plowing found a lot of brass bells and hollow balls and other things in the ground, and he told the people about them. They came and took them to the shrine of a devil near by. But when it did not rain, they thought these bells must have belonged to some other devil, and that their devil was angry



HINDU CARPENTERS.

at seeing them, and therefore stopped the rain. So they met again and took the bells and balls carefully back to the plowed field where they were first found.

Some of the houses are circular in shape, but the walls are of mud and the roof of stalks or other thatch. A few small tulip-trees are near the houses, but the only large trees are at the right, where they stand on the low bank of a tank of muddy water. And this tank supplies the water for the village, including men and beasts.

If we go through the narrow streets without any sidewalks to the other side, we shall come upon some better houses, as shown in the second picture. One is flat-roofed and built of brick and mud upon a foundation of stone and mud. It is whitewashed. The next one is a large mud-house with the outside wall

painted in perpendicular red and white stripes. Within there is an open court, with several rooms and some cattle stalls on the four sides, and in the open court there is probably a circular building, like the one on the left of the first picture, which is the granary. In this they store the coarse grain they get for the year's supply after harvest. The better classes have rice, but the majority of country people are too poor to buy even rice, and have to live on cheap grains that will grow without much rain. Various kinds of sorghum and maize and millet are common. They have very little meat to eat, because they are too poor. This year a large number of prisoners were released from the jails because it is the jubilee year of the queen-empress. But some of them do not like to live at home, where they are so poor, and have committed crimes in order to be taken back to jail, where they have regular food and meat twice a week.

The three men in the foreground are sawyers, sawing a log into planks. One stands on the upper side to draw the long two-handled saw up, the other two below to draw it down.

Their wood is mostly hard, and it takes a long time to saw the planks, and when sawed they are very thick and fit only for rude workmanship. Carts, doors, frames for doors and windows, and benches are about all they make, and they work very slowly. A carpenter likes to sit down on the ground and use his toes for a vise. The people generally use their toes to pick up little things from the ground. I once asked a man why he did not stoop over to pick up a stone. He said it was much better to pick it up with his toes and bring it up to the hand behind the body; for if he were facing a tiger and should stoop over for a stone, the tiger would spring upon him; whereas by picking it up with his foot, he could keep his eye on the tiger all the time.

If we go to still another side of the village, we may see the pleasant sight shown in the illustration on the next page. Here is a Christian schoolhouse and prayer-house with the school-children sitting on the ground, the monitor at one side, and the teacher standing behind. This is a mud-building too, and it has been whitewashed on the four sides; but in front the rain has washed off the whitewash except just under the narrow eaves.

There are myriads and myriads of little white ants all under the surface of the ground, and they move in swarms through everything made of mud, to eat any wood or thatch they can find. So the roof of such a house soon gets white ants into it, and every two or three years has to be renewed.

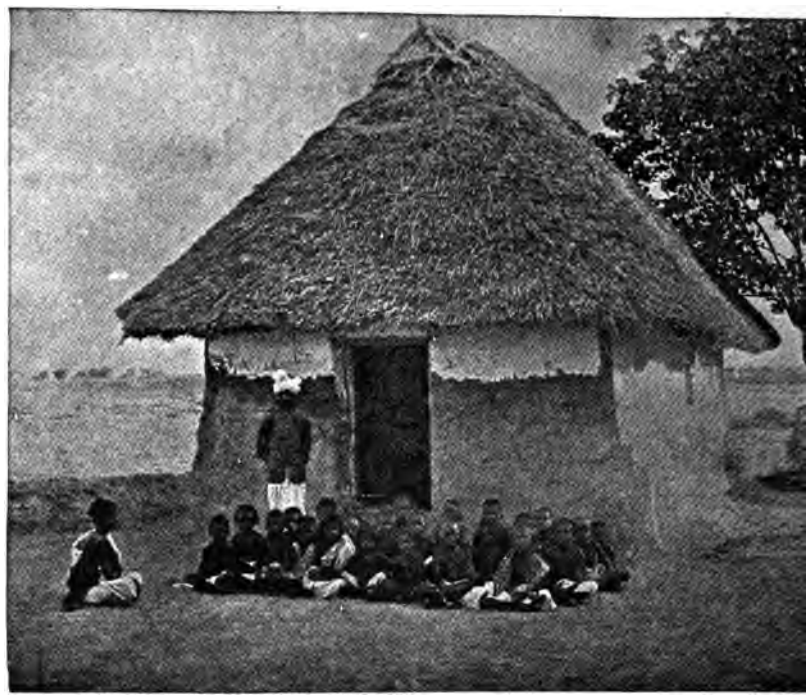
The teacher wears a dark jacket and a white cloth and a turban; but the children have each a single cloth about the waist, and one or two have handkerchiefs over their shoulders. They have nothing at all about their necks, and yet some good ladies in America once sent a gift to such little boys of a lot of butterfly neckties with elastic loops to fasten to buttons.

In the front row are five little girls; the rest are all boys. They all have their ears bored, but the girls' ears are stretched and made long enough so that the rings they put in them can reach down to their shoulders. In the picture the largest girl, who sits in the middle with her white cloth over her shoulder, has rings in her ears that rest on her shoulder.

They generally study inside the building and always sit on the floor. They

have not many slates; so when it is necessary to write their letters, they sp fine sand on the floor and write with their fingers. The monitor has to t little ones their letters and show them how to make them, while the teache the lessons of the older pupils.

In the evening the old folks come to this prayer-house, and the teacher to them the Bible and prays with them. Then on Sunday all meet to be Bible stories and to worship God. They have many nice songs about which they love to sing. They also love to pray, for they are childlike and ful toward God and pray very often.



CHRISTIAN PRAYER-HOUSE AND SCHOOLHOUSE.

So, while on the other side of the village there are all those repulsive idc images of many gods, with strange ceremonies that the people perform, h few Christians meet and learn that God is a Spirit, and they that worshi must worship him in spirit and in truth.

There are more than two hundred villages in the Madura district, where little Christian prayer-houses are a witness to God's love in Christ; but th very small, and thousands and thousands of the village people never go tc at all because they prefer their idols. Let us work and pray that they r throw away their idols to the moles and the bats, and come and love and w their heavenly Father.

ON THE HILLS AND PLAINS OF INDIA.

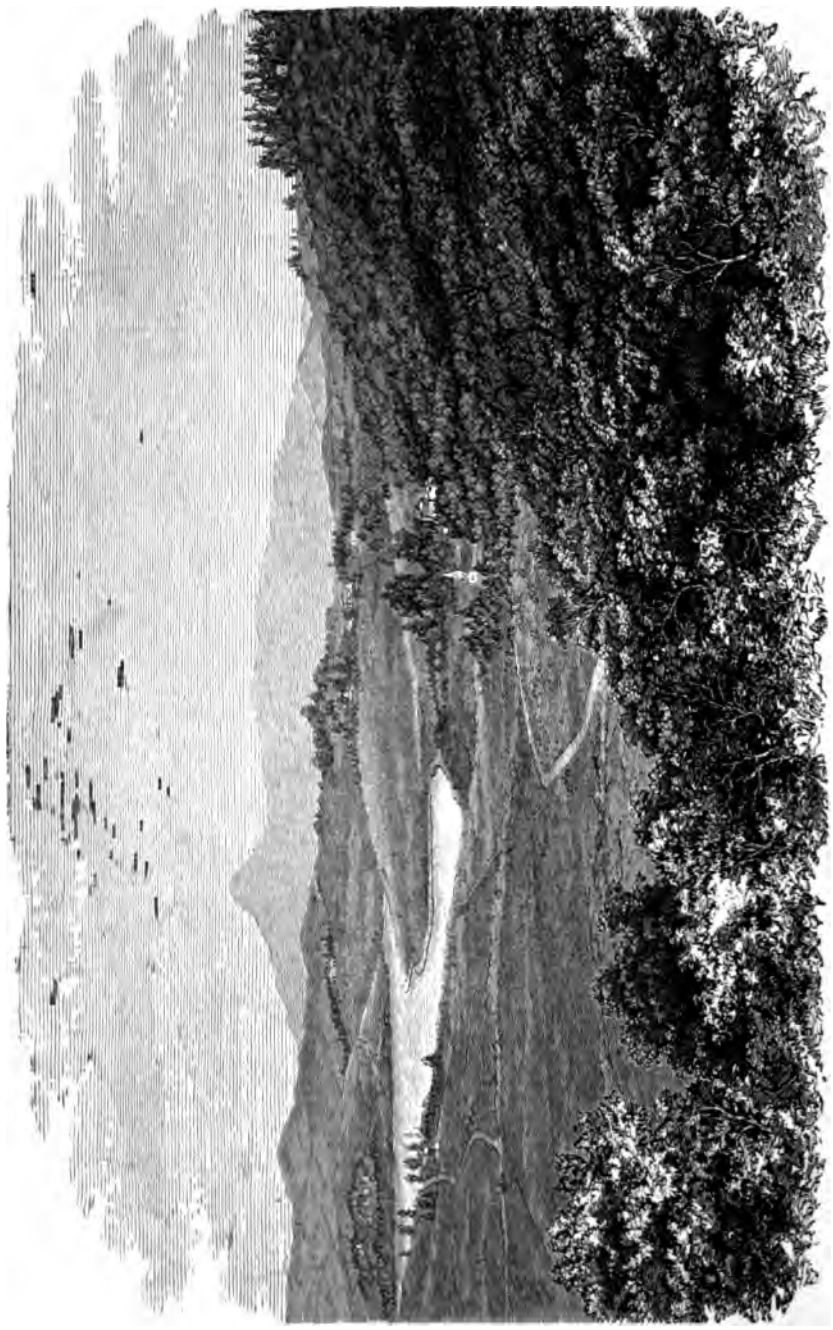
KODEIKANAL AND MANAMADURA.

BY REV. E. P. HOLTON, OF MANAMADURA.

As Madura lies about ten degrees north of the equator, we have two midsummers when the sun is right overhead at noonday, and it is extremely hot. The second of these is much tempered by the monsoon, the steady wind which blows night and day for weeks; but the earlier one, before the monsoon "breaks," is almost intolerable. Where it does not cause headaches and sleeplessness it often exhausts a strong man's vigor worse than would a hard day at haying at home. The little children suffer worst, losing all color, appetite, sleep, and vigor, becoming pallid little ghosts of what healthy children should be. So, several years ago the wise forefathers of this mission pioneered a path up the winding, rocky beds of the mountain streams, up through the dense thickets of tall, lemon-scented grass, thorny date palms, bristling canebrake and tangles of rattan, up above the fever belt, about 5,000 feet, up to the top of the Palani Hills, where the nights are cool, and the midday heat scarcely more than it is in New England in May. Here in a vast grove or *kanal*, once the gift of a rajah to his bride (*Kodei* means gift), they acquired cheaply from the government an extensive piece of land, built a few mud and thatch cottages, and during the two or three hot, windless months of the year brought their wives and little ones up out of the stifling heat. The rapid, beneficial effect of the air here upon children and invalids has always been a wonder. It succeeds where all else has failed. Civilians, government officials, and planters soon began to follow; roads were surveyed, cut, and graded; a small brook in a wide meadow was changed into a beautiful little lake set among the hills. Homes began to spring up upon the slopes and shoulders, some of them permanent and costly. The mission's houses have always remained small and unpretentious, though the thatch long ago gave place to corrugated iron and tiles. There are six of them now, each capable of holding two families, or more, if convenience is sacrificed a little. All are plainly and scantily furnished, and are rented to civilians during other than the two months that we are usually up here. Kodei (as we abbreviate it) is a very beautiful place. The picture on the next page, from a drawing made some years ago, shows the lake, but few of the houses. The trees have been cut sparingly and judiciously, so that most of the houses are hidden by them. Where mistakes have been made they have been speedily remedied, as most of the trees here are remarkably rapid growers. By sales and rents the sanitarium has from the first been mainly self-supporting.

The way to reach Kodei is this: from Madura we come twenty miles by train to a place with the diminutive name of Ammayanayakanur, where we take two-

wheeled spring carts, capable of holding comfortably two of us, three servants, and considerable luggage. They are drawn by stout little trotting bullocks



KODEIKANAL FROM THE WEST.

which are changed every six or eight miles. They can easily trot six miles an hour, so that the thirty-two miles to the *Tope*, or grove, at the foot of the moun-

tains, can easily be made in five hours. At the Tope the twelve-mile climb begins, and the ways of locomotion vary. The ladies and children go up in chairs and cholies — a sort of reclining palanquin — on coolies' heads, four men carrying at a time, with others to take turns with them. The men sometimes go up on hired *tats*, or ponies, which are often most sorry specimens of equine architecture, and require so much vociferous objurgation that the man who has to propel his own tat often has to work his passage, and so will arrive here fully as weary as, and much later than, his more athletic friend who wisely takes off his coat and walks all the way. The coolies take about six hours to walk the twelve miles, often breaking the monotony of their steady tramp by singing, solo and chorus, "Hungokum," "Ho! Ho!" "Samebum," "Ho! Ho!" As the path is too steep, narrow, and winding for a cart, all the luggage and furniture — beds, bureaus, stoves, boats, and pianos — have to come up on coolies' heads, fifty pounds for a single head load, forty per man when more than a single load. It is wonderful to see a little eighty-pound coolie toiling steadily up the path with a fifty or sixty pound box or bundle on his head. A white man of twice his weight would have his cranium crushed in, or his neck strained severely, if he tried to do it for even half a mile.

About three o'clock in the morning is the usual time for beginning the ascent; the fresh coolness, the gradual awakening of the world to the new day, the shrill crowing of the jungle cocks, the distant barking of the big black monkeys, the boy-like notes of a bird, called "the whistling schoolboy," and the occasional glimpses through the trees of the panorama of the plains, slowly unfolding their expanse of tanks, streams, green paddy-fields, brown sands, or yellow harvests, — all make it a most charming journey.

The life here at Kodei is markedly social. After people have been living for ten months in widely separated stations, and seeing other white faces but rarely, they evince a great fondness for tennis parties, picnics, sociables, and concerts. The preaching services, both Tamil and English, the social "sings" and prayer-meetings, are all largely attended. During the season there are more than sixty missionaries up here, from more than a dozen different missions, and they have now for several years held a convention, "for the deepening of spiritual life," which has contributed not a little to the refreshing and refitting for a new year of work on the plains.

During the last sixteen days of March, leaving my family at Kodei, away from the heat and fevers, I went off on a long iṭineracy in the farthest corner of my station. I had my own sturdy little bullocks, Annan and Thambi (Elder Brother and Little Brother), and my springless cart, with double tent, sciopticon, folding bed, table and chair, provision and food boxes, and a box with my new stone filter, so as to be sure of safe drinking water. A hired bandy carried a smaller tent for the twelve catechists, their sleeping mats, blankets, bundles of clothing, cooking and food boxes, and a box of books and tracts. Our first camp was thirty-three miles from home, and our farthest was nearly thirty more. Our plan of work was for all to arise before dawn, have prayers together, and then separate, going two by two to all the villages within a radius of six miles, preaching, singing, talking with individuals, distributing fly leaves to all who could read, and selling tracts and Scripture portions wherever people would buy.

These are sold at about half what it costs to produce them, as we find they are more apt to be careful of them and read them than if they were to receive them gratuitously. The American Tract Society gives us an annual grant to enable us to do this. All come back to camp, or go on to the new one at some appointed village, at about noon, and lie down in the shade to sleep, converse, or read until their food is ready.

After food and rest I would gather the helpers in my tent, and spend about two hours with them in studying the Gospel of Matthew, chapter by chapter, closing with prayers. I myself got a good deal of benefit from these meetings, and I hope they did also. They would then go out for shorter distances than in



A SPRINGLESS BULLOCK CART.

the morning, perhaps to various parts of the town or village where we were halting, selling books and tracts, or reading portions from them to the ever-ready listeners. As soon as it was dark we would take my sciopticon, screen, and poles, lead mallet, iron pins, and guy ropes, tripod and folding chair, myself always carrying the two boxes of slides wrapped up in the white screen, lest a snake or a sudden thorn in a bare foot should cause them to be dropped and ruined. I soon trained three of the helpers so they could put the jointed screen poles together, snap on the guy ropes and screen, drive in the pegs and strain up the ropes, with the edge of the curtain to the wind and moon, while I would mount the sciopticon box on its (home-made) tripod, light the lantern and arrange my slides. The other helpers, meanwhile, would take my two pairs of cymbals and go off to collect the villagers by their singing some sprightly lyric. At such times I would long for a good, ringing cornet, which would fetch every man, woman, and child within sound of its call.

The Tamil people are very fond of music, a fact of which we take all the advantage we can. The scenes from the life and teachings of Christ were assigned beforehand to the different men and they were compelled to be brief, accurate, and to the point, or the light would be suddenly shut off. Often a hymn appropriate to the picture would be sung. We always had the best of



THE OLD MISSION CHAPEL AT KODEIKANAL.

attention. I many times wished that the donors of the sciopticon and its outfit could come and sit by my side of an evening to enjoy the scenes of their labors in India by proxy. The realistic way in which the catechists would tell the Bible stories, putting in such things as pertain to life in *this* country and time, would rather startle those whose thought of Jesus is always in Scriptural form. But it is effective in attracting and holding people's attention.

AFRICAN BOYS IN INDIA: HOW THEY CAME TO US.

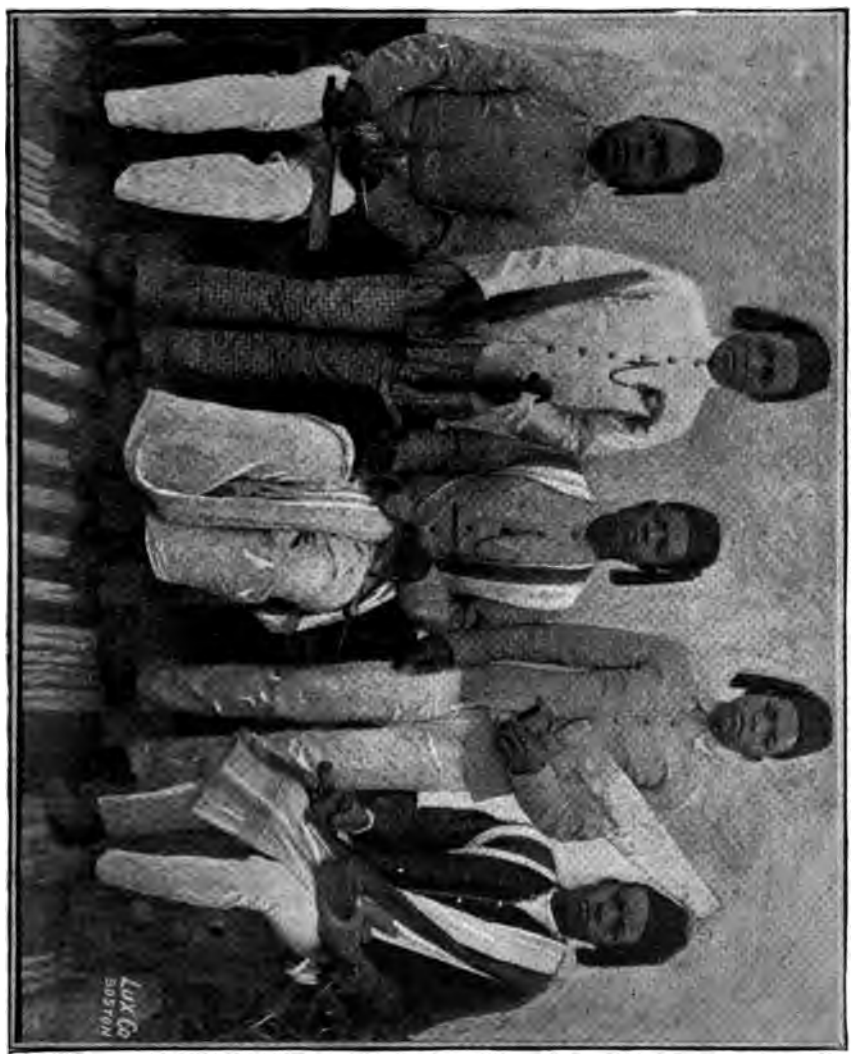
BY REV. RICHARD WINSOR, OF SIRUR, WESTERN INDIA.

THE picture on the next page presents five boys out of a number of African children received by us in our Industrial School at Sirur, Western India. African boys in a school in India! you will exclaim. How came they there, so far from their homes? It is a wonderful story. You may know that the British government keeps patrol-ships along the Red Sea and the east coast of Africa north of Zanzibar, to intercept the slave-trade carried on by Arabs traversing those waters. A cannon shot across the bow of a slave-dhow is a gentle admonition not to go too fast, and if this be not heeded, another shot a little nearer soon follows, and a friendly call from the English officers makes a gala day for the slaves who are confined in the hold, for they are taken on board the British ship and most kindly cared for. The Arabs, too, are taken, and their dhows forthwith reach land without sailing for the shore. They go down perpendicularly.

Such was the case at the end of the year 1885, when Her Majesty's ship *Osprey* made a pleasant capture and took on board a large number of slaves, among whom were many children. The whole were taken to Muscat, and by the British Resident there were set free, the children being sent by the government to Bombay. Lord Reay, the governor of Bombay, wrote us a letter asking whether we could take these slave-children into our mission Industrial School at Sirur, giving them such practical training as should fit them for their future and make them useful citizens. As the school is under my care, it fell to me to respond, and I replied that my former relations to the slave, which I have not room here to describe, gave me some reason for thinking that I could take care of them, and I consented to do so. I went to Bombay to receive them from the government, taking with me one of Mrs. Winsor's Bible-women and her son, who was a teacher; the former to have care of the girls on the way, and the latter to have charge of the boys. There were two days' journey by cart after reaching Poona by rail.

On our arrival at Poona from Bombay, Miss Bernard very kindly gave us quarters for the night, and everything was done to make these poor children just from the wilds of Africa feel that they were among friends. All that we could do was to express ourselves by signs, as they could not understand a word of our language nor we of theirs. In every way possible we tried to make them

feel at ease, yet all the while there seemed to be something like a dark cloud hanging over them. After the two days' travel by cart to Sirur, they reached our home on a Saturday evening. We provided them food, adding a few sweets such as we thought would cheer them; but as I looked into the faces of the



THE AFRICAN BOYS AS THEY RETURNED FROM INDIA.

children there were the silent tears one by one pouring down in quick succession, and every effort to console seemed to add o their sadness. Why is this? we ask ourselves; for not a word could they or we utter by which we could communicate our ideas. We shall presently see.

On Sunday they were taken into the Sabbath-school, and on Monday into the day-school, where they saw little boys and girls with books in their hands, bright,

happy children. This was a new world to these poor Africans, and then it began to dawn upon them that they were among friends. They began at once to study the native language of our part of India — the Marathi, and in a few months began to write and speak, and to communicate their thoughts in Marathi. Then it was that we learned the secret of the sadness of those two days of travel, and of that tearful Saturday evening; for as they now began to pour out their hearts freely to us they said that at that time they supposed all the good things given them to eat were simply to prepare them to be eaten; and the sweets of that eventful evening they thought were to sweeten them for the bountiful repast upon their own flesh which we were soon to make!

The government, paying for the board and clothes of these lads, stipulated that when they reached the age of seventeen years, provided they had received four years' instruction, they should then provide for themselves. These five boys whose picture is before you have recently completed their four years' training, and being, as was supposed, seventeen years of age, they were to launch out for themselves. It devolved upon me to obtain places for them. Their names as arranged in the picture are (1) Muboork Tashier; (2) Sungaroo Dema; (3) Suade Moosa; (4) Boie Sulieman; (5) Mochera.

The total number of children received was twenty-nine, representing the four following tribes — Mihyar, Miassa, Makua, and Maguandi. Of the twenty-nine only these five boys have completed their allotted amount of common-school and industrial training; year by year they passed most creditable examinations, both in the Industrial School and also in the Marathi language; the Industrial School examinations being conducted by Professor Scorgie, of the College of Science of Poona, and the Marathi by Mr. Bulwant Nene, of the educational department. In deportment these boys surpassed what is generally considered fair conduct. They also, besides learning to read, write, and speak the Marathi language, learned a little English, at the same time keeping up their own African language, in which there was deep pathos when they would sing their simple native airs.

But the question now came to be, Where shall they go? Looking forward to this, which would be an eventful day for them, I wrote to one of the directors of the Imperial East Africa Company, giving their history, and asking that they be employed in the service of that company in Africa. Afterwards I met in Bombay the gentleman from Mombasa to whom I wrote, and who asked me, "Can I trust them?" I answered, "Yes, sir. If you will put them under right supervision, you will have valuable men." To make my story no longer, I will only say the boys were accepted and came down to Bombay with us in April last, as we were about to sail for America; they to go to Mombasa in Africa. These boys were very diligent in their inquiries as to the Christian religion, and really seemed to receive the truth as fast as they understood it. They sought to be baptized, and farther on to be admitted to church-fellowship, and when before the church for examination there was much joy in accepting them. When they went into the service of the Imperial East Africa Company I said to the director, "I wish it distinctly understood that these boys go to Africa as *Christian carpenters.*" What a vastly better way to train up our schoolboys, as

is done in our Deccan institution at Sirur, than to keep them under such training as has been common for centuries back, such as is indicated in the picture given below of one of the native pial schools!



A NATIVE PIAL SCHOOL OF INDIA.

I could say much in recounting the remarkable providences that have been leading all these movements; but I hope I have said enough to lead many who read this simple, but remarkable story to remember to pray devoutly for these boys now in Africa, for the children yet with us at Sirur, and for our Industrial School, that it may be an efficient arm of our mission work.

WALKÉSHWAR, BOMBAY.

BY REV. EDWARD S. HUME, OF BOMBAY.

FROM the southwest shore of the island of Bombay a long, rocky promontory runs out into the sea. This neck of land is called Malabar Hill, and its extreme end Malabar Point. This is the most beautiful and healthy part of Bombay. It is covered with fine residences occupied chiefly by Europeans. The Point is the place where the Governor of Bombay lives for about five months of the year.

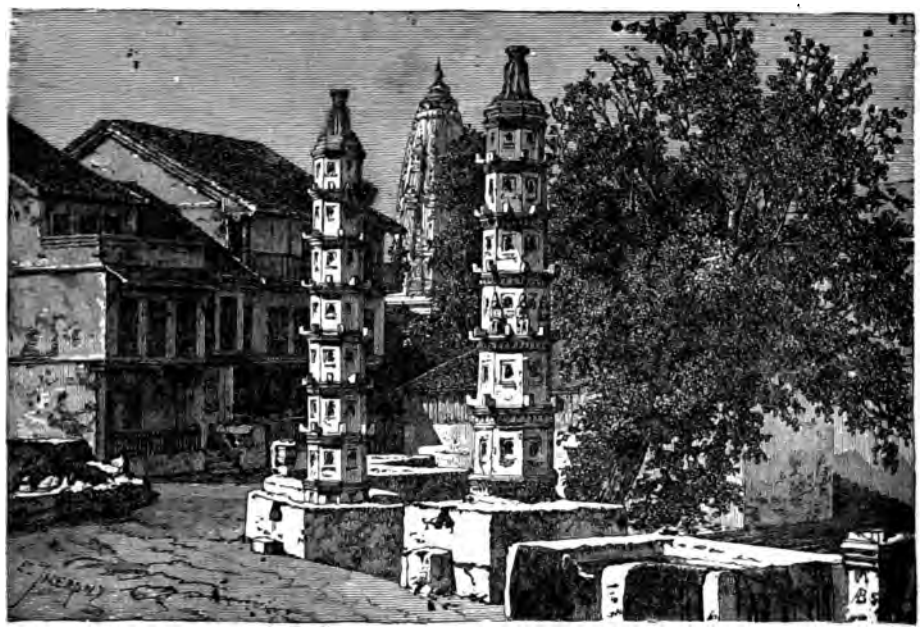
The very spot where Government House now stands is said to have been, long, long ago, the site of a much-frequented temple of the famous idol Maha Déva, who is worshiped all over India. There is a tradition that Rama, on his journey to Ceylon, in search of his wife Sita, found himself in this vicinity and in company with some devout followers went to the temple to worship Maha Déva. While here he asked for a drink of water, and was told that there was no drinking water in the vicinity. Being greatly distressed with thirst, Rama fired an arrow, and from the spot where the arrow struck a stream of fresh water immediately gushed out, which ever since then has been flowing. In honor of this miraculous occurrence, Maha Déva decided to remove his shrine to the spot where the wonderful arrow had fallen. So the temple was moved and has ever since covered the sacred spring, which is said to have direct connection underground with the sacred river Ganges. How this can be possible, since that river at the nearest point is more than 700 miles distant, it is hardly safe to inquire.

Beside this new temple of Maha Déva a large tank has been built. Like other sacred tanks, it is filled with water which is fairly green with filth and is often very offensive. Some years ago the municipality had the water all pumped out, and an outlet made through which the water may be drawn off every rainy season from the tank down to the sea. The tank, however, remains as offensive as ever. On its western side there is a small cleft in the rock from which the water of the sacred spring flows. This foul water is supposed to be so efficacious in washing away the stains of sin that tens of thousands annually visit the spot in order to bathe in it, and by it to be cleansed.

Another tradition is that Shivaji, the founder of the Mahratta kingdom, who died in 1680, once visited Bombay in disguise for the express purpose of bathing at this spot. The tradition is probably true, for Shivaji was a very superstitious man, who lost no opportunity for gaining all the merit ever promised by such religious exercises. When princes or other great personages visit the place, an awning and screen are built out into the tank, so that they may bathe without any inconvenience from the heat of the sun, and without being watched by the crowds who gather at such times.

Around this temple and tank a village must have centred hundreds of years

ago. It is this village, which has now become a part of Bombay, that is called Walkéshwar. In addition to the temple already mentioned, many other small temples and shrines have been built, some of them sacred to other deities than Maha Déva. There are also many houses built to accommodate the priests who officiate at the temples, as well as those who come from a distance to worship when the great festivals are being celebrated. Some of these houses belong to wealthy Hindus in Bombay, who when ill, or after they have grown to be old and infirm, spend much time there, in order that they may enjoy without much exertion what they regard as the invaluable religious privileges of the place.



HINDU TEMPLE AT WALKÉSHWAR, BOMBAY.

In the centre of the picture above may be seen two slender towers. They are built for the purpose of illumination. The tiers of projections, as well as the little holes which are made at intervals all the way to the top, are niches to hold small oil lamps. A few of these lamps are lighted every night, but on special occasions they are all lighted and the place is brilliantly illuminated. Between these two towers are steps leading down to the tank which lies below and to the right, but is not visible in this picture. Between and beyond the lamp-towers is the temple of Maha Déva. To the left are two of the houses which have been mentioned. In the foreground at the right there is a low wall partly enclosing a small space. Places like this, of which there are many about the tank, are for the most part occupied by ascetics who live here for a longer or shorter time. Most of these ascetics remain naked, except that a small cloth is tied about the loins. They are besmeared with ashes from head to foot; their hair is long and unkempt, and altogether they are as miserable and disgusting in appearance as human beings can possibly make themselves.

The rules for obtaining merit are very arbitrary. The most difficult are not necessarily the most meritorious. One of their sacred books says: "If the ascetic who understands the Creator, who chooses the good and eschews the bad, continued his manner of life during one thousand years, his reward would not be equal to that of a man who gives alms on a holy day and fulfils the duties of the day, that is, washing and anointing himself saying prayers and praises."

In consequence of such a belief these sacred places are thronged on festival occasions by crowds who are taught to believe that bathing in the tank, giving alms to the ascetics and the beggars who are always out in force on such days, and offerings to the idols at these times, are of very great value in acquiring happiness for the world to come. It is also important to remember that merit, obtained both by such almsgiving and by ascetic practices, is not at all dependent upon good conduct. Merit may be gained by a bad man as well as by a good man. In fact, such a man often hopes to counterbalance his ill-deserts for a wicked life by special efforts to obtain artificial merit.

The ascetics who are to be found at Walkéshwar generally remain for a number of weeks or months, and then move on to some other similar place. The Brahmans, who are attached to the temples, remain permanently. On the open verandas of the houses, like the farther one in the picture, and around all the temples, may be seen scores of these fat, greasy, and sensual-looking priests, whose duties are evidently light, while their perquisites are large. It is exceedingly interesting to enter into conversation with the various persons whom one meets at such a place. The great majority seem perfectly self-satisfied. Many of them have performed tedious, disagreeable, and even very difficult religious exercises. No money would induce them to give up the meritorious benefits which they confidently hope to enjoy hereafter as the reward of all their sufferings. On the other hand, some may occasionally be found who admit that all these performances cannot take away the stains of sin nor satisfy an immortal soul.

The picture on the next page shows us the entrance to one of the numerous little temples at Walkéshwar. The man seated on the left is the priest who has charge of the idol. Hanging to the right of the door above the other man's head may be seen a bell. Each time a worshiper comes to worship the idol, or when any religious exercise is about to be performed, this bell is rung to call the attention of the god. Outside of and facing the door is a stone figure of a bull. This is an invariable accompaniment of the idol in every temple. It is supposed to be the guardian of the god. Although the idol cannot be seen, it must be directly opposite the door, for its position may always be known by observing the bull outside, which is placed so as to face the idol.

This picture gives a fair specimen of a Hindu temple, not built to accommodate large congregations, but a shrine for the idol. The worshipers come singly or in small groups. The exercises at the temple consist in walking around it, making offerings to the priest, and in prostrating one's self before the idol. It is considered a work of great merit to build a temple, and of course the more temples one builds the greater the merit. Repairing, enlarging, or improving one built by another is not very popular, as the merit for such work goes to the original builder, and not to the man who makes the later additions.

The day for temple-building in India is past. Some are, of course, being erected all the time, but they are not to be compared with many which were built long years ago, and which still inspire wonder. At the same time very many temples and shrines once famous are now neglected and are falling to pieces.



A TEMPLE DOOR AND PRIEST AT WALKÉSHWAR.

It is not too much to say that one potent cause for this state of things is that many of the followers of Maha Déva and of other Hindu deities have transferred their allegiance to Jesus Christ. "He must increase, and they must decrease." Fewer temples may be built, but more and more churches — in which his disciples are ever praying, "Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven" — are annually being erected for the worship of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

NARAYAN, A BRAHMAN BOY.

BY REV. JAMES SMITH, OF AHMEDNAGAR, INDIA.

NARAYAN is the name of a young man who as a boy of ten or twelve years was brought to a missionary in Ahmednagar some sixteen years ago. He was a very small boy for his years, looked half starved, which he really was, and was half clad in dirty cotton rags. He was begging for money to buy food, not for food itself, for he was a Brahman, and dare not, therefore, eat anything that had been touched by any one but a Brahman. The missionary was new to India, and could understand little of his story, but gave him a few cents and asked him to come again. And come again he did. After the third or fourth visit he was given a clean suit of clothes, for which his large dark eyes looked the gratitude he felt.

For some months after this, Narayan did not return to the mission house, and all efforts to find his whereabouts were unsuccessful. One day, however, when all hope of seeing him again had nearly failed, he returned, but could not be induced to enter the house, though he was not averse to talking about where he had been and other matters. During the conversation, lest he should be thought ungrateful, he explained that his relations had inquired where he had got his new clothes, and had told him if he ever went to see the missionary again they would "break his legs." They had also told him that if he went inside the mission house the missionary would "catch him and make him a Christian." He admitted that he was afraid of being made a Christian, though he did not know what that meant, and he did not want, in any case, to disobey his relatives.

These relatives were propitiated, however, by the missionary's paying Narayan's tuition fees at an English school in the town, and for a year all went well. Narayan made rapid progress in English, and two or three times a week made visits to the mission house, sometimes to get assistance in the preparation of his lessons, sometimes to pay a friendly visit. All this while, however, though his clothes were more respectable than they had been before, Narayan's eyes were sunken, his chest flat, and his neck so small that it could almost be spanned by a hand. He made his home with his widowed mother at his uncle's house. This uncle was an officiating Brahman priest, whose income was not large enough for his own family, and hence Narayan and his mother were very unwelcome guests. Narayan became more and more obnoxious to this uncle as his intelligence began to expand under the influence of the school and frequent visits to the mission house. One night Narayan was almost expelled from his home for asking questions about some Hindu legends which his uncle was reading with great solemnity to the family. When he read of the rakshas (giant) who "swal-

lowed the world at one gulp," Narayan asked what the rakshas stood upon after he had swallowed it! The next morning he naïvely told the missionary about the "conundrum" he had proposed, and his narrow escape from expulsion, and was advised not to ask his uncle any more hard questions. One day Narayan proposed that the missionary should open an English school, and after much



JUNIOR CLASS OF MANUAL TRAINING SCHOOL, AHMEDNAGAR.

prayerful consideration and months of planning, the school was opened to bring the missionary into closer contact with Narayan and others like him. This is the school shown in the illustration on a following page, in which nearly 100 Christian boys and more than 200 Hindus, Mohammedans, and others are now receiving

a Christian education. Narayan attended the school for three or four years, and though not a brilliant student, won the love of all his teachers and fellow pupils by his gentle ways and the earnestness with which he prepared his daily tasks.

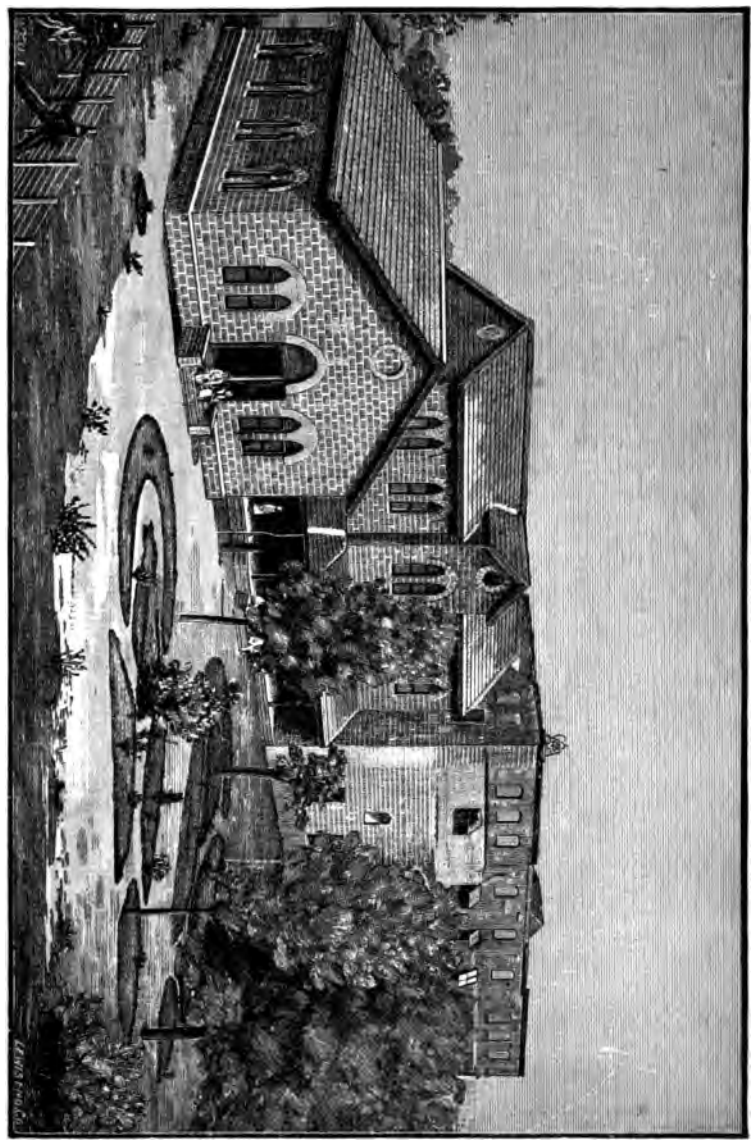
When Narayan's aunt became ill his distress was most painful. He nursed her with the greatest solicitude, got medicines from a European doctor for her, and administered them himself whenever he was allowed by her ignorant friends to do so. When they were convinced that there was no hope of her recovery, they allowed him to bring the doctor to see her, and even then her life and the life of her little babe might have been saved had the doctor's directions been followed. Narayan's entreaties were of no use. Charms and incantations were again resorted to, and the doctor's medicines were laid on the shelf and his directions treated with contempt. The morning after his aunt's death Narayan came to the mission house in great dejection. He told of his efforts, his entreaties, his watchings and nursings, and how all had been frustrated by ignorance and superstition. And, worst of all, his uncle had already gone at nine o'clock in the morning in search of another wife! It may be added that before noon he was betrothed, and the wedding took place a few days later!

Narayan and his mother were now turned out of doors. The relation that had bound him to this uncle had been dissolved by the death of his mother's sister. The uncle had a new wife to support, and could not afford to support *utter strangers*. The missionary would have found the means to support Narayan a short time longer in school, but his mother had to be provided for, and Narayan himself had been married many years before to a little girl, and her parents were clamoring for Narayan to support her. He was now seventeen or eighteen years old, and had passed an examination for a teacher's certificate, so with his still more valuable certificate of "exemplary conduct" he soon found employment in a mission school as a teacher.

Several years have passed since Narayan was obliged to leave school, and he has put his heart into his profession as few teachers do, but he has not given up his studies. He writes and speaks English with remarkable fluency and correctness, but his main study is still the Bible. During the years that he attended the mission school he became deeply interested in the Bible, and especially in the life of Christ. The life and teachings of Christ still continue to be his main subjects of study. He has a large circle of friends, too, whom he has interested in the same story. They all believe that Christ is the only Saviour, while Narayan openly confesses that He is his Saviour. He makes no secret of his faith, but publicly in large assemblies, and privately among his more intimate friends, declares his faith in Christ. With these friends he often visits the houses of missionaries and discusses with them his trials and conflicts until midnight, and never goes home without asking the missionary to pray with him and for him, after which he always prays himself — a Christian's earnest prayer in the name of Jesus.

Narayan's sorrows are all due to his mother, who is a superstitious old woman, but to whom he is passionately devoted. He ever mentions her with the tenderest regard, and he would rather suffer any sorrow on earth than allow her to suffer the slightest pain. When he speaks of Christ she puts her fingers in her ears and refuses to hear a single word. He has exhausted every art in his

endeavor to get a hearing for the "old, old story of Jesus and his love," but in vain. For Narayan to be baptized would be to drive his mother to commit suicide. She has threatened to do so several times, and he says Jesus would not have him be unkind to his mother. *He* was kind to *his* mother. He was kind and



COLLEGE AND HIGH SCHOOL AT AHMEDNAGAR.

loving to all and would have us do like him. He says, "I am not happy now. I cannot be happy as I am, but I am willing to suffer anything for my poor mother. When she is gone and I can do nothing for her, then I shall be baptized. Then my sorrow will be at an end."

Will my young readers pray that Narayan may be faithful unto death?

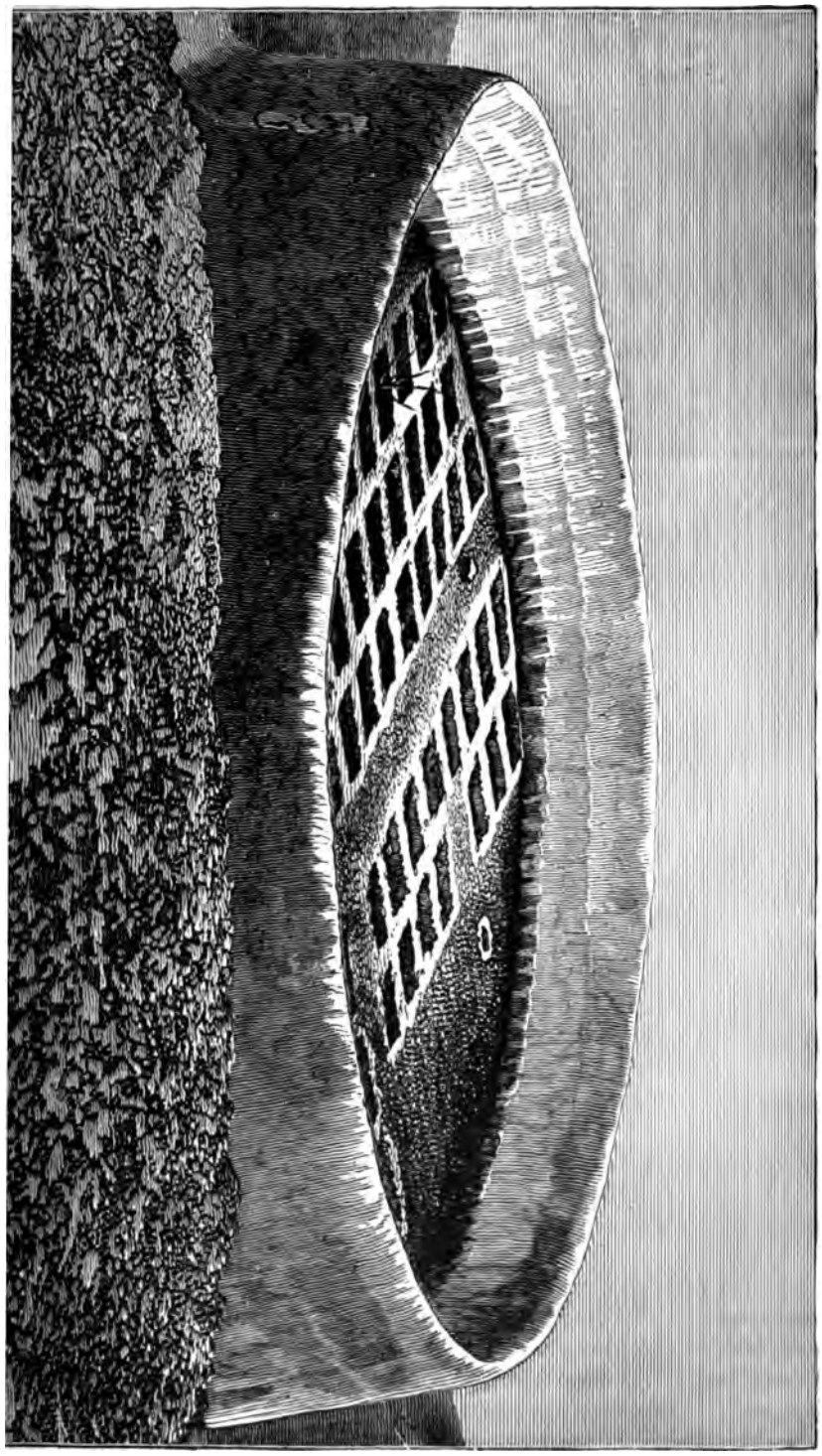
THE PARSIS.

MALABAR HILL in Bombay, India, an elevated point of land making out into the sea, affords one of the most charming views that can anywhere be found. On the top of this hill, made specially beautiful by gardens, may be seen a strange building called "The Towers of Silence," a bird's-eye view of which appears on the following page. The walls of the building are of granite, about twenty-five feet high, and the huge structure has no windows and but one small door. As you will see, it is open to the sky. It is the place to which the Parsis bring the dead bodies of their friends and there leave them.

And who are the Parsis? They are the descendants of the ancient fire-worshipers of Persia who fled to India about the year 720 A.D., when their country was conquered by the Mohammedan Arabs. They form a distinct though not very numerous class of people. By the last census there were 85,000 of them in India, 73,000 of whom were living within the Bombay Presidency. They are an intelligent and well-to-do class, much in advance of the Hindus about them. They are fire-worshipers, though one of their members claims, "We do not worship the fire or the sun; we worship Him of whom they are the type." But another Parsi says that in his childhood he did worship the sun, and that should one watch the Parsis of Bombay at sunset he would see them bowing down to it, and would feel sure they were worshiping the sun.

Their sacred book is the Zend Avesta and their prophet is Zoroaster, who is supposed to have been born in the twelfth century. The Parsis are money-getters preëminently; they are engaged largely in trade, and many of them are successful and rich. Of the Zend Avesta, Sir Monier Williams says: "It is a jumble of a few sublime thoughts mixed up with an overwhelming mass of superstitious ideas expressed in the most obscure and corrupt form of language."

Among the singular customs prevalent among these people one concerns their very birth. A Parsi must be born on the ground floor of a house, since he ought to commence life in humility and advance upward as he grows older. They are greatly given to ablutions, chiefly with the idea of keeping off the evil spirits. At the age of seven years a young Parsi is subjected to a religious ceremony, during which he is bound with a cord or girdle, made up of seventy-two threads, after which he is supposed to be morally accountable. One noticeable point, quite contrary to the practice of all other classes in India, is the custom among the Parsis of permitting the girls to go through the same ceremonies, and to visit the temples and recite the same prayers as do the boys. They are said to be the only class of people in the world who do not use, in one form or another,



tobacco, or some similar noxious weed. This does not appear to be from any high principle, but chiefly on account of cleanliness.

The Parsis are much given to feasting, their feast days being numerous and marked by much eating and merrymaking. The religious ceremonies which accompany these feasts have been thus described: "A number of priests assemble in one of the rooms of a fire temple, bringing a portable fire vessel which is placed on the ground, with offerings of fruit, flowers, and wine. Two priests attend to the sacred fire, while the others sit around and repeat prayers, praises, and thanksgivings conjointly. Laymen also attend, but each repeats his own prayers separately. The fruit and wine are then shared by all present."

The most peculiar of the Parsi customs are those connected with the disposition of their dead. At the time of death the hands and feet are tied, and the body dressed in white clothes. A dog is then brought in, which by his keen scent is supposed to be able to detect and drive away evil spirits. Priests in attendance are praying for the soul of the departed. Inasmuch as no Parsi may touch a dead body, attendants deliver it to four pall-bearers, who are dressed in spotless white. A procession of priests and relatives then moves toward the Towers of Silence. After ceremonies and prayers before the door, the bearers alone enter, laying the corpse upon the stone floor, and then retire. All round the place may be seen at any time a swarm of vultures, watching their opportunity, and the moment the bearers have withdrawn, these vultures swoop down upon the dead body, and in a few moments nothing is left but the bones, clean and bare. The Parsis deem this method of disposing of their dead, so hideous to us, as preferable to burial in the ground.

The Parsi priests are very illiterate, not understanding the prayers they say or the portions of their sacred book which they repeat. But these people are becoming much more intelligent through their contact with the English. Only a few of them have become Christians. Yet one of them who did become a Christian said not long since: "As a Parsi I gave alms, I burned sandalwood, I said prayers, I attended ceremonies, but I had no peace in my heart. But from the hour I gave myself to Christ I have been full of joy, and my joy grows greater every day." The chief reason why so few of them have accepted Christ, doubtless, is the fact that they dread the persecution which would surely follow. One of them said to a missionary, "It would be a matter of leaving my people. My parents are old: my father is favorable to Christianity but my poor mother hates it, and it would grieve me to go against their wishes. But I do love Jesus very much, and I mean to fight under his banner as long as I live." "But," said the missionary, "you have not the colors or the armor of the Captain you serve under. How will the world know and how are Christians to know on whose side you are?" Doubtless this Parsi knew what his duty was, but he was not ready to do it.

On the next page you will see a picture of a Parsi merchant, a fine-looking, intelligent man of Bombay. His *sadara*, or sacred shirt, is covered by his long coat, and the sacred cord is not visible, but he doubtless has it on. His headdress is peculiar, and its fashion is unchangeable. You will notice that the cap has no rim and that it retreats from the forehead backward. It would be deemed disrespectful for this man to take off his cap in the presence of an equal

or a superior. Cotton is the material used for garments by the common classes, but the rich indulge in silks and more costly goods.

Among the religious precepts of the Parsis are many that relate to benevo-



A PARSI MERCHANT OF BOMBAY.

lence, and they are very liberal among their own people. It is said that in the city of Bombay alone they have no less than thirty-two different charitable institutions. Many of their prominent men have been quite friendly toward our missionaries, though not accepting the gospel of Jesus Christ.

SCENES IN JAFFNA, CEYLON.

BY REV. SAMUEL W. HOWLAND, OF JAFFNA.

THE people of Jaffna, Ceylon, are of the Tamil race, like the people in South India, and a description of the one would fit the other in most respects. They were formerly devil-worshipers; but idolatry, introduced by the Brahmans from Northern India some centuries ago, has become the religion of the people, except in a few outlying districts. Many combine the two forms of worship, and that, too, very easily, for the gods of the heathen do not differ much from devils. The trident is used as the symbol of the devil, and is often seen planted before a devil-tree or a rude hut, where the devil is supposed to reside, the three points decorated with gay flowers.



A DEVIL-PRIESTESS.

Persons are sometimes thought to be seized by a devil, who manifests his presence by a series of fits, or by hysteria, or even genuine deviltry. After the evil one has been driven out by whips, hot irons, and other such devices, a charm must be worn to make him keep a proper distance in the future. The charm consists of various cabalistic characters and diagrams scratched on a metal scroll. Some persons give their time to the service of certain devils, and are frequently regarded as possessed. Our cut represents a woman of this kind with trident and drinking-vessel in hand, and charm around the neck, while she is fantastically decorated with strings of seeds, bones, palm-leaf ornaments, and the like. The wilder her hair the better, till sometimes it is almost a veritable head of Medusa with snaky locks.

One of these women recently strayed into a women's meeting in Jaffna, and when she heard the story of Jesus, she exclaimed: "If these things are true, what shall I do?" All her supposed sanctity of life seemed vain in the presence of such teaching. There was a very remarkable instance of such a woman in

North India, accepting Christ and then going all over the country attempting to undo the harm she had done.

Our next cut shows a native house in Jaffna, rather poorer than the average. The roof is a thatch of braided cocoanut-leaves. The white ants, which attack everything of the vegetable kingdom that is not living, have eaten the thatch so that it leaks, and the unthrifty occupants have thrown a few braided leaves loosely over the leaky places. The wall in front is a dilapidated mud wall, a cubic or so in height, while the wall of the house is several feet farther back, made of mud, with wooden posts in the corners to support the wall-plates. There are two rooms, each with a door, but no windows.



NATIVE HOUSE IN JAFFNA.

The rooms are not to live in, but chiefly to keep their possessions in, such as grain, tobacco, clothing, jewelry, etc. The space in front partly shut in, and divided by screens of braided palm-leaf, serves for the sleeping-rooms. The vermin which abound in hot climates are kept out to some extent by a weekly smearing of the floor with diluted cow-manure, which is their universal purifier. The heathen consider it efficacious for purifying from sin, and rub their foreheads and breasts with ashes made from it, as a part of their worship. The floor of hard earth raised several inches becomes soft in the rainy season when the yard is full of water, and the mats of braided strips of palm-leaf, which are their usual beds, do not protect them from severe colds and fevers. Nor is there much protection from the venomous serpents, which always come out in the dark, and are the cause of death to 20,000 persons in India yearly.

The woman in the foreground has a favorite attitude — sitting on the heels and resting the arms on the knees. She is watching the pot that is slow to boil. The

engraver has omitted the range under the pot, consisting of three stones or three cones of baked earth. They usually have a slight roof over it for rainy weather; but for many months there is very little rain, and a covering is then entirely unnecessary. Their dexterity in using their simple apparatus is quite marvelous. The man of the house has gone to the field, carrying his one-handled plow and slender yoke on his shoulder. After helping his neighbors, plowing in lines of six or eight, one after the other, like Elisha of old, he will come in for his dinner and noon rest and that is the best time to make a call upon him, although one needs to be careful about going in the sunshine, for the vacuum thermometer often marks 160° F. in the sun.



A NATIVE OX-CART.

We see in the cut the mother-in-law, the real head of the house, the wife, a widowed sister, and three children. The infant is carried astride the hip. The oldest girl is ready for school, where she will sit on the hard earth floor and write the letters with her forefinger in sand sprinkled before her. She has on her neat little jacket, with the corners tied together in front. The little boy is left to his pleasure as to clothing, and he votes it a nuisance. His mother agrees with him as he rolls around in the dirt, and tumbles over the pots, and perhaps into the dinner. Soot does not show as plainly on his skin as it would on a cloth. He certainly is very successful in getting everywhere he should not. The three women are dressed in the usual strip of seven yards wrapped around and tucked up without pin, button, or any other fastening. Sometimes the husband takes his wife's fine red and yellow cloth and winds it into a turban for

his head for a wedding feast or some such extra occasion, and, very conveniently, the men go on different days from the women. All the strange customs and doings suggested by this picture would take days to describe.

We have but little space to describe our ox-cart on the preceding page. These white oxen, with their large shoulder-humps and hanging dewlaps, are from India. The Jaffna cattle are miserable specimens, hardly larger than a half-grown calf, owing to lack of care and food. These India oxen will often make good time on the excellent macadamized roads of Jaffna, if the driver, sitting between them, faithfully digs his toes into their ribs and twists their tails in the most approved manner. On occasion he even applies his teeth to the tails. The Jaffna carts are usually larger than this, and with a netting across the middle for a bed will accommodate a family for days of travel. The straw



A NATIVE CATECHIST ON A TOUR.

for the oxen is in rolls over the top, and pots and pails hang underneath and at the sides.

Our last cut shows a style of cart becoming quite common, called a "hackery." The little ox costs perhaps three dollars, and the cart not more than eight or ten dollars, and we have a neat little turn-out at no great expense. A catechist holds the reins, which go into the animal's nose, and skilfully balances himself and his bag of books on his rocking perch. Most of our Jaffna catechists go on foot; but in India, where long distances must be traversed, such a conveyance as this enables the catechist to do much more than he otherwise could. The Word of God, in Scripture portions or as explained in tracts, is the most powerful means for the salvation of souls, and this catechist could tell us some most interesting incidents, had we time to listen to him.

IN THE "TIGER'S DEN" IN KASHMIR.

In the great province of the Punjab, India, some fifteen hundred miles northwest of Calcutta, lies the city of Sialkot, which is the centre of missionary work carried on by the United Presbyterian Church of North America. The city is not far from the boundaries of Kashmir and the Himalaya Mountains. The population is about one half Hindu and one half Moslem, and they are very bigoted. Whoever among them turns to the Christian faith will meet the bitterest opposition, as the following story will clearly show.

It was in the year 1866 that Kanaya, the son of the headman of the village of Naya Pind, twenty-six miles from Sialkot, said to an associate, Bhajna, who had become a Christian: "With all my heart and soul, brother, I am with you. Let come what may, I will go with you and be a Christian." Kanaya was a most affectionate husband and father, but Ramdei, his wife, though loyal to her husband, felt that it was a deep disgrace to have her husband become a Christian. Their parents and kindred, and indeed, the whole village, were in a state of great excitement. Some of them began with entreaties and tears to beseech the converts to turn back to their old faith. Others were more violent, and thronging the house where Bhajna and Kanaya were, shouted: "Seize them; beat them; beat them to death!" The two men, escaping from the angry crowd, sat down to read some of the words of Jesus. "A man's foes shall be they of his own household." "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me." "Marvel not, my brethren, if the world hate you."

Being thus obliged to leave his own home, Kanaya sought to induce his wife to bring their children, whom he desired to teach in a Christian way, and live with him; but she was firm in her unbelief, and her relatives and the villagers sought to make the children hate their father. These villagers of Naya Pind made a plot to kidnap Kanaya and make way with him, and for three long months he had no sight of his wife or one of his five children.

At last he determined to enter a legal suit before the English court to obtain possession of his children. Ramdei made no objection to this, and the summons was served. The kinsman and neighbors, both Hindus and Mohammedans, appeared in the court, joining in the chorus of weeping and howling, and beating their breasts, but the court issued the decree that Kanaya should have his children. The end of his troubles now seemed near, for it was believed that Ramdei also would come to live with him if he obtained possession of his children. But when Kanawa went to Naya Pind, his wife and children were nowhere to be found. The neighbors scoffed at him. "Kanaya cannot see his wife and chil-

dren." They had been carried away, no one seemed to know where. For five long months no trace whatever could be found of the lost ones. Occasionally Kanaya would be told that if he would forsake Jesus he could learn where his family were, but the temptation was quickly repelled.



ASCENT OF THE HIMALAYAS IN KASHMIR.

After a time one of Kanaya's relatives divulged the secret. Ramdei and the children were in the village of Jundi, in the kingdom of Kashmir, and she was a servant in the house of Deva Singh, who was one of the most cruel tyrants. A message came from Deva Singh: "Tell Kanaya that if ever he come hither, so sure as I see him, I will shoot him or behead him, and his blood will be upon

his own head." It certainly seemed as if the case was hopeless, and Kanaya was advised by most of his Christian associates to give up the effort to regain his family. He would only lose his own life in the attempt.

But the Christian company were continually in prayer for their afflicted brother, and Kanaya himself held fast to his belief that the Lord would yet give him his family. One day he suddenly announced to his associates: "Brethren, I will go up to Jamu, in Kashmir, and present my petition to the king himself." Humanly speaking, it was a hopeless undertaking, and the brethren could not advise him to run the risk. They called it going "into the tiger's den." But a young Mohammedan servant, who was attached to the Christians and enjoyed their confidence, agreed to go with him, and the brethren could only give their consent, and unite in prayer that God would protect and prosper his servant. When Kanaya reached Jamu he found friends among the *mahawats*, the keepers of the king's elephants, all of them Moslems, who treated him very kindly, and to whom he gave an account of his life. He told them plainly that he had lost his wife and children because he had become a Christian, telling them also why he had become a Christian. From these men he learned how to reach the court. The two judges, one a Hindu and the other a Mohammedan, heard his request that his wife and children, who were at Deva Singh's, should be restored to him. The judges asked him why they were taken from him. With great calmness but very clearly Kanaya replied: "I had become a Christian, your Honor." Immediately the wrath of the Hindu judge was raised to the utmost. "Why have you become a Christian?" he demanded. "I have power and authority to beat you and bind your feet with a rope, and drag you out of the city, and cast you forth headlong." But the conference with the judges went on, and, strange to say, Kanaya had the opportunity to speak in the presence of the court and of all who were near, about the Christian faith and his reasons for embracing it. It was a faithful preaching of the gospel, but the judges were inflexible and ordered a soldier to take Kanaya out of the city, and as for obtaining his children, they said: "Never, never shall you in any way be able to recover them."

Kanaya returned to his friends near Naya Pind. After a time it occurred to some of them that there was an attorney near them who was a personal friend of the judges in Kashmir, and a letter from him might possibly help Kanaya before the court. This letter was obtained and Kanaya made a second visit so Jamu, but notwithstanding the letter, the judges were still inexorable. One of them said: "If you will forsake Jesus, we will at once restore to you your family." To which Kanaya replied: "If my life must be the price, I will neither deny Jesus nor forsake him." The judges then declared that it was impossible for him to obtain his children "even if the heavens should be turned upside down."

Once more Kanaya returned with an agonized heart to his desolate home, but he was heard to say: "When God gives a *hukam* then I shall see them. All power and authority belong to him."

A hukam is an order from a superior officer, and such an order, strange to say, Kanaya obtained not long afterward from the English Commissioner. In the capture and concealment of Ramdei a decree of a district court had been

broken, and when this was shown to the highest official an order was obtained addressed to the *Maharaja* himself, calling upon him to see that the decree of the court was obeyed, and the children given over to their father. Armed with this hukam Kanaya started on his third journey to Jamu. We have not room here to tell the long story of the difficulties he encountered. The wrath of the people and of the officials was greatly stirred. It was said that if the children



KANAYA AND HIS ASSOCIATES.

were not delivered up in accordance with this hukam, then the treaty between the Maharaja and the English would be broken, and that there would be war between Kashmir and the British. The judges deliberated a long while. The matter was talked about throughout all the city. Never was Christianity so widely advertised in that region. The people listened over and over again to the reasons which induced Kanaya to become a Christian. The officials did not dare to dis-

obey the mandate of the English Commissioner, and they finally issued the order to deliver over to Kanaya his children. But even then it was not an easy matter to find them. Every obstruction possible was put in his way, but at last he discovered them in a house, and presenting his order from the court, he joyfully took his children back to Naya Pind, carrying two of them, who were sick, in little beds suspended by a bamboo pole across his shoulders. As he reached his associates on Sabbath morning, the Christian band that had been praying for them so long broke out in loud shouts of thanksgiving: "They have come. they have come; the children and Kanaya have come!"

This striking story, only the main features of which we have been able to give, is found in Dr. Andrew Gordon's volume, "Our India Mission," from which



MOSLEMS OF INDIA.

we have been permitted to give the picture of Kanaya and his associates on the preceding page. In this picture Kanaya is the one sitting at the right hand, with Ramdei next to him. The other woman is Basso, their daughter, while Bhajna stands at the left of the group. The whole story of these people is a most thrilling one, and is vouched for by Dr. Gordon as true. Ramdei subsequently became a Christian, and Kanaya is now headman of his village, honored and trusted by all. There are now in Kanaya's home both children and children's children, as happy a household as can anywhere be found, all the happier, it is said, for the sad years through which he has passed. He now rejoices, "believing in God with all his house."

KO-THAH-BYU, THE KAREN APOSTLE.

In the year 1827 the Karens of Burma were a poor, despised, and scattered people, without a written language, often enslaved and cruelly abused by the Burmans. They were children of the forest, the mountain, and the jungle, hiding at times from their oppressors. Those who dared to live in the cities were seized as slaves for even a trifling debt. They were held together by race traditions and by a religion distinct from any other about them, having no idols nor any Buddhist beliefs. They said that their ancestors came from the northwest "across the running river of sand;" and they claimed to have had religious



A RED KAREN VILLAGE.

books which had been lost by their forefathers. They retained traditions of the creation, the fall of man, and the flood, which correspond most wonderfully to the Old Testament history. They handed down from father to son the assurance that there was a God and that he would yet save them. "Hence," wrote the Karen San-qua-la, after he became a Christian teacher — "hence, in their deep affliction, they prayed: 'If God will save us, let him save speedily. We can endure these sufferings no longer. Alas! where is God?'"

The Karen elders also taught their children many excellent moral precepts. So remarkable is their likeness to the divine commandments given to the Jews that some have thought the Karen race must have descended from the lost tribes of Israel. San-qua-la says: "We were instructed never to forget God, to pray to him every day and every night. A prophet also told us that white foreigners would come, who were our younger brethren, and that they were righteous and had the words of God, and that with them happiness would arrive."

To this wretched and waiting people came at length the promised deliverance. They heard rumors that the white foreigners were coming and prayed diligently for their arrival. It was in April, 1827, that Mr. Judson, of the American Baptist Mission, notes among hopeful enquirers a Karen, Ko-Thah-byu by name, a man of very ordinary abilities, exceedingly ignorant, passionate, and immoral. He accepted the truth of Christ, but it was a year before he gave such evidence of a change that the little Burman church ventured to receive him. At his baptism in 1828 he was forty years old, had recently married, and had studied enough to read the Burman Bible. Three Karen visitors in Tavoy witnessed his baptism, and they urged him to go back with them and teach their people. He consented, and from that day he ceased not to travel up and down the land, preaching Jesus. The Karens listened eagerly. Was not this the God who could deliver? Ko-Thah-byu often returned to Tavoy, bringing companies of natives for further instruction. One day he found a very interesting young Karen in the niche of a a Buddhist temple, where he had been fasting two days. He had heard of Buddha's rules from the Burmans, and thought he would try this austerity in hope of future reward. He listened to the Christian teaching, took a Christian book, and returned to his forest to impart the knowledge he had gained to others. Soon he was back in Tavoy, where Ko-Thah-byu spent nearly a whole night in telling him the way of God more perfectly.

Ko-Thah-byu was now always devising new and judicious plans of doing good. His wife was with him on one long tour, and when he had preached awhile in a certain place he said to his host: "Brother, it is very pleasant staying with thee, but my wife wishes to go to Tshiekku." So he took his wife to tell the good news in Tshiekku, while he went over the mountains to another village. December 16, 1830, he returned to Tavoy with nearly forty in his train, who had all come to receive baptism. In the rainy season, when it was impossible to travel, this diligent Christian would teach school. But preaching was his ruling passion. He was once out in a boat with a missionary when they were in great danger of drowning. He cried out in distress, but not merely in fear for himself, or in grief at parting from his family. "Teacher," he said, "we shall all be drowned, and I shall never more preach the Word of God to the Karens!"

The Karens repaid his toil. The missionary, Mr. Mason, visited the eastern Karen settlements where Ko-Thah-byu had labored most, and he wrote thence: "I date no longer from a heathen land. I am seated in the midst of a Christian village, surrounded by a people that love as Christians, converse as Christians, act like Christians, and look like Christians. I see no dwellings but those inhabited by Christian families."

In 1833 Ko-Thah-byu began to travel through northern Burma. Fifty Karens soon sought further instruction from the missionaries at Rangoon, saying that

their neighbors were coming soon. And they did come in throngs. Sometimes for months together nothing would be heard of Ko-Thah-byu, until companies of Karens converted by his labors would arrive for baptism, or a missionary would



KO-THAH-BYU MEMORIAL HALL.

be sent for to visit new churches in the wilderness gathered under his preaching. One such visit, in 1836, is recorded, when 167 persons were found in one place, all of whom were received into the church, "sustaining as good an examination

as an equal number of converts in America would do." One hundred more stood ready for baptism.

Ko-Thah-byu was in love with this gospel work. In other matters he was inefficient: in this he was all alive and seemed nerved with more than mortal energy. He would not pass a person on the road without a few words about the great things of God, and if the person consented, would sit down by the wayside and preach to him by the hour. He knew little else save the way of eternal life, but this he knew perfectly and preached powerfully.

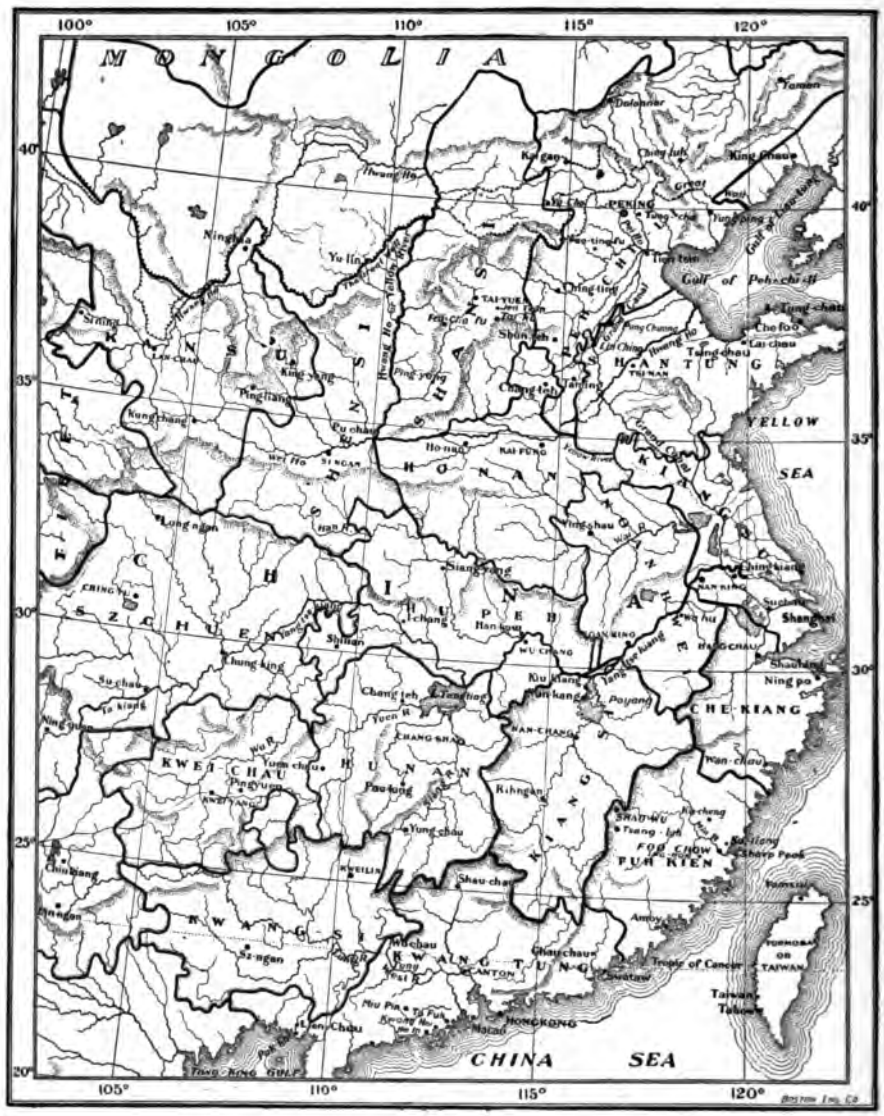
But how came it that such a man, dull to a proverb on other subjects, should show such surprising power and force of illustration the moment he touched his favorite theme? One of his assistants answered the question thus: "Ko-Thah-byu was an ignorant and stupid man, ***but God was with him.***" He knew that he was nothing and could do nothing, and this drove him to prayer. When not preaching he read the Bible and prayed. This he did aloud, though in a low tone, and was known to spend whole days in this way. After evening worship he would keep on until nine, ten, or eleven o'clock, and he seldom spent a whole night in sleep, praying as many as three times. Here was the secret of his power.



A KAREN PREACHER.

After twelve years of incessant labor this humble and faithful apostle finished his course with joy, on the ninth of September, 1840. No anxieties troubled him. To all questions he answered: "Teacher, God will preserve me." No monument marks his grave, but in 1878, fifty years after his baptism, the "Ko-Thah-byu Memorial Hall" was dedicated in the city of Bassein as a Christian training school for the Karens. *The Baptist Missionary Magazine* has kindly loaned us a cut of this memorial hall, and also one of a Red Karen village. The hall accommodates three hundred pupils, and the Karens themselves built it at a cost of over $30,000. At that time the number of Karen Christians in Baptist churches was twenty thousand. This number has largely increased since then, and the good work still goes on and prospers. All glory be to God.

China.

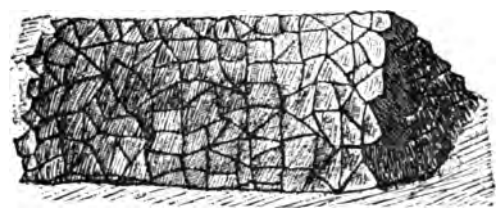

MONGOLIA
PEKING
SHANTUNG
YELLOW SEA
HONAN
KIANGSU
CHEKIANG
FUH KIEN
KWEI CHAU
HUNAN
KWANGTUNG
HONGKONG
CHINA SEA
100°
105°
110°
115°
120°
40°
35°
30°
25°
20°

UNDER THE SHADOW OF CHINA'S GREAT WALL.

BY REV. WM. P. SPRAGUE, OF KALGAN, NORTH CHINA.

If any one doubts the existence of China's Great Wall, let him come with me to Kalgan, and see for himself the identical wall built by the first Emperor Chin, in 200 B.C.

Take a steamer across the Pacific to Tientsin, then a native boat up the Pei Ho River three days, then pack-saddle or mule-litter five days more, through mountains and plains to Kalgan. Before you reach the city you see a dark line along the hilltops just beyond the town, and by the time you enter our compound you see the wall stretching away over the mountains as far as the eye can reach, both east and west, with towers on all the prominent elevations. As we pay it a visit for closer inspection, you find it a windrow or ridge of reddish-brown porphyry rock broken, not cut, into irregular blocks. These are so well fitted to each other that the outer surface is tolerably smooth and has somewhat the appearance of crazy-patchwork. The accompanying diagram may help you form some idea of its shape.



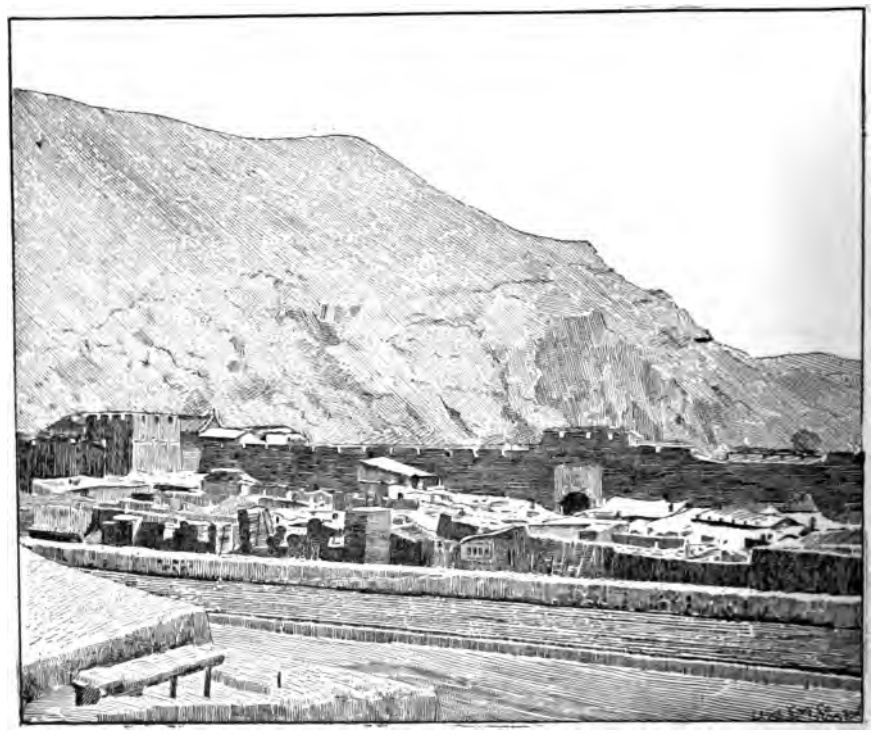
OUTER GREAT WALL AT KALGAN.

It is about ten feet broad at base and fifteen feet high, the sides sloping to a sharp ridge like a steep house-roof. You may follow this wall eastward to the sea, and westward to Kansuh, the northwestern province; and so doing you will have traversed the entire northern frontier of China, fifteen hundred miles. Though you find several hundred miles of adobe sun-dried mud-wall, yet other hundreds of miles are of good brick and higher than at Kalgan. By the time you have traced its length you will be willing to concede, not only that China has a great wall, but also that the ruler who could conquer so vast a country, drive out the invading Tartars, and build a fortification fifteen hundred miles long to keep them out, was worthy to be called the First Emperor, and to give his name (China) to the country.

If any one laughs at the folly of spending so much labor on such a useless defence, let him remember that it was a defence only against horseback riders, armed with nothing but bows and arrows. A few guards on the watchtowers could, with their signal fires on the mountain-tops, easily rouse the villagers, far

and near, to the defence of their homes. And this wall accomplished its purpose for over a thousand years, when the great Ghenghis Khan with his brave Mongol followers broke their way through. In the picture of Kalgan on this page you may see the gateway through which he forced his way in his victorious march to Peking and the conquest of the empire.

This section of the Great Wall becomes for half a mile the city wall of Kalgan. A beautiful temple is built on this wall to celebrate Ghenghis Khan's victorious passage.



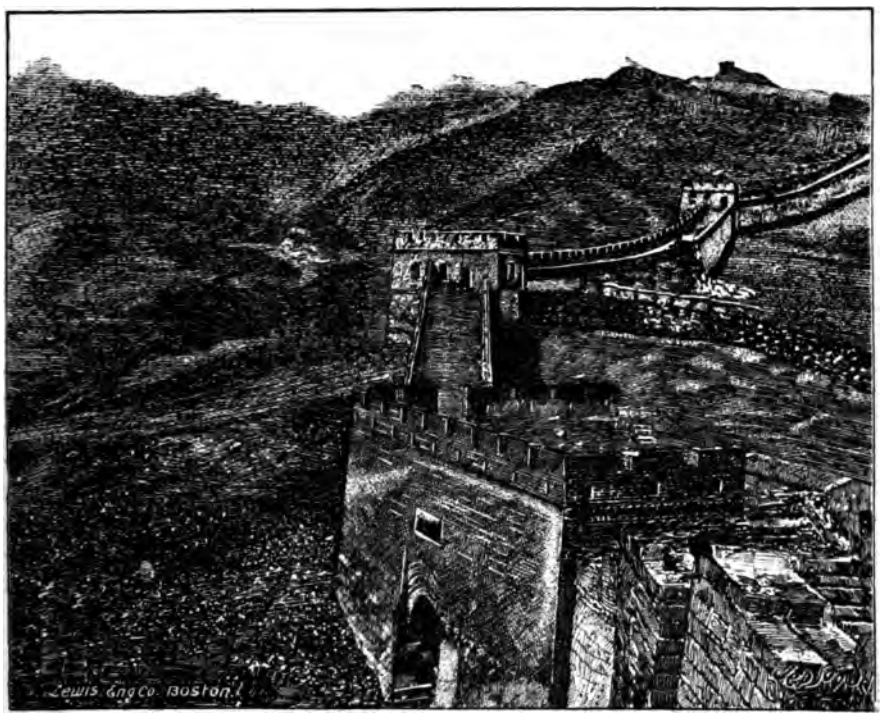
NORTH WALL AND GATE OF KALGAN.

This two-thousand-year-old wall is little known to the world at large, because there is another wall much oftener visited and described by visitors from the Western world. It is near Peking and a far more imposing structure. A section of it is shown in the cut on the next page. This is only an inner arm of the Great Wall, but five hundred miles long and not so old by seven hundred years. It is built of cut granite and good brick, and is thirty feet wide at its base, twenty-five feet wide at the top, and thirty feet high. It is a fine sight as it winds over the highest mountain-tops.

But there is a certain little millet field and threshing-floor within a mile of that outer Great Wall at Kalgan which is to become more famous than either of these walls. The field was bought in 1881 by the missionaries for the American Board, and on it has been built the first Protestant church edifice in all this northern region. An American church-bell, hung in a tower beside this chapel,

calls together from fifty to one hundred Christians for prayer and worship. The drawing on the last page shows the bell and tower and side of the chapel. There are also built upon this ground three missionary residences and two school buildings.

Out from this Bethel sounds the gospel of salvation in many ways. First in importance is the teaching of Bible truth to the young. We have had a boys' day-school for more than twenty years. Several from this school have become useful Christians. One is now a preacher and several others are studying for the ministry. And now we have started a boarding school that we may have the



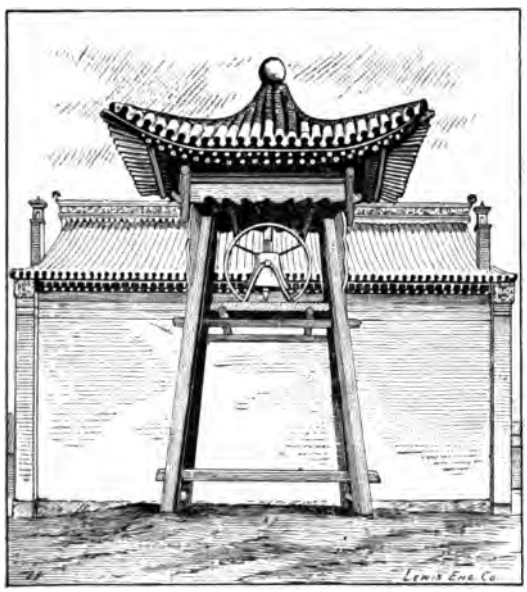
INNER GREAT WALL NEAR PEKING.

promising boys under our more immediate influence and instruction. We shall fit some of them for the college department of our central school at Tung-cho, and such as prove efficient and seem to be called of God to the work will continue through the Theological Seminary. One of the boys in the boarding school at Kalgan is supported by a Christian Endeavor Society in the State of New York. There are more bright, Christian boys waiting to be adopted by other societies. It costs but $25 a year to do this. Who would like to aid in this work?

Outside of these schools we have applications from young men to teach them the Bible in the winter time, inasmuch as in the summer they are too busy on their farms even to listen to preaching. We usually have a class of twenty or thirty of these. Some are Christians and want to work for God, but do not

know how. Others are inquirers after truth, and here as elsewhere those who honestly seek for the truth find it. It requires about $5 to help one of these country youths to a winter's study of the Bible.

And then, for the little bound-footed girls, we have the best school of all. It is a boarding school in a good building on our compound, and Miss Diament gives to them her almost undivided attention. Some of the girls are children of church members, while others are children of heathen parents. All are being loosened from a bondage of error and superstition worse than foot-binding. Many of these come from dark and filthy houses of ignorance and misery and cruelty. In this bright, cheerful school home they learn godliness and cleanliness and good housekeeping. And then they go back prepared, with God's help, to renovate, enlighten, and transform these houses of sorrow into happy Christian homes.



BELL AND TOWER OF CHAPEL.

To support one of these girls in this school requires about $30 a year. There are now about sixteen of them. Who wants to help more girls out of the darkness into the blessed sunshine of the gospel? For each of these schools and the missionary work they represent, we bespeak your sympathy and your prayers.

Are there not some sons and daughters of the King, who read this account, who will, for Christ's sake, come to these ends of the earth to help save some of these for whom Christ came from heaven? Are there not others who would like to send a substitute to tell these perishing ones the wonderful words of God's love? In the schools above spoken of see an opportunity of training and sending forth your missionary to rescue many of China's millions. And will not each of you hereafter, as you think of China's Great Wall, also think of, pity, and pray for the great multitudes who live under its shadow?

THE WORSHIP OF THE FAIRY FOX.

BY REV. HENRY KINGMAN, OF TUNG-CHO, NORTH CHINA.

I THINK we have all of us, whether we are so old as to have forgotten it, or so young as to remember it very well, passed through a time when we believed in fairies. But as we get older, fairy stories lose their interest for us, and when



A TOWER IN THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

we learn that our bread and butter and all the other pleasant things of life come only by working for them, and not by the kindness of fairies, — or such delightful little creatures as Palmer Cox's brownies, — then we lose faith in them altogether, and become quite too sober and matter-of-fact. And this is where you and I are very different from a Chinaman; because, no matter how hard a Chinaman has to rake and hoe and grub for his daily bread, his faith in the

fairies never leaves him. If you see an old Chinese gentleman with large spectacles, and a face so grave that it makes you quite chilly even to look at him, you would never think that he would kneel down and pray to a fairy that any small boy at home could tell him was all moonshine. And yet he will! and do more than this too, if he is one of the common people.

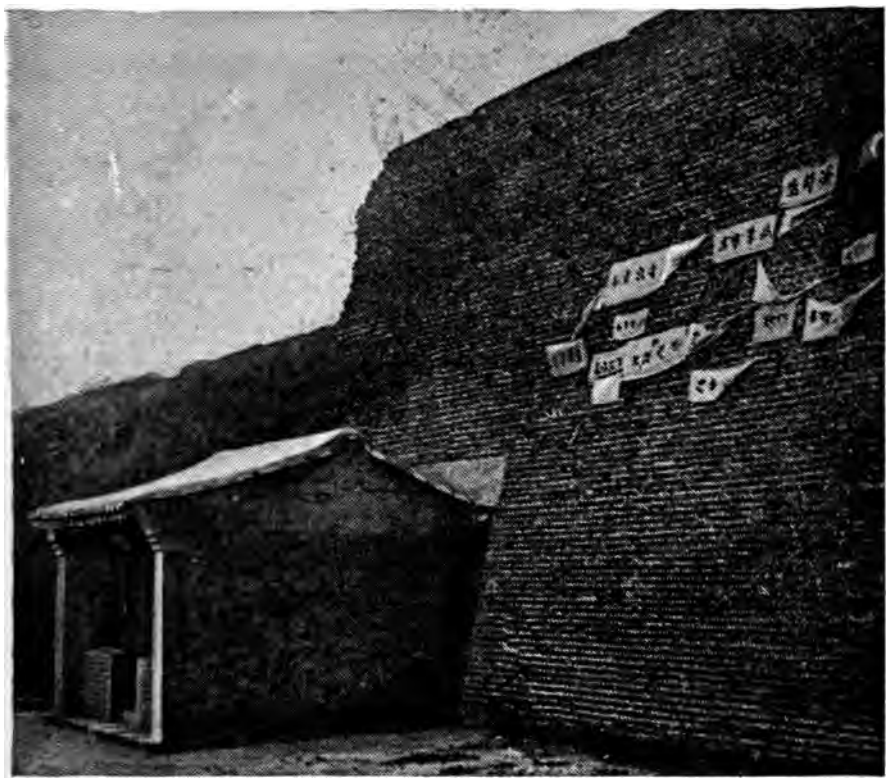
I really wish that the Chinese fairies were more like these same brownies that you all know so well — always wearing a smile or a grin and brimming over with goodhumor and helpfulness. But if you were to guess from now till nighttime what sort of fairies they are that nearly all the common people of Tientsin believe in and worship, I am sure you would not guess rightly; they are the "Fairy family": the fox, snake, hedgehog, weasel, and rat. Not the kind with gossamer wings, you see, or in the shape of little men and women — but very ugly creatures that most of us do not even care to look at. And the people's belief in them is not at all a make-believe kind of faith, but a worship in downright earnest. You will find shrines for them in many houses.

When I was in Mongolia last summer, I was looking at one of these large towers of the Great Wall, like the one in the foregoing picture, only higher, and trying to find out how we could climb up to the top. On one side of it, in the stonework that you see around its base, there was a small hole, just large enough for a man to crawl into on his hands and knees; this ran right into the tower, into pitch darkness. We crawled in. There was a little tunnel inside, with a square hole at one end of it leading up to the top of the tower; but the tunnel itself was very dark and dirty, and just the place for a beast's den — for it was far from any houses, and there are foxes and wolves in Mongolia which would be glad of such a hiding-place. As we crawled out we noticed pieces of paper pasted on the stone, with characters written on them. What do you think they said? That wretched little hole had been dedicated as a home of the fairy fox, and these pieces of paper, with sentences of prayer or praise on them, had been brought by worshipers and pasted about the door of this curious temple. Some one had probably seen a fox take refuge there, and jumped to the conclusion that it was the real fairy fox and that he must be worshiped.

Now can you tell a fairy fox from a common everyday fox? The trouble is just there; it is hard to tell, except when you see him in the very act of changing into a beautiful woman or an old man, or perhaps vanishing entirely; then you know that it was a fairy fox. But although every Chinaman knows and is taught that the fox can make these changes easily, yet very few have really seen him just at the moment when the change was taking place. Ancient philosophers say that the fox at the age of fifty can take the form of a woman; at one hundred can become a young girl or a wizard, if he chooses; that at one thousand he is admitted to the heavens, and becomes the "celestial fox." The common people, though, say that he only has to practise certain occult arts for 600 fairy years — which are only eighty of our years — and then he is immortal and can change his shape as he pleases.

A year or two ago, in the city of Tung-cho, a man saw, or pretended to see, a fairy fox take refuge in a hole in the city wall. The news spread quickly, and people began to come from all quarters to offer worship at the hole in the brickwork and pray for what they wanted most. As offerings flowed in, a little temple

was built against the side of the wall, as you see it in this picture below; and here hundreds burned their incense and besought the fairy fox to be merciful to them and help them. Some thought that the powerful fairy heard their prayers and sent an answer. These brought strips of cloth, with short sentences of praise or of thanksgiving written on them, and hung them on the wall above the shrine, as you see them there. One of these, which you often see on idol shrines, has the words "Ask and it shall he given"; another calls the fox "Preserver of all life"; and some refer to him as enlightening or saving all men. Indeed he is



A FOX TEMPLE BY THE CITY WALL AT TUNG-CHO.

constantly working miracles of healing or help, so the people believe, and the worship of many a gorgeous idol in the temple is neglected for that of the god-fox.

If you were to go into his temple, here in Tientsin, you would not see any image of the fox himself, but only one of a solemn Chinese mandarin, with his wife, — Mrs. Fox, — sitting by his side, and a number of small boys and girls about them — the little foxes. It is not considered respectful to make a picture or an image of him as an animal, so he appears always as a grave old gentleman, very unlike the sly, skulking creature that you and I have always thought a fox to be. You could never tell, if you were to go into a Chinese temple, what the idols were meant to represent, whether animals or men or fire or thunder or

money or long life, or what else. Below is one, for example, of the thunder-spirit — the very unamiable-looking old patriarch in the middle is he, with mallet and chisel in his hand and a chubby attendant on either side.

There is only room here to say two things more. First, Do you live in New England, pretty near where the *Missionary Herald* is published? If you do, then I think the fairy fox used to be worshiped, much as the Chinese worship him, by the very people who once lived there before you — that is, the Indians. The Pilgrim fathers could have told you about it very well, and John Eliot, who was the great missionary to our own Massachusetts Indians, saw so much of this curious belief that he has written about it in his books. And there, if you look,



THE THUNDER SPIRIT.

you will find what they believed. But the second thing is the more important one. When you next pray to our Father who is in heaven, and especially when you have any trouble or need to bring to him for help or comfort, remember those who at such a time have no better than a fox to tell their troubles to. There are thousands here about me who, when they are in great sorrow, go in all earnestness to beg these five poor animals to help them, not knowing where else to go. Let us remember then, when we pray, to thank our heavenly Father that we know him. Perhaps some day and in some way we may even help those who are now worshiping the fairy fox to thank him with us.

JAMES GILMOUR OF MONGOLIA.

In that glorious, long-promised day when Christ shall reign in every land and heart, and when even Mongolia shall be the home of a pure and happy people, this name will shine in her annals as a star of the early dawn. In him Scotland has given for the world's redemption another of her strong, resolute, self-denying sons. James Gilmour was born at Cathkin, near Glasgow, June 12, 1843. He received his early training in a household of Congregationalist Christians, who every Sunday walked five miles to worship with a church of their own order in Glasgow. His father, a joiner and timber merchant, gave to his bright, studious boy every opportunity for thorough education and in due time he was graduated at the University of Glasgow. He had not a shred of indolence in his nature and his superior scholarship secured for him many prizes, but, as he always shrank from speaking about himself, it was not till near the close of his University career that his comrades saw he had been preparing for some great work. When it became known that such a distinguished scholar meant to be a foreign missionary, thus giving his life for Christ among the heathen, the moral effect was very great. To some it proved an unspeakable blessing.

At his ordination Mr. Gilmour said: "Even on the low ground of common sense I seemed called to be a missionary. Is the kingdom a harvest field? Then I thought it reasonable that I should work where work was most abundant and the workers were fewest. But I go out as a missionary, not that I may follow the dictates of common sense but that I may obey that command of Christ, 'Go ye into all the world and preach.' This command seems to me strictly a missionary injunction, so that, apart altogether from choice and other lower reasons, my going forth is a matter of obedience to a plain command; and in place of seeking to assign a reason for going abroad, I would prefer to say that I have failed to discover any reason why I should remain at home."

It was in February, 1870, when he was twenty-six years of age, that James Gilmour sailed for China, under appointment from the London Missionary Society. A work among the Mongols had been begun in 1817, by two Englishmen, who translated the whole Bible into Mongolian before they were ordered, in 1841, by the Russian emperor, to leave the Buriat province, which was under Russian control. It was to reopen this mission that Mr. Gilmour was sent out. The London Mission at Peking formed the base of operations, but, hardly pausing there, he set out alone for the north.

Mongolia is a vast, almost unknown territory, the largest dependency of the Chinese empire, stretching nearly 3,000 miles from the Sea of Japan on the east to Turkestan on the west, and about 900 miles from the Chinese Wall on the south to Siberia on the north. Its high tablelands are reached through rugged mountain gorges. Central and Western Mongolia are inhabited by a roving people, who drive their flocks and herds over the plains for pasturage in summer and cluster in huts during the winter. Eastern Mongolians are agriculturists. The winter is long and cold, the summer heat is often oppressive, and the great central plain is subject to severe storms of wind, dust, and rain.



Yours in loving sympathy
James Gilmour

No country under heaven is more completely in the grasp of its religious system. Buddhism is everywhere; half the men are Buddhist priests, or lamas. "Meet a Mongol on the road and he is probably counting his beads or saying his prayers. Ask him where he is going and he will probably say, 'To the temple.'" But when a Mongol sends for a lama to read prayers in his tent, the inmates do not listen; if they did, they could not understand, and they talk on much as usual. Of one young lama Mr. Gilmour wrote: "He is about as wicked a boy as I know, a thoroughly bad lad." Priests and people are made stolid, ignorant, and poor by the excessive use of whiskey, opium, and tobacco. Their best land is devoted to these products.

Mr. Gilmour's first Mongolian journey took a month's time — from the southern frontier at Kalgan across the great plain, by the camel-cart and ox-cart route, to the Siberian town of Kiachta. Being detained there several months, he suffered great depression from the intense loneliness. He then declared his conviction that two missionaries should always go together. This makes it the more pathetic that in all his twenty years of toil he never really had a colleague. One

after another was appointed, but from force of circumstances was soon withdrawn.

Gilmour finally plunged into the tent life of a friendly Mongol; thus rapidly acquiring the language and enlarging his knowledge of the people. He lived on indigestible meat, brick tea, and boiled millet, and sat endlessly in tents among lamas, giving up the luxury even of a morning walk for private devotions. "For why," asked the suspicious Mongols, "should a foreigner get out of bed at sunrise and climb a hill for nothing? He must be secretly taking away the luck of the land!" With simple remedies the missionary treated their diseases and secured their confidence until he became known among them as "Our Gilmour."



JAMES GILMOUR'S TENT.

Still he could not do all they asked, for one wanted to be made clever, another to be cured of hunger, and many men wanted medicine to make their beards grow while almost everybody desired a skin as white as the foreigner's.

This was the summer life from 1870 through 1874, the winters being spent in Peking, whither Mongols resort and where the gospel was as earnestly declared to them as on the plain. In December, 1874, Mr. Gilmour was married to Miss Prankard, the sister of a Peking missionary, who came out from England as his promised wife, though they had never met till her arrival in China. This was nevertheless a most happy marriage.

"You need not be the least shy of me or of my English wife," wrote Mr. Gilmour to a Scotch friend; "she is a good lassie, any quantity better than me; as much and perhaps more of a Christian and a missionary than I am."

When the Mongolian trips were resumed, this delicately nurtured lady went also; doing her part in winning the people and facing perils, privations, and daily crosses with cheerful fortitude. They had two tents, one for themselves

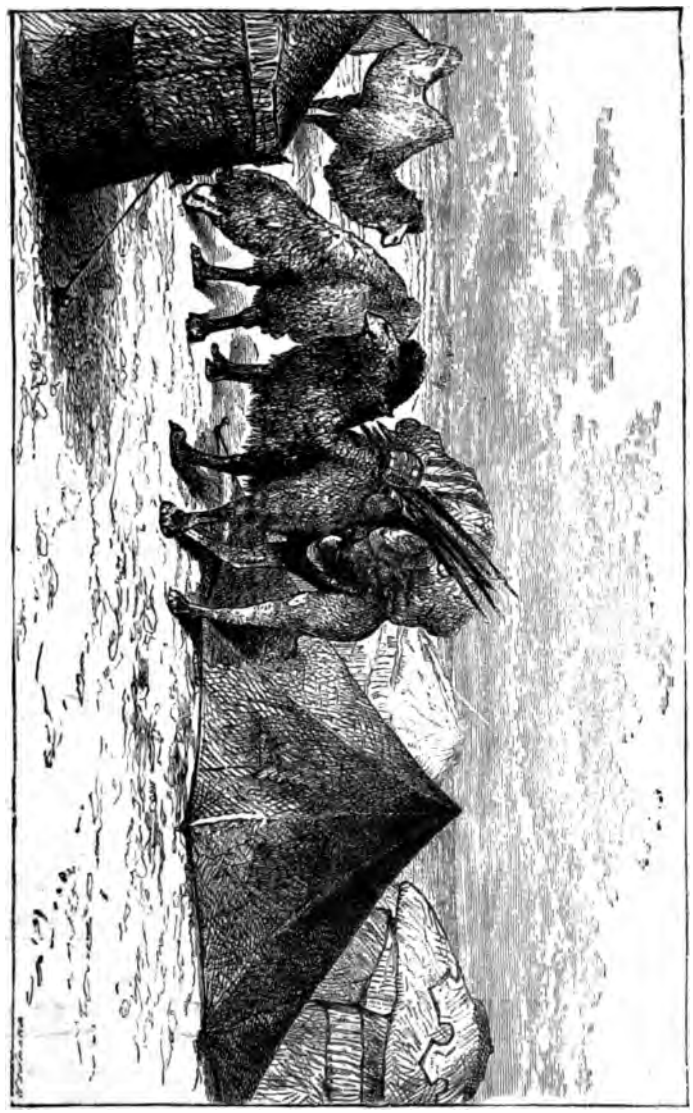
only, but were obliged to keep open house or be thought haughty. So at meals, devotions, ablutions, there the Mongols were! The Gilmours were rewarded by often hearing their visitors say that while other foreigners were harsh and distant these people were gentle and accessible. But in the shape of converts there were no results. Nobody even *wanted* to be a Christian until 1885, when one Mongol taught by Mr. Gilmour was baptized at Kalgan. This great joy was soon followed by the great sorrow of Mrs. Gilmour's death and by the parting with their two boys, who were sent home for education.

Leaving the Mongols of the plain, who were now somewhat benefited by the American Board Mission at Kalgan, Mr. Gilmour went to the farming people of Eastern Mongolia, among whom there are many Chinamen. Here till 1891 he sowed in tears; reaping no harvest among the Mongols but gathering in a few Chinese converts. He found every imposing building in the towns to be either a distillery or a pawnshop, while gambling and opium-eating filled up the measure of poverty, disease, and sin. He adopted the native dress, lived on native food, and often took his bowl of porridge in the street, on a stool, by the boiler of an itinerant restaurant keeper. His average expense for food was threepence a day.

He set up his tent in marketplaces, dispensing medicines, selling Christian books, and teaching the truth as it is in Jesus to any who would hear. He lived under great spiritual tension as well as in utter solitude of heart. No man more needed the comfort of fellowship, but he did not allow the failure of all efforts to secure him a colleague to hinder the work. On one tour he wrote of himself and his Chinese servant: "The ten days we passed there we were the song of the drunkard and the jest of the abject, but the peace of God passes all understanding, and that kept my heart and mind. We put a calm front on; put out our stand daily, and carried ourselves as if nothing had happened. The great thought in my mind these days, and the great object of my life is to be like Christ. . . . I feel called to go through all this sort of thing and feel perfectly secure in God's hands. One thing I am sure of. The thousands here need salvation. God is most anxious to give it to them; where, then, is the hindrance? In them? I hardly think so. In God? No. In me, then! The thing I am praying away at now is that he would remove that hindrance by whatever process is necessary. I dare not tell you how much I pray." Again, "I am distressed at so few conversions here, but sometimes very fully satisfied in believing I am trying to do his will. That makes me calm. . . . Brother, let us be faithful; that is what God wants, what he can use." . . .

A few years of this strain brought down the strength of the lonely worker, and in 1889 he was obliged to take his second voyage home. The first had been in 1882, after twelve years' service. Eight months in England now restored him wonderfully. His worn look disappeared, his smile was bright, and his form regained much of its former life and spring. Returned to Mongolia, he modified his vegetarian regimen, and rested more on Sundays, taking only the services with Christians and inquirers, and not setting up his tent in the streets on that day. Moreover a young and likeminded colleague reached him in December, 1890, and all promised well for future service. Being called to Tientsin in April, 1891, he wrote home: "I am in A1 health, everybody says so here, and that

truly. Meantime I am in clover, physically and spiritually." Only one month more and a sudden fever had taken him away! He died at Tientsin, May 21, 1891. His noble self-sacrifice, perseverance, and courage were just beginning to tell visibly. His withdrawal is a mystery indeed. But he has made a plain



A MONGOL ENCAMPMENT.

path for those who shall follow him, and has left to the whole Church an inspiring example of victorious trust and obedience amid long disappointment and delay. "Ablaze from first to last with a passionate desire to set forth Christ in his majesty and mercy," he gave the highest proof that Christ dwelt in him by heroic submission to the will of God.

SCENES IN SOUTH CHINA.

BY REV. C. R. HAGER, M.D., OF HONG KONG.

IT is just fourteen years since the South China Mission of the American Board was founded. At that time there was not a single chapel, not a single school belonging to the mission, whereas to-day the mission reports show some 188 members, with five schools in the interior, four in Canton, and five in Hong Kong, while the number of chapels that are under the care of the mission



THE CONFERENCE OF THE SOUTH CHINA MISSION.

embraces nine in the country, two in Canton, and one in Hong Kong. The accompanying photo-engraving shows all the preachers and many of the Christians from the country. At the beginning of February of 1897, or just after Chinese New Year, we held our second annual Congregational Conference, which was attended by some seventy or eighty persons. Some of the members present have lived in New York, some in San Francisco, and some in Australia, so that it was quite a representative body of our Chinese Christians. If you will scan the picture closely, you will observe that many faces indicate a high order of intelligence. Surely the Lord has wrought great things for some of these men

who have been renewed in mind and heart. The bands of superstition which once bound their intellects have been forever severed and they are free men, free in intellect and free in heart. Altogether the fifteen or twenty preachers and teachers who are in the group are, with few exceptions, a strong set of men, and they are sure to be leaders among their own people in China. It was a great joy as well as delight to see this large gathering, where seven years ago we did not even have a chapel; but the greatest joy of all was to hear the earnest, spiritual addresses made, some of which were really inspiring.

The second picture represents Mrs. Hager's kindergarten school, which is in Hong Kong. Some thirty or forty children are in constant attendance, and it is marvelous how much of Scripture these little ones learn. Their songs and their plays are all in Chinese, but they go through their various movements with an



MRS. HAGER'S KINDERGARTEN AT HONG KONG.

ease that would speak well for older persons. They also learn a number of hymns which they sing quite well.

The school has been quite an object lesson to travelers and to Chinese who do not know anything about amusing children and instructing them at the same time. At the last Christmas occasion they had a separate Christmas tree, but before they received their little presents of stockings, sweetmeats, apples, and other dainties, they told the story of the angels' song, the Saviour's birth, and the shepherds watching their flocks by night. Then followed a number of songs, which the little three or four-year-old children sang with a great deal of spirit. The mothers and fathers of the children were all present and took great delight in seeing their little ones so happy and in receiving these little tokens for their faithfulness. Heathen mothers often come and peep in at the door and watch

the children at their plays. When a child comes to school with dirty face and hands, it is sent home to be washed, so that cleanliness is one of the first lessons taught. The picture shows some of the blocks with which the children play, while a few of the children of missionaries stand in the rear.

We have recently had an experience of sharp persecution in the village of Miu Pin. A piece of ground had been bought for a chapel, the money paid for it having been raised in America, chiefly among the Yung clan. Yung Chan, our helper at Hoi Hau Fau, had conducted the business, and this so aroused the anger of some of the villagers that one of them gave him a beating. Yung Chan's family were persecuted in such ways that they had to flee. A placard was posted boycotting both Yung Chan and Yung Pak, and the material bought for the chapel was seized and carried away. Yung Pak's father was compelled to sign a paper stating that if his son should be killed, he would not charge the deed to these villagers. Thirty dollars were offered for the head of Yung Chan. We had demanded through our consul that the lives of the Christians should be protected, that the stolen material should be restored, and that we be allowed to build at once.

But when we visited Miu Pin, together with some eight Christians, we found the placard boycotting Yung Chan and Yung Pak posted prominently, and we tore it down. This aroused the anger of the women, who tried to snatch the placard from us. They cursed us to our faces, slandered us in the most opprobrious language, and finally began to throw dirt at us. Not satisfied with this, some went to the fields to get filth to pelt us with. I escaped with only a little dry dirt thrown at me, though some of the young men urged the women to throw me into the pond. I never saw such furious women; they snatched at anything and everything to throw at me. One of the younger women railed at me in these words: "Who asked you to come to our village? You have no business here." She forgot that about 200 of her clan were in America. Five of our party were terribly bespotted; their caps, clothes, and even faces were one mass of dirt. The women seemed verily beside themselves. For a time I feared for the lives of some of our party and that our baggage would be stolen. The last man who escaped was Yung Chan, whom the villagers really wanted to catch, and he came near not being able to get away.

We were glad when we found ourselves unharmed and at a safe distance from the village. But what a sight we were! During the fray the gong was beaten, calling other villagers to come and help destroy us. The men urged on the women to do their worst, and they did it. Seldom have I seen such an uproar, and of course we were "killed," "drowned," "hanged," "cut to pieces," "beheaded" (as far as words went) a hundred times. We held a council, the result of which was my taking four of the men who were thus decorated with mud to San Ming city, where I wished to give the mandarin an object lesson that could not be questioned as to what his people had done. Unfortunately the mandarin was not at home, and the next day we walked some seven miles to find him. He was not very anxious to see us, but I presented my four men to him, and he again promised to punish the elders of the village and to render us full satisfaction. But will he do it? I have determined to give him no rest until he does attend to the matter.

The third picture represents a scene from actual life. It shows our Christian salt-fish dealer. He is weighing some salt fish, while another of our Christians stands near him with a string of cash thrown over his shoulder and a basket in his hand. This fish dealer goes to different markets, and he has secured quite a reputation for having good salt fish. He always has a few copies of the Gospel with him, so that when his fish are disposed of he sells the Scriptures.

Some little time ago a few wicked men stole his fish and the Gospels as well, and when the matter was reported to the authorities, the magistrate did not believe that he sold Scriptures. But such was the actual fact. He has led quite a number of Chinese to give up idol worship, and until recently, has held a service in his own village, instructing the little band of Christians. Some time ago



THE CHRISTIAN SALT-FISH DEALER.

the village women beat his wife for her faith in Christ, so that, for the present, the Christians have not assembled themselves together, as the village elders made a great ado about their meeting. All the Christians, however, remain firm, and the little company of believers keep pretty well together. It is a time of trial for them, but let us hope the Lord will soon deliver them out of the hand of their enemies. One of the greatest trials of this faithful fish dealer is that his eldest son is not a Christian, and he invites many an earnest Christian to talk to him so that he may accept the truth. At the beginning of this year his son virtually promised that next year he would become a Christian. May he keep his promise and thus rejoice the heart of his father!

THE "CELESTIAL" BEGGAR.

BY REV. HARLAN P. BEACH.

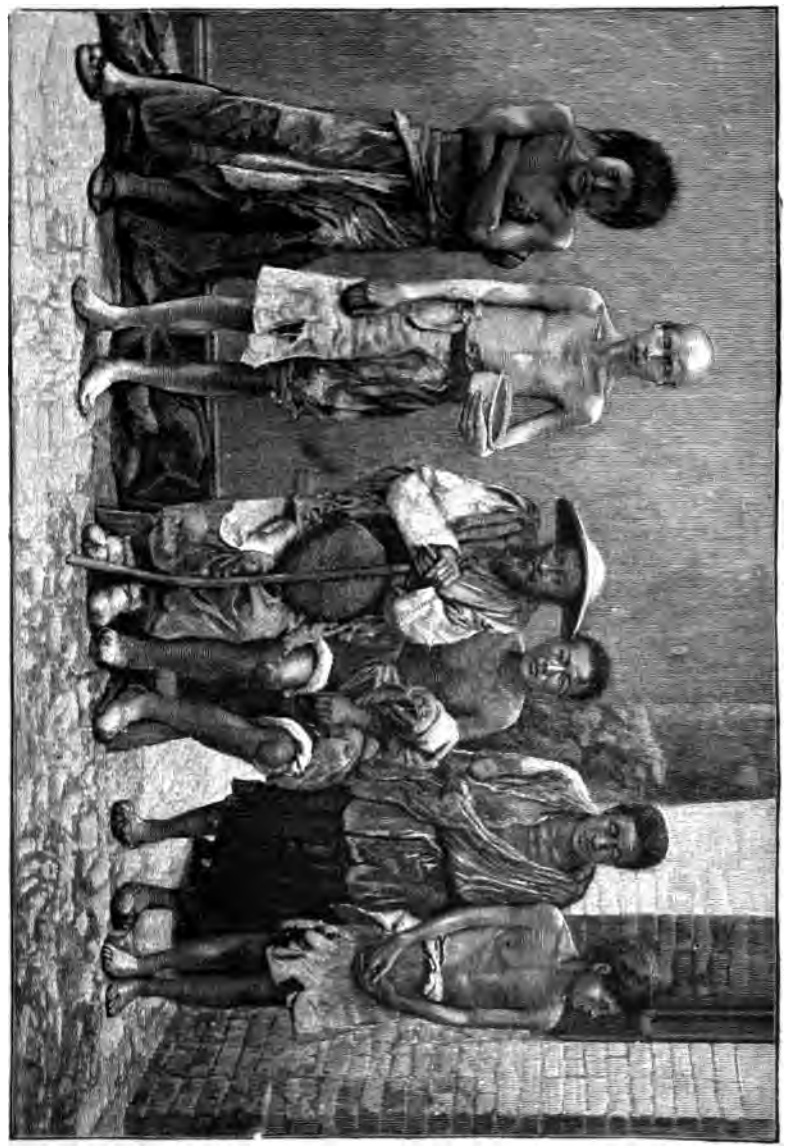
CHINA is not the land of careful statisticians. Her census-takers are ignorant of the value of social statistics, and hence a thousand questions which an enterprising foreigner wishes answered must remain unanswered. A traveler landing on Chinese shores, especially if he visits only southern cities, will be as much struck by the number and misery of the leper and beggar classes as by anything he sees. "How many are there in the whole empire, if the one province of Canton can furnish so many?" he asks. But he asks in vain. His inquiries about the life of those poor unfortunates can be more fully answered.

True leprosy is confined to the southern portion of the empire, and more lepers are to be seen near Canton than elsewhere. Attacked by the dread disease, his family forthwith drive him forth as an outcast, to dwell in filthy lazarettos with others of his kind. The dishonesty of the keepers deprives the inmates of much of their food, and hence they are forced to go to the city gates and other public places and ask alms. The sight of these wretches, portions of whose hands or feet are sloughed off, is enough to awaken pity without the usual beggar's wail.

The ordinary mendicant is well represented in the cut of a group of beggars on the next page, reproduced from a Peking photograph. Of the six figures, the blind boy on the right and the two men at the left are the oftenest seen. The old man in the centre, with a shallow basket in his lap, is one of the frequenters of gruel-kitchens connected with a few of the Buddhist temples. Thither he goes in the morning and receives his dole of thin millet gruel, after which he repairs to some crowded thoroughfare, on the side of which he kneels with basket before him appealing for cash.

The younger beggars are a public nuisance. They demand in polite language that "the practicer of virtue, the great and venerable sir, bestow upon them one cash." If a single cash is given, — a twelfth of a cent, — the beggar falls back and asks no more. If one does not understand the custom and gives several cash, he is followed and forced by howls and cries to give more still. Sometimes a semi-respectablity is gained by carrying two slips of wood attached together by a cord. The possessor takes up his station before a shop and with the clappers plays an accompaniment to a rude ditty sung in a falsetto voice. If trade is dull, the merchant allows him to sing some time before giving a cash, partly to discourage him from coming again, and partly to keep away the next beggar, who may not be musical, but will rely upon his abject, crouching attitude and doleful moans for moving his audience. Hard-hearted merchants are sometimes brought to terms in heroic fashion. The beggar will dash his head against a wall until it bleeds, and then threaten to kill himself, in which event the merchant would be held accountable for his death.

Such a life is, at best, full of suffering, but it is especially so with religious mendicants. A priest, for example, wishes money to repair his temple. He may thrust a skewer through his cheek and out of his mouth, and refuse to remove it until the money is given; or he will pierce his arm with a number of rods to



A GROUP OF BEGGARS AT PEKING.

which weights are attached, and go about begging in that condition. Near one of the temples in Peking there was, until recently, a small brick cell within which a priest was walled up. He remained there night and day for three years, when his scheme had secured the requisite funds and he was released.

Winter is naturally the foe of the beggar class. Tattered sacking only half-

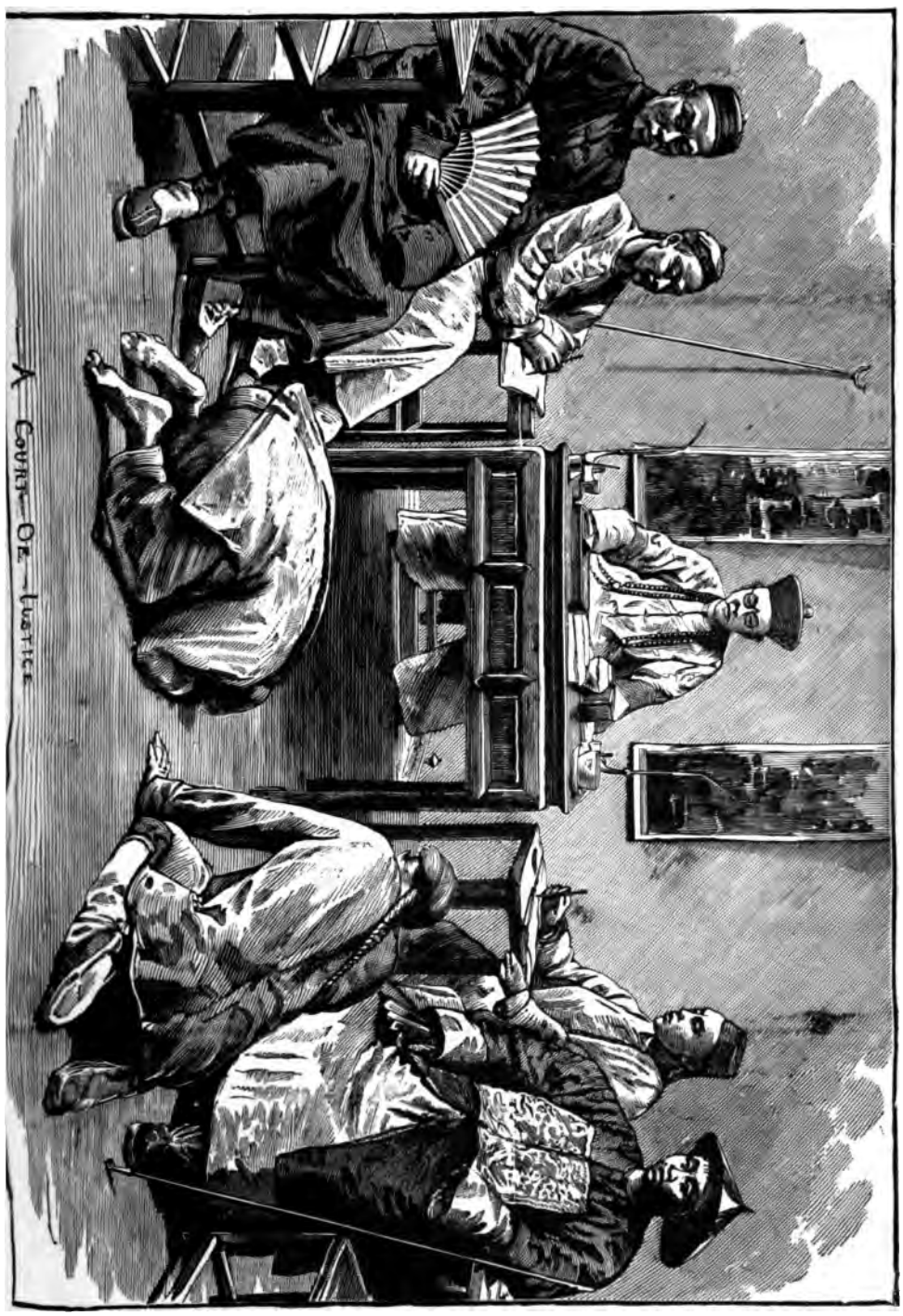
covering the limbs affords but scanty protection against biting winds, and a cold morning in a large city reveals frozen corpses under porches and doorways where the poor wretches try to find a shelter from the bitter cold. But such a day is also a harvest-time for the survivors of the night. They rub their skin thoroughly with arsenic, which enables them to endure cold, and then stand with exposed limbs, howling as if nearly frozen. Cash flows in rapidly and naturally. Sometimes such a bowl as the second man from the left in the picture is carrying is filled with coals. The owner than squats over it, pulls his rags about him, and shivers as if at the point of death. All but the initiated are moved with pity.

A worse, though less common foe than winter is the law, or rather a perversion of it. A murder may be committed and the culprit cannot be found. Some one must die for the crime, and a beggar may be seized and examined in the style of the two kneeling men in the illustration of a court of justice on the next page. He is not guilty, and says so; but torture, such as the bastinado, kneeling on chains, being hung by the thumbs, etc., finally obliges him to confess a crime of which he is not guilty, and he is beheaded. No jury is there to protect him, but might makes right, and there is one less beggar to ask for aid.

Does not the government try to alleviate the misery of this large class? you ask. To some extent it does. A species of poor-tax is collected by the beggars themselves, in the manner already described. A headman, or king of the beggars, has them in charge, and assigns them to certain wards of the city. Sometimes shopkeepers pay him a fixed sum per annum, and he forbids his people from troubling them. So at weddings and funerals, where a horde of beggars would be an annoyance, immunity can be secured by the payment of a fee to their "king." But the population is so large and competition so sharp that the government can do but little to regulate and diminish pauperism. This is particularly true in the case of victims of the opium habit, which each year adds multitudes to the pauper class.

As has been said, Buddhism is doing a little to help the poor by opening gruel-kitchens for a few months of the year. In the south a few old and crippled beggars are provided with homes; but in general none cares for them. The late Rev. J. Crossette was the only missionary doing systematic work for this class. A home for beggars was opened in Peking, at the expense of the Episcopal Mission located there, and Mr. Crossette gave his time to the trying work. Sleeping and eating with them, wearing Chinese clothes scarcely superior to theirs, they learned in the warmth and cheer of his beggars' home something of the love of Christ which shone forth so conspicuously in their friend. When he died, they felt that the ideal saint had left them forever.

Other missionaries have done much individual work for beggars. One of our North China preachers, and in a sense, our first martyr, began life as a beggar, in childhood having been carried about half-naked to awaken sympathy on cold winter days. Another dear saint, "Hoopoe Venerable Lady" of Tung-cho, is a bright jewel plucked from the filth of a beggar's life, and is now one of the ornaments of our church. Christianity is ever doing its blessed work of transferring Lazarus, full of sores, from beggars' miseries to an honored seat at the Master's Banquet House of Love.


A Court Of Justice

CONFUCIUS AND HIS SON OF THE SEVENTIETH GENERATION.



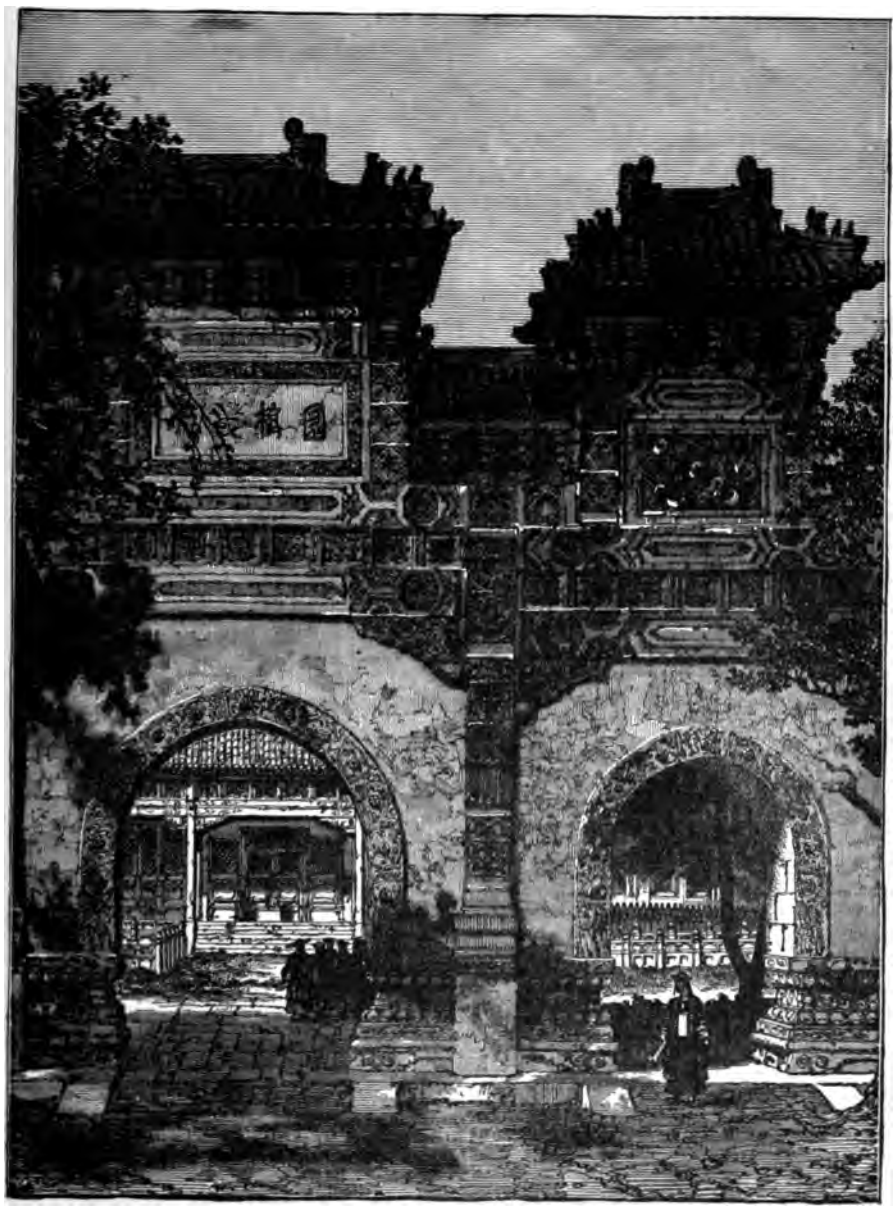
LANTERN-BEARER.

IT was in 1644, while our fathers laying the foundations of a Christian in New England, that the Manchu emp took the throne of China. But it w the time of Ezra, the Hebrew reformer rebuilt Jerusalem, 551 years B.C., that fucius, the Chinese sage, was bor Yenchou, in the southern part of the ince of Shantung. His father, who district magistrate, died when Confucit three years old, and it was his mother trained him up. Even in youth he remarkable for his gravity and his know of ancient learning, so that when h twenty years old, a year after his marriage, he was intrusted with a re office, and afterwards was made supervisor of fields and herds.

When Confucius was twenty-three, his mother died, and according to an custom he immediately dropped all active employments to mourn for her years. Meanwhile he devoted himself to study; the only "study," hov was then as now the examination of the ancient writings. At the age of Confucius was already in repute as a teacher. His king sent him to the rial court, and on his return his scholars increased in numbers, and his fam spread abroad. Public opinion began to be influenced by his example, an ciples flocked to him from all parts of the land. Amid the disorder and r of his province, produced by the struggles of three rival families to gain su acy, Confucius remained neutral. When the civil strife ended in the fli the rebels, he was made magistrate of the town of Chung-tu and "minis crime." He was now fifty years old, and he carried on the affairs of state such wisdom and success that other provinces began to dread the growing of Ting, his sovereign. In order to lessen it, a neighboring king seduced from the paths of sobriety and morality by tempting gifts. This scheme v successful that the young monarch ended by driving Confucius from his co into private life. He left home and traveled from place to place, with as disciples as chose to follow. Sometimes he was applauded, sometimes cuted. At the age of sixty-eight he returned and gave his time to comp his edition of the classics, still teaching his now large band of scholars, un

death at the age of seventy-three, in the year 478 B.C. A few days before he died he walked feebly about his house, sighing, —

"The great mountain is broken!
The strong beam is thrown down!
The wise man withers like a plant!"



TEMPLE OF CONFUCIUS.

He left a single descendant, his grandson, Tze-sze, through whom the succession has been transmitted to the present day. Confucius stands before his country-

men as a sage and a demigod, and his posterity, whatever their character, r all honor. None of the hereditary dignities existing previous to the M conquest were recognized, except those attached to his family. A lette our missionary, Mr. Ament, of North China, dated December 8, 1888, giv following account of the reverence paid to an unworthy representative far-descended house of Confucius.

"While in Cho-Chou" writes Mr. Ament, "we were favored with a goo of the lineal descendant of Confucius in the seventieth generation. H young man about twenty years of age, and has just been to Peking to cel his marriage. As he is the first subject in the empire, outranking all princ nobles except those of royal blood, he travels with great display, wholly of at imperial expense. He, his mother, and his bride were carried in blue chairs with eight bearers, each preceded by a company of soldiers and an who carried the emperor's passport strapped carefully on his back, so an that the royal yellow silk document was visible to all. An immense t horses and carts followed in the rear.

"Nothing could exceed the perfect respect and reverence with whic holy man with the blood of the great Confucius, 'the Perfect One,' flow his veins is regarded by all classes of the people. Though the street lined with people, hardly a word was spoken or a motion made as the proc went past. This boy has a nation at his feet. Notwithstanding his ancest the high honors paid him, the boy is a degraded opium-smoker, and his ki I am told, are in a state of great moral decay. But as an advertisem Confucianism he is a great success. Princes struggle for a glance at hir word with him, and all classes count it an honor to have him pass throug borders. It would take hardier and more substantial virtue than Confuc can create to endure the weakening influence of seventy generations of and physical inactivity."

The leading features of the teaching of Confucius are subordination to riors and fair dealing with our fellowmen. Entering into even trifling det inculcates the duties owed by children to their parents, wives to their hus subjects to their prince, etc.

"His Four Books and Five Classics," says Mr. S. Wells Williams, " not, so far as regards their intrinsic character in comparison with other p tions, be considered anything more than curiosities in literature for their an and language, were it not for the incomparable influence they have exerte so many millions of minds. The explanation of this influence is to be fo their use as textbooks in the schools and competitive examinations." Th free from allusions to whatever debases and vitiates the heart, and thi redeeming quality not to be undervalued. The furniture of a Chinese scho consists merely of a desk and stool for each pupil, a raised seat for the n and a tablet or inscription on the wall dedicated to Confucius and the g letters. The sage is styled the "teacher and pattern of all ages," and ince constantly burned in honor of them both.

Confucius makes no reference to any accountability to an unseen His own high rule of conduct has therefore failed to make his followers h

to raise them in the scale of being. As an example of what is now done in China, where Confucianism has had sway for more than 2,400 years, we quote again from Mr. Ament's letter. He had just visited a Chinese prisoner. "We saw the iron chain hanging about his neck and observed his generally pitiable condition. He was dressed in the thinnest garments, suitable for warm weather only, and had eaten nothing for two days. His friends succeeded in seeing him after he had been imprisoned four days, and reported that he had received no



A CHINESE COURT OF JUSTICE.

food or water in all that time, and his tongue was so swollen that he could hardly speak. Dante's Inferno is a feeble representation of the horrors of a Chinese prison, reeking with filth, the victims chained in the most uncomfortable attitudes, and not fed or watered unless their friends come forward with a very liberal sum of money, which in most cases they are utterly unable to do. Only in the last extremity, when life is almost extinct, are the prisoners given food or water enough to keep body and soul together."

Confucianism is known by its fruits.

HELPER HO.

BY REV. C. A. STANLEY, OF TIENTSIN, CHINA.

A RECENT mail brought the sad intelligence of the death of Ho Shêng Ching, of Pang Chia village, Shantung. His loss to the station is as the falling of a strong pillar, and I hardly know how to express my own sense of bereavement. I well remember my first meeting with Mr. Ho, in March, 1872. I was spending a few days with the Christians at the village of Ti Chi, about one hundred and seventy miles south of Tientsin, when an invitation came through a native helper, who had met Mr. Ho a few times, to visit his village, distant about eight miles. I spent part of two days and a night with him. He was known as a "seeker after doctrine." He was attentive, respectful, quiet in demeanor, yet manifestly in earnest. Attention to myself and the neighbors who came in to "hear the doctrine," that is, to see the foreigner, occupied the time till dinner was served. The afternoon was given to reading and expounding from the New Testament, answering questions, and free conversation. The room was full of comers and goers most of the time, all full of questions concerning foreign lands and customs, in which Mr. Ho took little interest.

Supper over, a "three-room building" — practically one room about 30 x 12 feet — was filled with his family, relatives, and friends, to hear the more formal expounding of the "new sect." At one end of the room were a square table on which were a few books and a cottonseed-oil lamp that made darkness visible, two or three chairs for the "guest men," and some rude benches for the villagers, while in the dim distance were the women of the household on the brick-platform bed, looking like spectres in the darkness. (These latter retired about eleven o'clock.) Questions and conversation followed the preaching till after midnight. Then the large room became my bedroom, but not until the guest was "between the blankets" and the question, "Does the pastor wish anything?" *re*-negatived from this retreat, did mine hosts of the Ho family retire. They were on hand betimes in the morning, "according to the rules of propriety," to render all required assistance. The whole scene is so characteristic of Chinese hospitality and of our first visit to new places that somewhat full reference is made to it. The next day was occupied much as the night had been, few outsiders being present. The curious had seen — and gone their way.

Mr. Ho's decision was made at that time and he at once desired baptism. This was characteristic of the man. To me it seemed best that he should learn more of the truth and get a clearer conception of the step he proposed to take. In the afternoon I went to Ti Chi for the Sabbath. Mr. Ho came to worship with us on Sunday and again pressed for baptism. Imperfect knowledge, connection

with the principal family of the village, and difficulty of rendering assistance or encouragement in case of opposition influenced me still to discourage this step. During the week I returned to Tientsin. He knew that sickness in my family rendered probable my speedy return to the United States, and hence it was not long before he made the journey to Tientsin, 170 miles, to see me before I left



A STREET IN PEKING.

and again prefer his desire. The points he urged were that "he knew no other 'pastor;'" "others might not have time to visit his distant place;" "I would not return for a long time, possibly not at all." Confident of his *sincerity* from the first, duty now seemed plain, and he returned home rejoicing in having received the seal of a follower of the divine Master.

A few incidents will more fully illustrate the character of the man. He received about a year's preparation for preaching during one winter in the train-

ing school at Tung-cho, and two or three winters in the station-class at Tientsin. The two or three months of instruction at Tientsin, crowded between fall and spring tours and given by one engaged in daily chapel preaching, seemed inadequate for such a case, but his progress in the six months at Tung-cho was so unsatisfactory that he was not permitted to return. He was not understood nor appreciated. Over forty years of age, eager to understand the Bible and tell others of the Saviour, he had no heart to "waste time" on other matters. Incidentally, whatever illustrated and enforced Bible truth had its value, but to his mind, at his age and with his desire, not as a *study*. "This one thing I do."

On one of my tours it was reported that the little mud-image in a niche in the wall under the covered entrance to Mr. Ho's yard had not been removed and that this image must have been left as an evidence to his friends that he was not a Christian; that is, that he was only following us for gain. I looked and, sure enough, found the "door guardian" on duty, but evidently much neglected. I alluded to it incidentally in conversation. Brother Ho expressed surprise, for he had told some one to remove it. Absorbed with the greater things of his new life, he had forgotten this little matter and so it served as a handle for doubt and an accusation.

When the famine of 1878–79 came and the way opened for relief on a small scale, brother Ho placed his house and anything I needed at my disposal.

There I organized the relief work, with the efficient aid of himself and other helpers, and his home became the centre of operations which extended over about six months of time, and gradually covered a radius of over six miles of territory. Over eighteen thousand persons whose names were entered received aid, and twice or thrice that number were directly benefited in the families assisted. Mr. Ho entered with great earnestness and good judgment into the evangelistic efforts that followed the famine relief, to gather in the spiritual harvest. His was the moving and guiding spirit, and he was the burden-bearer in the effort which resulted last year in a neat brick sanctuary for the church that had hitherto worshiped in the mud-rooms of his own family's providing, which had overflowed and been enlarged, more than once, by knocking holes in partitions. It was no narrow benevolence that accomplished so much. And in the results that followed the famine work, in the more than three hundred members detached from Tientsin when the new station was formed in 1881, in the growth since then of the little village churches, and in the extension of the work, brother Ho's life, labors, and influence must be counted as a constant and important factor. He was one of the Christians of whose sincerity and genuine conversion I never had occasion to doubt. To the unbelieving question, "Do you think that any Chinaman has been converted?" I would let Ho Shêng Ching be the answer and reprover as well — and hundreds more of like character.

Dr. Porter writes from Shantung of the sickness and death of Mr. Ho. "Jesus is in my heart," he said, and he was ready to go. A Christian burial followed, attended by a large company of sincere mourners. On the next Sabbath a memorial service was held in the crowded chapel, and the text of the discourse was chosen as fitly describing the character of the man: "Whether we live we

live unto the Lord, and whether we die we die unto the Lord." Dr. Porter adds: "I did not suppose I could esteem and love one of an alien race so much. But he was not an alien. He was and is of 'the family of God.' He had a supreme love for that America of which he had learned so much. It shames one to think



CHINESE TRADERS BY THE RIVER BANK.

that his exalted conception must suffer loss before the reality. That there should be bad men in America seemed to him beyond belief. I speak of this to point the contrast between the thought of a Christian Chinaman and the thought of the civilized heathen in America."

A CHINESE SUNDAY.

BY REV. H. P. PERKINS, OF LIN CHING, NORTH CHINA.

NOT one of *our* Sundays, but a heathen Sunday. You will soon see how different they are. Ours are regular and come every seventh day, but theirs only when some temple fair and festival is to be held. Here are a few pictures of such a temple, which is having its winter festival.



EATING STALLS AT TEMPLE.

The first shows you the outside grounds of the temple, whose buildings you partly see over the high wall. Half the people of Lin Ching city have come to attend this all-day meeting; in fact it lasts three days. In the picture we see a few of them. They seem to be eating and drinking, either sitting on the ground or standing under those large umbrella tents.

Our honest friend who stands so near us has got a day off from his hard outdoor work, and is bound to see all he can. Perhaps if he gets time enough in the future to learn about the Bible he may become a Christian; and I think he looks like one who would hold on to the truth if it really entered his heart.

The chief god of this temple is supposed to be a great policeman, who keeps his eye on the people when living and decides when they ought to die and appear before him. Then he sends out two or three of his police devils, who seize the departing soul and bring it before him for its sentence of punishment: for nearly all the Chinese believe in a future punishment of sin, while but a small part have yet heard that the true God is willing to forgive the sins of all who truly repent. Now these heathen judge of their gods by themselves, and they suppose that they are quite like all the officials they ever knew. Hence they believe that this police spirit will, if he receives large bribes, make their punishment much lighter than it really ought to be.

But how shall they send him, living in the spirit world, money? I will tell



PAPER MONEY SELLER.

you. Many of them know how to make make-believe money out of paper. Some of it is cut round like cash, while some is made into shapes like the blocks of silver and gold which the rich bankers use. For a few cents worth of real money one can buy a peck or two of this spirit money, and this he brings to the temple and burns before the god, and feels that he has done a pretty shrewd thing in laying up so much treasure in Hades.

Here is a money-seller just crossing the river to go to the fair to which we are also going. I feel quite sure that this man does n't burn any of these blocks of paper silver that shine so brightly; not he. He would be only too glad to sell all in his net for a string of cash, and would hurry home to make another load.

But we must go inside and see what their worship is like. We first enter the

temple courtyard, but will find it hard to edge our way through the crowd into that wide door over which you see the four characters which say, "Gods Help Good Men."

If we could only see inside that room, we should discover that it is crammed full of men and women, of whom all in front of the idol are kneeling and bumping their heads on the brick floor, while their paper cash and silver and gold are burning in a great basin just before him. They believe, with one of our poets, that "prayer is the soul's sincere desire," and say nothing to the god: for does he not know that the only reason why he is getting these great heaps of money is that he should make as small as possible the punishments of these his worshipers? The matter is too simple to need any explanation on their part. Do you not



TEMPLE WORSHIPERS.

think they need *new hearts*, so that, instead of having a little fear of punishment for sin, they might very much dislike the sin itself?

Look again at this great crowd. You see the children go to the temples, and there are a good many there that you cannot see. Do you see the man nearly in the centre of the picture, looking rather crossly at us? He is a Confucian scholar, and perhaps a schoolteacher, and he looks as if he wanted to say to us, What are you foreigners doing here? We can turn the question around and ask as sharply, Why are *you* here? Certain it is that he has not come to pray. He thinks that the god can tell that *he* is not one of the common people, but a scholar and a teacher, and surely will not have the bad taste to be severe with *him*. Perhaps you can see something of this in his face.

And now that they have caught sight of us we must hurry away, for we are of much more interest than are their mud gods, which they have seen at least twice a year for many years.

I wish we could find some of the men who came here to-day clothed in muslin or cheese-cloth. You see that most of the people have on all their heavy cotton clothes, for it is very cold weather. But sometimes during the fall or winter a man makes a vow that if his sick father or mother or son gets well he will walk all the way from his village to this temple, on this day, dressed in the thinnest possible clothing, or if it is summer that he will do the same in the heaviest furs he can hire. All this is to prove to the god his sincerity, and also, I suppose, to let all the people see that he is n't ashamed of his religion.



AN INQUIRY MEETING

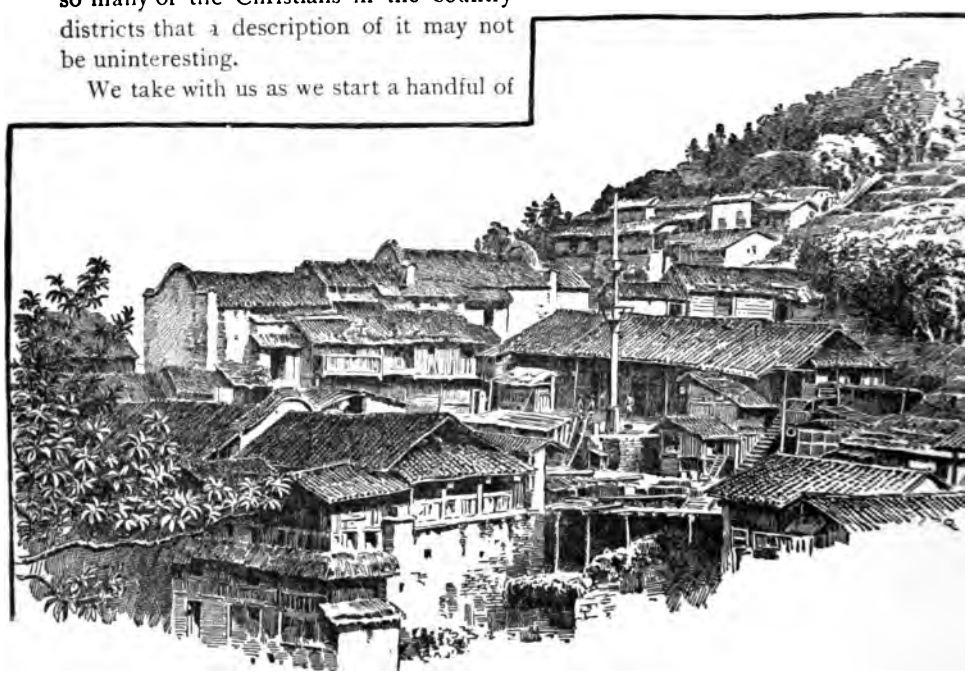
But here we are outside again. The inquiring friends have followed us. As they are fairly quiet we will preach to them a little, and we will invite them to call in at the chapel and hear more, for I fear most of them at present are taking in more with their eyes than their ears. I notice that some have not even removed their earcaps. But we will be kind and gentle with them, and try to show them that we are wishing to do them good. And when any of them do come to see us we will tell them about *our* Sunday, and about the true God before whom they must all appear and be judged, and how he loves to forgive all who call upon him and turn from their sins. Do you think any work could be more interesting and useful than this?

A HOME IN THE ING HOK MOUNTAINS OF CHINA.

BY REV. DWIGHT GODDARD, OF FOOCHOW, CHINA.

OUR preacher and myself started out awhile ago to visit one of our Christians whose home is in the mountains near Ing Hok. His home is like that of so many of the Christians in the country districts that a description of it may not be uninteresting.

We take with us as we start a handful of



HWA SANG, THE VILLAGE WHERE THE ENGLISH MISSIONARIES WERE MURDERED, AUGUST 1, 1895.

tracts, portions of Scripture, and hymns to sell, if we can, or at any rate read and talk about. Our preacher is pleasantly greeted on every hand, and even strangers on the road, with old-fashioned country courtesy, salute us and ask if we have "eaten our rice" or where we are going.

We climb up through the valleys, winding in and out along the edge of the rice terraces, on roads often scarcely a foot wide that serve China for highways. Now we enjoy a smooth road and more frequently a very bad one, according as

some man has been led to do a work of merit by repairing it. At last, with a turn in the path about the shoulder of the range, we spy a clump of bamboos and pines that is like an oasis on the bare, over-cultivated mountain-side.

In the midst of this clump is the home of our church member. We exclaim at once, "Why, he must be a very rich man to have so large a house!" Alas! we find him to be the younger brother of the head of the family, and the house proves to be a village, for there are twenty "chows" (kitchen stoves) that tell the number of families, and ninety mouths, but all of one family. Over the entrance to the court are two ornamental signs that show that children for two generations have secured the first degree for literary merit.

This entrance opens into a quadrangle, or open court, on the opposite side of which is the reception room, a good-sized, lofty room, open in front to sun and rain, but sheltered by the overhanging roof. At the end, or head, of the room are the shrines of idols and ancestral tablets, with lanterns overhead, and on the walls are hung charts and banners with felicitous expressions of welcome. On either side of this room and also on the other sides of the quadrangle are other rooms. In the rear are passageways leading into quadrangles beyond, whose rooms are used for kitchens, sleeping rooms, and barns; and beyond these are further passageways which lead into still other quadrangles of other families of this one huge family.

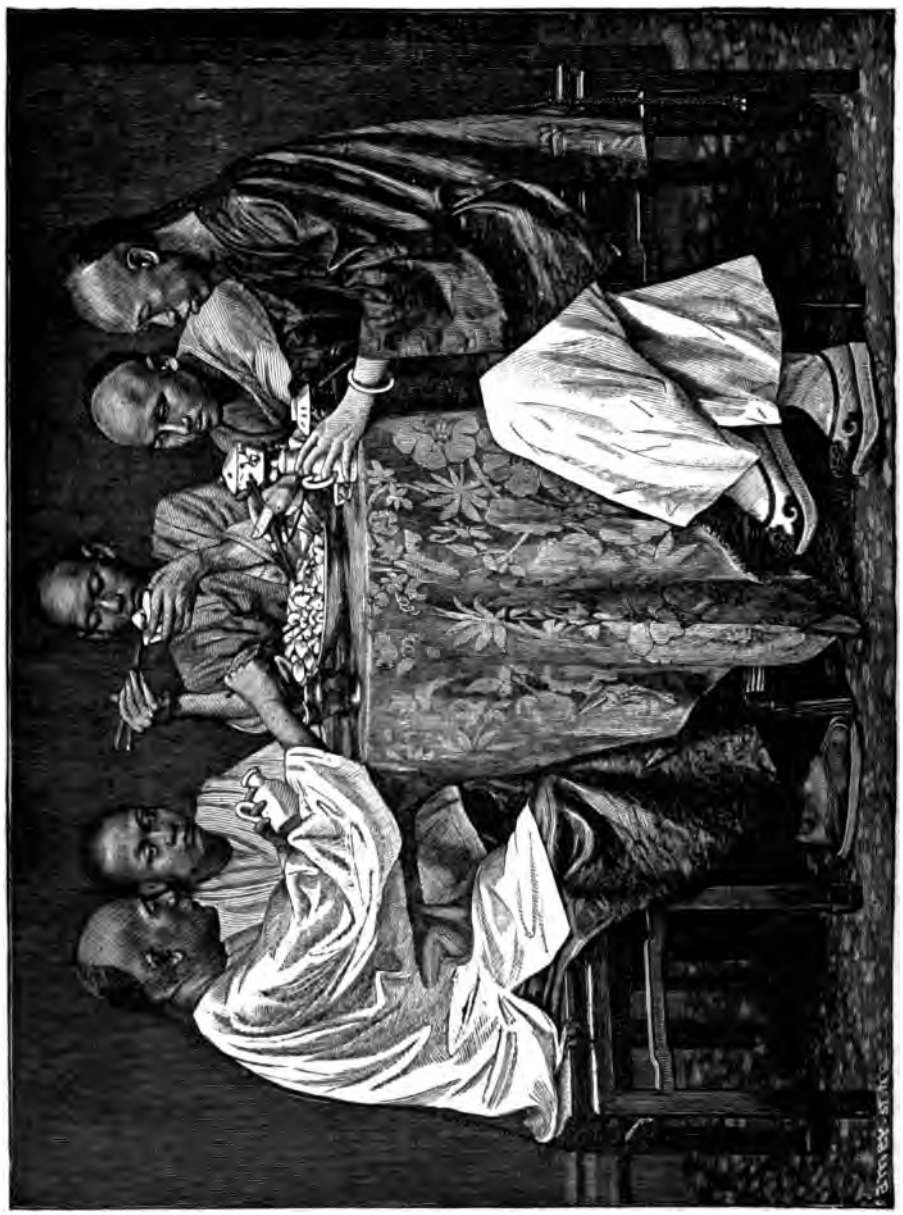
We are greeted by barking dogs, shouting children, a few men and curious women appearing at all the doors and windows. We are ushered into the reception room and offered seats, which are only wooden "horses." On these we attempt to seat ourselves near the foot of the room. Then tea is at once brought, which is freshly prepared by pouring boiling water on a few tea leaves in each covered cup. Questions and answers begin to pass almost before we have had time to look about.

Alas! for our American and Christian predilections for cleanliness! Everything is filthy. The house itself was a fine house when it was built, but no repairs are ever made and it is never cleaned, so that smoke and dust and rubbish collect and are undisturbed. It being harvest time for wheat and tea, the reception room itself is used as a granary; a room diagonally opposite in the main court is used for a pig pen, and another for storage of straw and brushwood. Within this same court is a big buffalo cow, munching coarse grass. In the centre of the court is a pool of stagnant water with a green scum on it. The wall is half tumbled down, and hens, chickens, pigs, dogs, children, cows, ducks, goats, babies wander about in equal favor, paying no attention to parlor, guests, drying tea leaves, rubbish, or mud puddles.

The people crowd around us, not one neatly dressed, most of them in dirty, patched garments, but they are all smiling a welcome. There are no men or boys about, for they are in the fields at work, but any number of babies, children, and women. A few of the latter show by the paint on their faces and their bound feet that they are of the "first families." They all use this reception room in common; and when they had asked the usual questions about how much our shoes cost, how old we are, and what our surname is, they remarked on the color of our eyes and on the fact that a *young* man has a mustache.

Then we begin to edge in a little gospel. I have the preacher read from one

of the gospels, say John's account of the woman of Samaria. Then I talk a little in fragments to the preacher, and he enlarges upon it, about "God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." Having



CHINESE AT MEALTIME.

gained their attention, we try to sell them the book for eight cash (about one half a cent), because they so quickly forget our spoken words, but they read the book after we are gone. Then we sing a hymn, which they like, and offer a

prayer. Then we tell them when the next Sabbath is and urge them to attend service.

We now attempt to take our leave; but no, they will not listen to our proposal to go. The church member's wife is preparing food for us; we must stop and eat. We protest, as is expected of us, and finally compromise, as is also expected, by accepting a single bowl of rice or vermicelli, with, perhaps, a fried egg on top, which is supposed to be a delicacy which foreigners particularly like. Imagine us with chopsticks trying to eat the great long strings of vermicelli!



COOKING A MEAL.

Then we say good-by by repeating, "Please be seated; please be seated." And they follow us out, responding, "Walk slowly; walk slowly."

We remind them that day after to-morrow is worship day, and again clasp our own hands and raise them in front of the face, bowing all the time. We turn and go for a few steps, and then repeat.

It is from homes like these, far scattered, that our church members largely come, one from here and another from there, and not one entirely free from the effect of family prejudice and petty persecution, in spite of smooth and kindly welcome to us.

Pray for them that they may have grace given to witness a good confession in it all.

BOYS IN CHINA.

BY REV. FRANKLIN M. CHAPIN, OF LIN-CHING, NORTH CHINA.

THE small boy in China is very much like other small boys. He does n't care to attend school, and he does love to go to the theatre, or carry a paper horse or banner at a funeral. It makes no difference what is going on, he is certain to be there. But don't suppose that, because he prefers to play rather than work, life is one long holiday. Far from it.

There is the beggar boy. Summer or winter he is up early and out on the road watching for the carts or litters carrying travelers to and from the great cities. He hails the occupant with the cry: "*Lao yeh, lao yeh, kei wo i ko ch'ien pa*"; that is, "Venerable sir, venerable sir, give me a cash." It does not matter whether the traveler is old or young, he calls him old, as any other address would not be respectful.



A GRAINROOT DIGGER.

Perhaps the traveler does not give at once. Then the boy runs ahead, drops on his knees for an instant, knocks his head to the ground, and scrambling to his feet again runs after the cart with the same cry as before. The greater part of the year the little beggar is clad only in a suit of brown which nature has provided. Relays of these little fellows are seen on all the great roads. What becomes of them when they get too large to beg, who knows?

Another boy lives on a farm. Here is one in the picture. He has been out in the springtime, while his father is plowing, digging up the roots of the grain.

They are in that basket you see slung on his shoulder, and he is carrying them home to burn as fuel. He looked up from his work to see the writer, a "foreign devil," as he would call us, pointing a Kodak at him, and so he started for home in a hurry. You can almost see the scared look on his face as he made the best time possible to get away.

On a quiet day in October you might see this same boy climbing some willow or elm tree to whip off the leaves, lest, being blown off by the wind and carried to some one else's land, his family should not get them for fuel. In winter, when the days are short, he is up long before sunrise, and with this same basket on his shoulder will patrol the main highway through his village, hunting by the light of the moon for manure. The cold may be intense, and he has no mittens, but he will keep his hands in his sleeves, to warm them, while his ears are protected by ear-tabs made specially to fit them. When he returns home for his breakfast, about ten o'clock, the room seems but little warmer than the air without. The windows are of paper, the walls are black with smoke, there is no



BURNING PAPER IMAGES.

floor but the ground, and no bed to sleep on but one built of mud brick. Yet it is home to him, and he learns to love it so well that though he may wander to far-off America he is certain to look back with a longing gaze to the land of his childhood, and make provision to be buried there even though he do not himself live to return.

The next picture shows you a group of boys who have been carrying paper images of houses, horses, etc., in a funeral procession, and now they have got outside the city they are burning them, while the procession itself and the mourners go on to the grave. The Chinese believe that these paper likenesses of horses, houses, etc., are changed into real ones in the next world. Hence they expend no little money to buy these and pieces of gilt paper which represent gold and silver, and the one who is dead is supposed to have the use of these things in the spirit land.

But these are not the only amusements of boys. At New Year's time when every Chinese boy, as well as all the rest of the nation, has a grand holiday, lasting among the wealthy for months, you might see a group of lads in front of some temple playing at shuttlecock. The game is a species of solitaire, since there is only one player at a time. The object of the game is to see how many times the player, who stands on one foot, can knock the shuttlecock into the air with the other foot without its once falling to the ground.

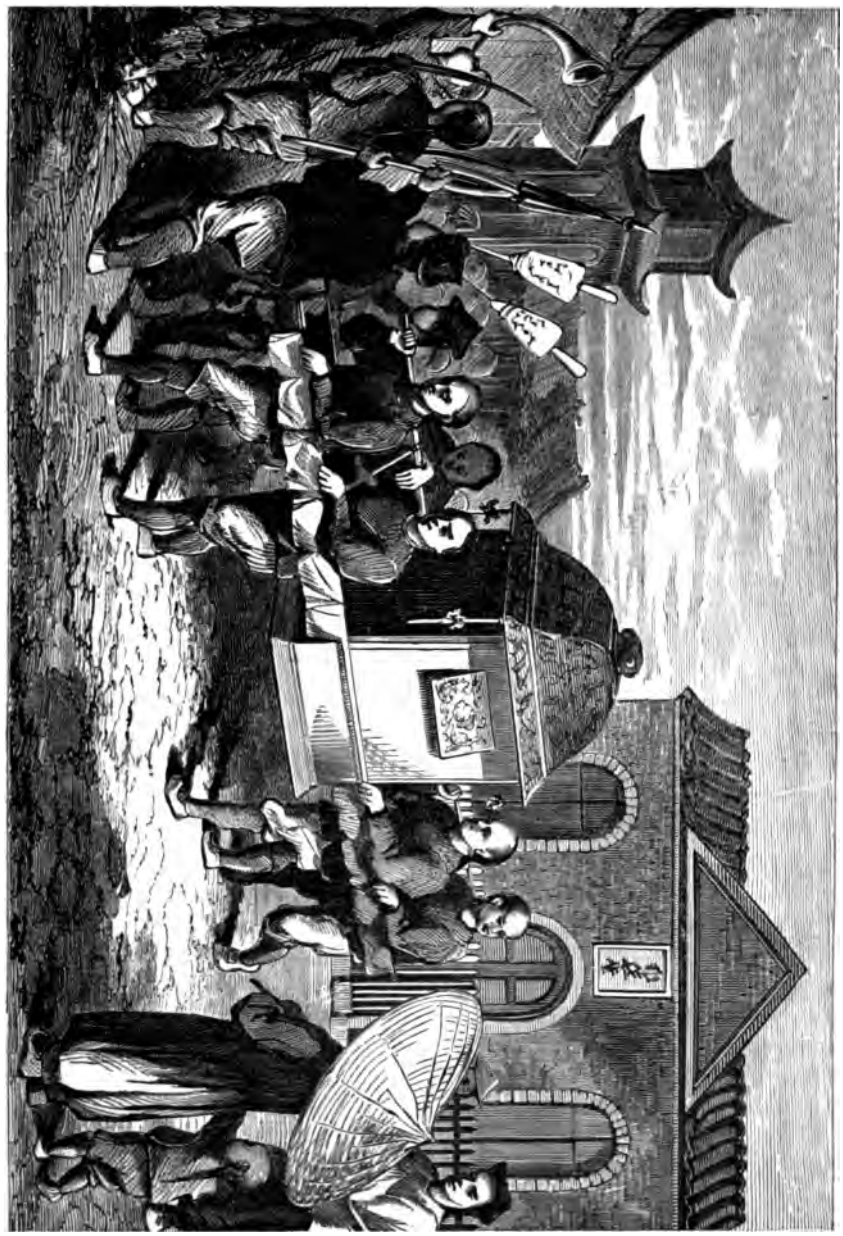
During the leisure of spring or autumn the boys go to the theatre No admittance fee is charged for attending. The play is some historic scene of ancient times. The players, dressed in costumes of that period, strut up and down the stage. Their clothes, of the brightest colors to be found, taken together with their false mustaches are the wonder and admiration of the small boy. The next day, and possibly for a week after, the traveler passing that way may see a group of these lads acting over again for their own amusement the scenes and striking attitudes of the players. He will hear them talking very loudly and in pompous tones, strutting like so many turkeycocks, attempting impossible somersaults, or whirling around on one leg, and thrusting a cornstalk for a spear at some imaginary adversary; the whole pantomime and bluster reminding one of what the American small boy does after a circus has gone through the town.

But the greatest holiday of all is his wedding day. Previous to the death of his father no boy can be said to have come of age, yet he comes very near to being "twenty-one" on his wedding day. The boy, though he may not have seen more than twelve or thirteen summers, dresses up in a long gown reaching nearly to his heels, puts on a hat corresponding to the American "stovepipe," and walks around among the guests with all the dignity of his own grandfather. At the appointed time and place he kneels and knocks his head to the ground before his elders, or in return for presents. Yet he is only a boy after all, and it does not make a man of him to marry a girl whom he has never seen before. Life with him, after his wedding day has passed, goes on very much as it did before. He still lives at home, and the little girl who has joined the family as his wife is in reality the servant or slave of his mother.

One other boy there is whom we must not forget to mention here, the schoolboy. The farmer lad gets very little schooling; the son of a merchant or teacher has a better chance, but I fear that our American boys would regard that chance as a poor one. School keeps nearly all the year round, Sundays not excepted. Early in the morning, at sunrise, he starts for school and remains there until about ten o'clock, when he goes home for breakfast, after which he comes back and remains until sunset. Each student on his arrival picks up his book and begins studying aloud. As the number of students increases so does the noise, until, when there are twenty-five or thirty present, the hubbub caused by so many young throats bawling out their lessons, each one for himself, is something fearful.

Every one has heard how the Chinese boy when he comes forward to recite his lesson first makes a bow to his teacher and then, "backing his book," rattles off with incredible rapidity the lesson he has tried to learn. He will repeat the

same sentence a dozen times until prompted, and it is remarkable with what facility he glides over some portions which he remembers imperfectly, unless the



A WEDDING PROCESSION.

teacher pays strict attention to business and sharply calls a halt at the place where he has failed.

After all, Chinese boys are not so very different from some boys we are acquainted with. Don't you think so too?

DOCTOR CH'IN MIN-WANG.

BY REV. JOSEPH E. WALKER, OF SHAO-WU, CHINA.

CH'IN MIN-WANG was a Chinese doctor living in the village of Yang-ching-k'eng, about eighteen miles southeast of Shao-wu, in the Foochow Mission of the American Board. He was a quiet little man, with a careful yet self-possessed manner, and a disposition to investigate cautiously but persistently anything new. The Ch'in family have flourished in this region for many ages past, and are allied by marriage to other old families. Relationship counts for a good deal in China, and so Dr. Ch'in, what with the help of the relatives of his father, his mother, and his wife, enjoyed quite an extensive practice in different parts of this country. He had learned and successfully practised vaccination, which is known in these parts as "seeding foreign smallpox." The art was introduced here from the south, whence also the supply of virus came. Medical missionary work at Canton is probably to be credited with this.



Dr. Ch'in was desirous of learning more of foreign medicines and methods of treatment; so in the autumn of 1877 Dr. Whitney, a few months after his arrival at Shao-wu, began to receive frequent visits from an inquisitive little Chinese physician who spent much time in his study examining such works on foreign medicine as had appeared in Chinese, and in asking questions. This was Dr. Ch'in. He had some discussions on religion with Mr. Blakely, but he took little interest in the subject. He was a zealous idolater; no one in his village used louder firecrackers or sweeter incense than he, and, like many other Chinese doctors, he was especially devoted to the god of medicine. But his religion was all centred on this life, and had very little in common with Christianity. He had also bought a New Testament, but had failed to understand it. Its history and its ideas seemed to contain nothing which he was familiar with or interested in. The Chinese want to refer everything to Chinese standards, and in the case of the Bible the result is apt to be confusing. So for a long time Dr. Ch'in showed no care for the gospel, but he became impressed with the benevolence of the foreign physician.

During the winter of 1879–80 Dr. Whitney found that the health of his family would compel his speedy withdrawal from Shao-wu. Dr. Ch'in called on him

one day, and was expressing his regret, and his anxiety as to how he could procure foreign remedies, or instruction in their use, when Dr. Whitney was gone. The doctor replied, "You are only interested in the body, but the soul is the important thing." He had but hazy ideas of what this could mean. The word *soul* represented little to his mind, but the remark set him to thinking, and he read Christian books. At the Chinese new year of 1881 he joined but little in the idolatrous ceremonies of the season. Soon after this he heard at Shao-wu a farewell discourse in which the preacher said, "We may never meet again on earth, but this will matter little if only we may meet again in heaven." This threw fresh light on the subject, and other things conspired to deepen the impression. Ideas of the soul, heaven, and God gradually took shape in his mind, till at last, on a certain Sunday in July of that year, he knelt alone in his bedroom and tried to pray; but he trembled all over, the sweat poured from



DOCTOR CH'IN AND HIS FRIEND.

him, and not a word could he speak. A second attempt was more successful, and once started he was full of the matter. The next Sabbath a neighbor met with him in the bedroom, and on the next two more. His leading position in the community, combined with his zeal, produced quite an excitement in the village and its vicinity, and idolatry received a blow from which it will never recover. But alas! of the many minds at that time awakened, few had the courage or faith to risk the visible for the invisible. Dr. Ch'in's only son was in a native school at Shao-wu, and his father visited him there, brought him to our chapel, and soon had the joy of seeing him accept the truth. He himself entered the church that autumn, while the next spring his son and nine others were baptized as the fruit of his labors.

Such was the beginning of tireless and successful efforts which ended only with his death. When many of his own friends and neighbors ceased to listen to him, he turned to strangers, always eager to talk if any one would listen. The

importance of the soul was generally the leading topic. He was not naturally an eloquent man, and did not appear to advantage as a preacher before an audience. His force lay in personal effort. Once when conversing with me about the evidences of the Spirit's work in the heart, he said: "I have one big proof: formerly I had little to say to folks. If any one came to me on business, I attended to the business and that was all. But when I became a Christian I was eager to talk with everybody, even the very beggars, about the gospel. I



THE SITTING-ROOM OF A WEALTHY CHINAMAN.

would talk by the hour, or half a night, if they would stop and listen." His home became a place of regular worship, and the worshipers ate altogether too many Sunday dinners at his expense. When his son married the girl to whom he had been betrothed, Dr. Ch'in immediately set to work for her conversion. At first he did not meet with much encouragment, but by-and-by her mind awoke to the truth, and she became a helpmeet for her husband.

The Word of God, which as an idolater he had found unintelligible, became from his conversion the one Book, his constant study and delight. The second chapter of 1 Peter was a special favorite with him. As an idolater he had been wont to look to the patron god of physicians for guidance in the use of medicines or more direct interpositions of power, and when he was converted, he trans-

ferred this faith to God, and God honored the transfer. Both in the practice of his profession and in other matters he experienced striking answers to prayer. Once a fire, starting in the west end of the village and with a west wind, was sweeping away the houses. When it was within a few feet of the house of a church member, this "righteous man" was "energetically" praying; and suddenly a strong east wind smote back the fire and stopped it right there. Yet had a fire-engine been within his reach I think he would have got one.

Two years ago Dr. Ch'in took us into an interesting mountain region twelve to fifteen miles west of his home, where are several large villages, all of one surname, from which opium, gambling, and some other vices are excluded. His own mother was from one of these villages, so that he had friends and relatives there. He had often practised his profession among them, and in due course he preached to them the gospel. Attempts were made to put Christianity on a footing with the above-named vices and exclude it, but the Lord was with Dr. Ch'in, and the attempts came to naught. There are now several church members living there in peace. Threats of violence were made against him for having guided foreigners to the region, and a year ago he went to the principal village expecting a beating, but the headman received him pleasantly and spent half the night listening to the truth.

He had many trials, but of these, as a rule, we heard little from himself. Lukewarm and backsliding professors gave him much sorrow, while heathen relatives were a constant grief to him. He had no income except from his profession, yet to the neglect of this he freely gave time, toil, and means to the work. As a reward he was accused even by his own brother of receiving big pay from us, and "three dollars a head for every convert he made." At his funeral this younger brother made much trouble, trying to extort from the son a share of the money which he fancied the father had made out of us.

Last December his son reached home from Foochow very sick with typhoid fever. Dr. Ch'in said, "If one of us must go, let the Lord take me, and spare my son." When the son was recovering he himself, worn out with nursing, was taken sick. At first it did not seem severe, but two days later the disease took a sudden turn for the worse, and the next thing we heard he was dead. He was loath to go and leave so much to be done, and it seems to us a sad loss; but it would take many deaths to deprive us of all the fruits of his labors. I have not the figures at hand, but I think that about fifty have been brought into the church through his efforts. Several of these converts have much of his spirit, among whom his son is prominent. Only last month, in visiting some new inquirers in a new place, I found it was the springing up of seed sown by Dr. Ch'in. I trust there is still much seed of his sowing over which God is watching, and will cause to spring up in his own time. "Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; *for their works follow with them.*"

PREACHING WITH A LANTERN IN CHINA.

BY REV. DWIGHT GODDARD, OF FOOCHOW.

IT was a great relief from study on this most extraordinary Chinese language, to have my associate, Mr. Hubbard, of the Foochow Mission, ask me one afternoon to aid him at a lantern exhibition down the River Min, on which our city is situated. Hastily packing a lunch for supper we embarked on Ing Ing's sampan, or house boat.

It was a beautiful hour and place, for reach upon reach of massive ledge,



CHINESE RIVER BOATS.

climbing skyward to jagged mountain crest, shut us in; the setting sun lighted the distant summits, and threw into murky shadow the intersecting gorges. The fresh breeze, that had sprung up to say good-night to the setting sun, sent us spinning over the waves of the river and, together with the evening damp, made us thankful for our overcoats, although we had not far to go.

In about an hour our boat bumped on the rocks at the village of An-guang-gó and we were at our destination. The tide was out, making the village, which at

best seemed high in air, clinging as it did, hut above hut, to the mountain side, seem higher than ever. It was so desolate and bare, just a recess, a miniature cove, on the bleak river coast, but tempting these hardy boatmen by its shelter to make it their home. They had huddled their huts together and terraced the mountain, where they could, to hold in place the scanty soil. So small did it seem that had we not been acquainted with these river towns we would have passed it by, as we are obliged to pass by scores and scores of hamlets. Yet this town, small as it seemed, sheltered over 500 families.

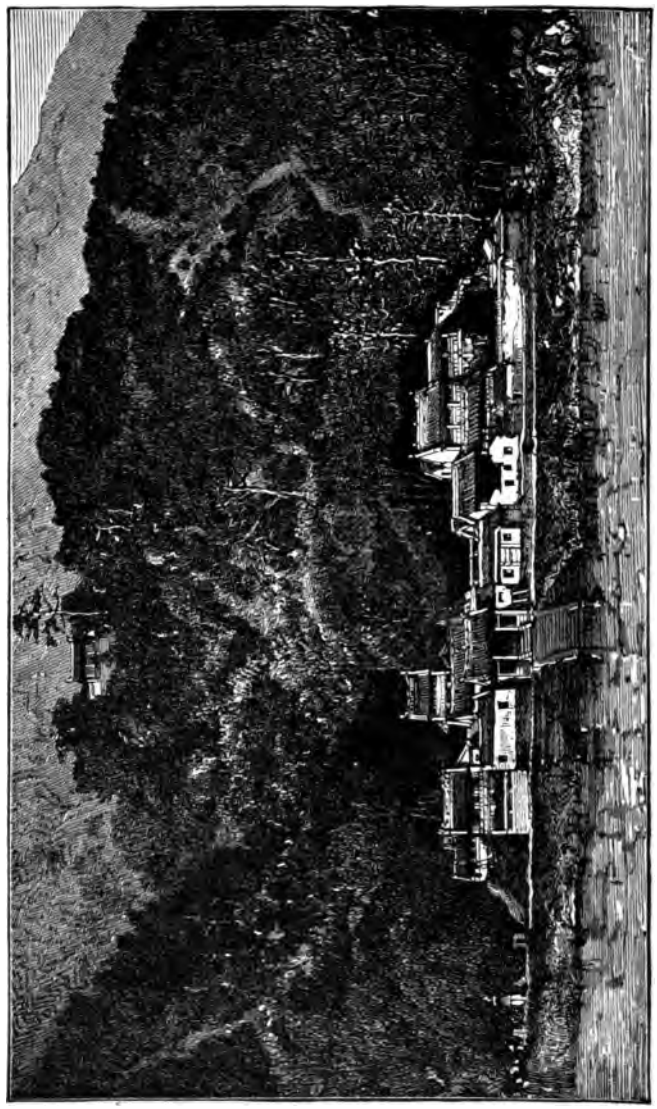
Before our boat is quiet the news spreads through the village from mouth to mouth — "The 'se-nang,' the teacher, is going to do theatre business," and in great excitement the villagers begin to gather. We climb the steep and winding steps, cut in the solid ledge, to the cliff whereon stands the ancient village temple, sheltered by a gnarled and spreading banyan tree and overlooking the cove and river. It is like thousands of other temples for idol or ancestral worship in the unnumbered villages that shelter China's millions. Some of them are very ancient, and few indeed are very recent. It is divided into two main parts, having on one side a theatre for itinerant actors and musicians, who furnish, together with idol processions, the bulk of amusements to these sedate and ignorant multitudes. This theatre part has a high, raised platform and gallery running around it on both sides and back. The other half of the building is reserved for the idols and their worship. This particular temple of An-guang-gó is dedicated to the goddess of the sailors. The idols are grouped in three alcoves or recesses hung with ragged and dirty decorations. She to whom the temple is dedicated occupies the recess to the right, although that is not the place of honor. With her, and in the other two recesses also, are scores of other idols, none more than thirty inches high, all scowling and repulsive, made of rudely carved wood and painted. All of them had long since begun to decay. Before them are the altars and urns for receiving the joss sticks, incense, and idol paper.

As we enter after dusk with our feeble lanterns, the multiplied rafters of the roof are lost in ghostly darkness, but there is the odor and gathered dust of years that tell of antiquity and neglect. It may seem strange to you that we are admitted to a temple for a preaching service, but it is the only and natural meeting-place of the villagers, in fact the only large building in the village, and until the devil wakes up to the import of our message it is the place to which the people naturally would invite us.

Mr. Hubbard had visited this village shortly before this, selling Christian books, and he had received from the villagers, as he so commonly does of late, a pleasant reception and an invitation to come again. It is now no uncommon thing in these regions of China along the coast to find a lack of faith in their old idolatry openly expressed, and a corresponding interest in the new "heavenly doctrine." This does not mean that they are ready at once to embrace Christianity, but it does mean that the old power is waning and that the Holy Spirit is preparing the way of the Lord. Again and again have missionaries, veterans in the service, told me of their old vicissitudes and discouragements, but what is of more importance, they tell with glowing words of the present openness to new things, and of fields whitening to the harvest. Oh! that our numbers were multiplied

that we might take advantage of this spirit of inquiry, this spirit of openness truth that is everywhere present in these coast provinces to implant the know edge of the blessed gospel.

We went to work at once to hang the screen and adjust the lantern, but befo



A CHINESE MONASTERY.

we were ready there must have been 300 people in the old temple — not to hea the clangor of gong and drum, but to hear of countries greater than China, teachers greater than Confucius. It was a motley throng — no silks and satir of literati or officials, but the poor and the ignorant, whose lives had hithert been limited to this village or the adjoining coasts, into whose minds had com hitherto only the narrow and the dark and the temporal, enlightened by no ra

of hope beyond this life. There was the village elder in the front, with a deep voice and air of importance; there were women half-frightened with sheer astonishment; there were the beggars hugging their rags, and the ordinary boatmen and field laborers asking if we were Japanese, or when the Japs were coming, or what they would do when they did come.

Rapidly we threw picture after picture on the screen, grave and gay, art and landscape. They who had seen so little before now, thanks to Western science, could gaze on other lands and people; could see art and architecture beyond their dreams; could see activities and facts before deemed impossible, now made real before their eyes. The old village elder again and again voiced the mind of all in a long drawn out *ah–h* of astonishment. But think for a moment, what it



A CHINESE ORCHESTRA.

must mean to have the curtain of the mind suddenly lifted, revealing a new earth and a new heaven.

Then we came to pictures from the Bible which Michael Angelo, Doré, and Munkacksy had painted for eyes beyond their ken. Then in earnest words were told by missionary and native helper the "old, old story of Jesus and his love." If the pictures of railroads and machinery had filled them with astonishment, or the pictures of cathedral and palace with awe, then much more did the pictures that revealed to them a Saviour and heavenly mansions awake an unknown hunger and a new and a rapturous hope.

Behind their backs were the dust-covered, repellent idols; before their eyes the winsome Saviour, speaking in their ears the story of the cross, while within them, just springing to life, the knowledge of personal relations to this new-found Saviour and intimations of immortality.

A half-hour later the people had scurried to their abodes and darkness had enveloped us as we sped in our boat on our homeward way. May God grant that darkness may never shut in that people again, but may the light grow clearer and clearer unto the perfect day!

THE CONVERTED SILVERSMITH.

BY REV. C. R. HAGER, OF HONG KONG.

ABOUT eighty-five miles from Hong Kong, and ten miles from the island of St. John, is situated Kwong-hoi, a walled city containing from 10,000 to 20,000 inhabitants. Every night the four gates of the city are shut, a custom which is observed in all Chinese cities, though there may be as many people living outside of the walls as within them. On the north side of the city, and just outside the city walls, are a number of Chinese shops where trade is carried on. Here is situated one of the chapels of the American Board, where for a number of years the gospel has been preached every evening. The chapel is really nothing more than a Chinese shop fitted up with tables and benches, where persons may gather to receive instruction. Some of the older residents say that the place is haunted, and even now few heathen Chinese will venture to spend the night there alone.



A CHINESE MERCHANT.

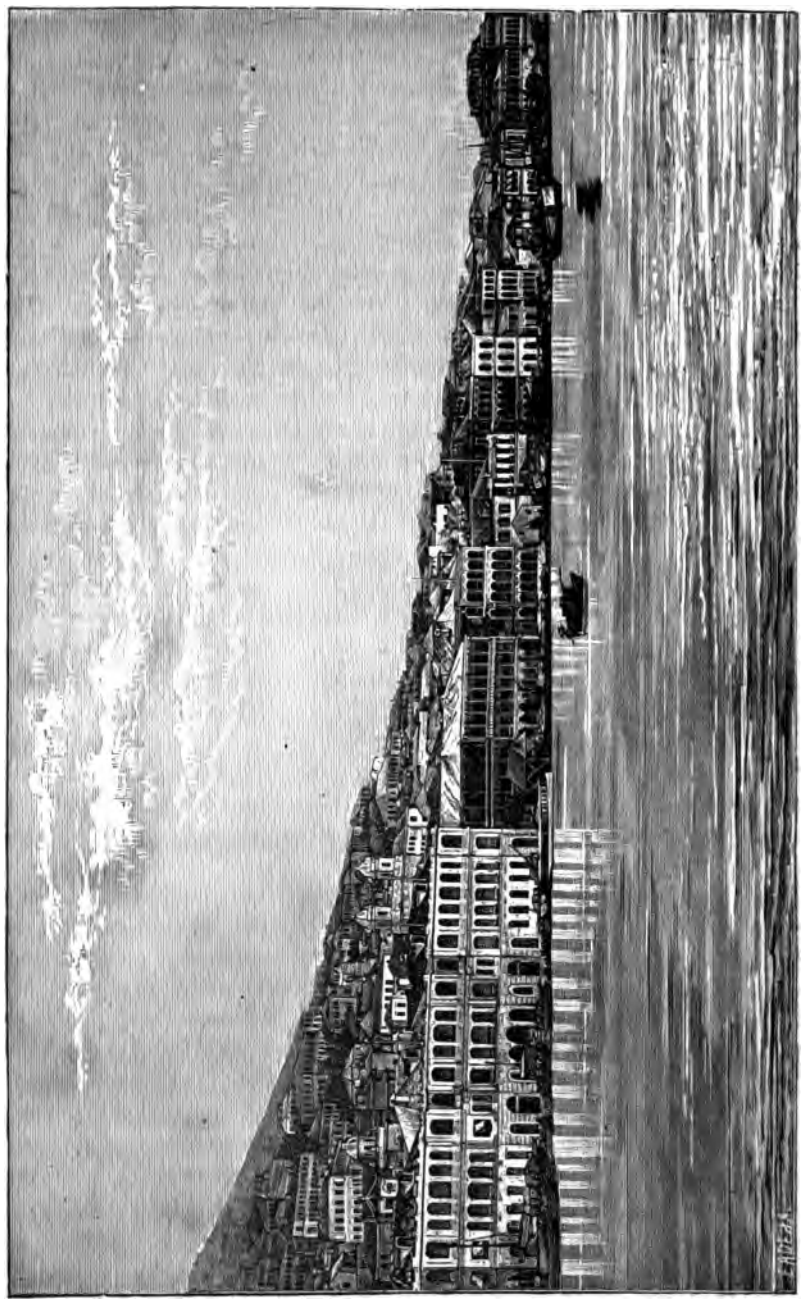
It was in the latter part of the year 1889 that a number of Christians were gathered here to preach the gospel to the heathen. It often occurs that not only one or two speak, but as many as may be present. Whatever may be the custom of conducting preaching services in Christian countries, in China any Christian with some knowledge and experience is expected to bear testimony to the truth, no matter whether he holds the office of preacher or not. It was during one of these series of discourses that a young man entered the chapel and listened to the truth, almost for the first time, and, singularly enough, realized that it contained the word of eternal life. As soon as the service ended the usual invitation was given for any interested person to remain a little while

for personal conversation, and this young man among others remained behind and gladly accepted the invitation to drink tea and read the Christian books. I remember how I gave to three or four Chinese a simple Christian classic, dealing with the foolishness of idolatry; then we read it all in concert, stopping occasionally to explain certain characters. Then followed our evening devotional service, which is always an interesting occasion to those who have never seen the Christian worshiping his God. Such a practical object-lesson is always helpful to the heathen mind, and is often more convincing than long and labored arguments. Whatever may be thought of the inquiry meeting in Christian lands, we cannot do without it in China, where conversation, prayer, and praise are employed to show the heathen the way of worshiping the true God.

Chin Po, as we shall now call this young man, was interested in all the exercises, and every night after this one might have seen him wending his way to the chapel to learn more of the "Jesus doctrine." At first he listened more to the preacher, but after a time he became interested in the Book, and commenced to read the Word of Life for himself. It is always a hopeful sign when a man begins to read books, and so it was with this silversmith. The more he read, the more he was convinced of the truth of the gospel. It was soon observed by the heathen that he was a regular attendant at the chapel, and this offered them an opportunity for persecuting him in little ways, and for slandering the Christians as much as possible. At first they ridiculed him, and asked him whether he had drunk any of the foreigners' tea; for it is a common saying among them that foreigners drug the Chinese in order to make them become Christians. Strangers often have refused the usual cup of tea in a chapel lest it contain a decoction which will make them become Christians. To all these sneers and defamatory speeches Chin Po paid little attention, except to bring the cavils of the heathen to the Chinese preacher, who answered them each in its turn. During the day he made silver bracelets, bodkins, and earrings for the Chinese women, but at night he came to the chapel, generally bringing a number of questions with him which troubled his own mind, or which had been proposed by his heathen persecutors.

It was only a few days after he had heard the gospel that I asked him what he thought of the Christian religion, when he told me that he believed it. His answer surprised me greatly, for persons who have been abroad are always harder to bring to a knowledge of the truth than those who have never been away from home. He had been in the Straits Settlements for several years, but his heart was still young and tender, and when the Spirit called him, he heard his voice and began a new life in Christ Jesus. It is always difficult for Chinese converts to pray, and I have seen even literary scholars break down entirely when they first commenced to pray; but to Chin Po this seemed an easy task, and his first prayer was couched in smooth and good Chinese terms. He continued to study and read the Bible and other books, but at the same time the persecutions also increased. His father and mother were informed of his new faith and his employer constantly ridiculed him; but he never wavered, and soon he wanted to be baptized. He knew what the requirements of the Christian Church were as to the Sabbath. On the one hand stood the Word of God, which demanded that he should keep the day holy; on the other stood his employer, who demanded

that he should labor on the Sabbath, and also the parents for whose support he was obliged to labor. What should he do? Would it be right for him to work



A SECTION OF HONG KONG.

on the Sabbath? He did not fear the insults of his fellow-workmen, but what would his parents do if he were thrown out of employment because he refused to

work on the Sabbath? Ah! it was a hard question for him to answer; and so he came to me and asked me whether it would not be possible for him to be a Christian and still work on the Sabbath. I was sorry for him, for I knew the hard struggle through which he was passing. I did not answer his question directly, but asked him what the Bible said about it. To which he replied, "It forbids all work on the Sabbath day." "And what is our guide in such matters?" I asked further. "The Bible," was his quick response.

I said no more, and he immediately went away to consult with his employer, and in a little while he returned, saying that he had decided to keep the Sabbath and receive baptism, though he did not know that his employer would employ him any longer. "It is always safe to obey God and leave the consequences with him," replied I. And so he was baptized and received into the church, after a searching examination. During the day we prayed earnestly that he might be enabled to retain his situation, for we all expected that his employer would give him work no longer. But when the next morning came, his employer told him he might go to work again. The Christians were all rejoiced, and I think Chin Po's heart beat easier; but now he was persecuted more and more by his comrades. Vile stories were carried to his parents about his having become a traitor, and day by day he was made the butt of slanderous and vile epithets.

So many reports were current about his apostasy from the Chinese faith and his unfilial conduct that even his parents became alarmed. And so his mother came to the chapel to complain of the wrongs that we had inflicted upon her son. I shall never forget her lamentation as she accused the Chinese preacher of having robbed her of her son. Her eyes were wet with tears, and all the efforts of the preacher were unavailing in comforting the poor woman's heart, as she continued to sob and exclaim, "I have lost my son! I have lost my son!" When the preacher said that he had not caused him to believe in the gospel, but that God himself had called him to abandon idolatry and serve him, she only wept the more. "Is it not better," said he, "that your son should accept of Christ, than be a gambler or an opium smoker?" To which the wounded heart of the mother replied, "O that you had taught him to gamble and to smoke opium, instead of this hateful Jesus doctrine!"

As I heard her use these words my own heart was pierced, and I turned my eyes heavenward and uttered this prayer: "O Lord how hard it is to lead one of these heathen souls to the true light, for they call darkness light and light darkness!" After her paroxysm of grief had been spent she returned home and since that time she has been more reconciled to her son's being a Christian. All these things did not move Chin Po's purpose to serve God. He was faithful in his Sabbath observance and continued to grow in grace. At the close of the year his employer refused to give him work any longer, and being very anxious to study, I sent him to school where he is now preparing himself for the ministry. His entry into the Christian Church has been difficult, but another brighter and happier entrance will be ministered unto him into the kingdom above.

THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETY IN FOOCHOW, CHINA.

BY MISS ELLA J. NEWTON, OF FOOCHOW.

WE had long been trying to find some way to help our young people, to make them more active and earnest, and to give them a clearer conception of what the Christian life really means. At that time the Young People Society of Christian Endeavor was in its infancy, even in America. We read about it and wished we had one, but none of us knew how to organize it. Not long after, several new missionaries came to us, and among them one, Rev. G. H. Hubbard, who had been actively engaged in Endeavor work in the homeland; so, without waiting for him to get his lips opened in Chinese, we pressed him into the service, and through an interpreter he explained to a little company of Chinese Christians the important features of the new society. At first they were very timid and feared to commit themselves, but before long a few young men and women found sufficient courage to come forward, and the first society was formed in one of our mission houses early in the spring of 1885. This was the day of small things, but we prayed and planned and worked till one after another caught the spirit and fell into line. Gradually we formed committees and transferred offices from foreign to native hands, and our young people came to feel that they must bear responsibility.

基督徒勉勵會

The Chinese characters on this page give the name decided upon for the United Society. It means literally "The Christian Society for stimulating to greater activity." This perhaps is as near the English name as any expression we can find. It certainly states exactly what the object of the society is.

Of the now existing societies several are branches of this original one, while others were organized independently. In November, 1893, the mother invited her children back to the old home. They came with banners and badges and we had a grand Rally, with reports, bright, short addresses, plenty of singing, and a "model consecration meeting," which did us all good and gave us new inspiration for the work.

Of the original members of this first society very few remain. Besides those who have passed over to the other side, our Foochow Endeavorers have gone to Amoy, Formosa, Hong Kong, Singapore, Shanghai, and Tientsin, as well as to inland stations in China, and in most cases we believe they have carried with them the spirit, if not the name, of the society.

In November, 1894, we had our second Rally, similar in character to the one held the year before, but more enthusiastic and showing greater progress. Seven societies reported 430 members, one society has since been organized, and several more call themselves by the Christian Endeavor name, but, as they are somewhat irregular, they are not counted on our list. The cut below shows the interior of the Suburbs First Church where the Rally was held, with the banners of the different societies, bearing appropriate mottoes. Mr. Ling, whose picture



CHURCH IN FOOCHOW SUBURBS WHERE THE RALLY WAS HELD.

appears on the next page, is, so far as we know, the earliest Christian Endeavorer in China, and he was unanimously elected as the representative of the Foochow society to the National Convention held in Shanghai in June, 1894, the members contributing generously toward his expenses. He enters enthusiastically into the spirit of the organization, and the First Church society, of which he has several times been president, owes much of its success to him.

The group of girls in the cut comprise the officers of the society connected with the Girls' School. The banner is the one by which they were represented at the recent Rally, with the motto: "Fit yourself into the mind of God." The

president and vice-president sit at the table in front of the banner, the former with her finger on the bell. Behind them the lookout committee are holding up a copy of the pledge, and in front the prayer-meeting committee sit with open Bibles. At the other table are the recording and corresponding secretaries, behind them the flower and visiting committee, while the collectors are distinguished by their little baskets.

We give on the last page the face of one more prominent Endeavorer, Chio Lang Chia. In this true-hearted, earnest Christian teacher, whose services are so valuable that we can hardly spare her to become the wife of the young man who has waited so patiently for her, it is hard to recognize the child with half-starved body, undeveloped mind, and tiny bound feet, that came from a miserable fishing village nearly eleven years ago.



MR. LING.

In looking back over the history of our Foochow societies, it is natural to ask what results are manifest, what has been accomplished through the introduction of this new agency.

1. It has proved the door of the church; and the majority of admissions, wherever the Christian Endeavor organization has existed, have been from its associate membership.

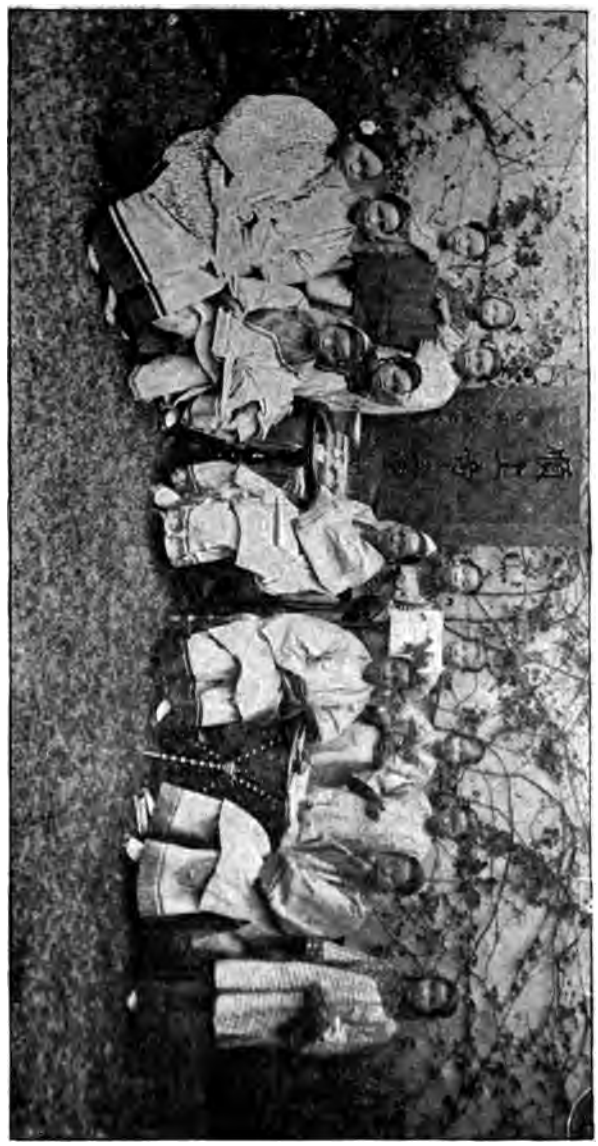
2. It has developed in the members the ability to preside over and take part in the meetings intelligently, as well as a definiteness and brevity in prayer and testimony to which they were strangers before. Especially have the sentence prayers been helpful to them, and are now thoroughly enjoyed. Promptness in opening and closing the meetings is also a marked characteristic.

3. They have clearer ideas of conducting business in an orderly, systematic manner, of electing officers, transferring members, keeping records, etc.

4. It has cultivated greater familiarity with the Bible and care in selecting texts that throw light on a given subject.

5. More cordial social relations exist, and far more personal work is done. The Christians are learning the joy of saving souls and feeling more deeply their individual responsibility. Then, too, they have developed more courage in show-

ing their colors among their heathen friends. On four evenings of the week the Suburbs First Church is opened for preaching to outsiders, and members of the Christian Endeavor Society are on hand to assist the pastor, either in public



OFFICERS OF THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETY OF GIRLS' SCHOOL, FOOCHOW.

speaking, or talking with inquirers after the service. In the city church we have a band of exhorters, numbering from twelve to twenty, who meet Sabbath afternoons for a little season of prayer, and then go out two by two, into any villages where the pastor thinks best to send them. A new chapel recently opened in one of these villages is the direct result of the labors of these young men. In

the society connected with the Girls' School, a band of voluntary workers has been organized, two of whom go out every afternoon to tell the old, old story in the homes of women who invite them, and the report of the week's work is read at the regular Christian Endeavor meeting Friday evening.



CHIO LANG CHIA.

6. A deeper and more intelligent interest is taken in foreign missionary work. In the Girls' School society a monthly missionary meeting is held and regular collections taken for the American Board.

7. Through letters exchanged between our societies and those in other parts of the empire and in America, a warmer spirit of mutual love is growing, and the consciousness that they are not a little isolated band of Christians, but part of a mighty army that encircles the globe, bound together by a common purpose to win the world for Christ — all this inspires them with new hope and courage and makes the Christian Endeavor Society a wonderful blessing to our young people.

During the last few months we have been greatly refreshed through the labors of a young English evangelist who was formerly engaged in business in Foochow, and the interest has been largely in our Christian Endeavor societies, many of the members having consecrated themselves anew to the service of Christ and received a spiritual anointing for service to which they were strangers before. All this gives us courage to expect greater results than ever before during the coming year.

FOOCHOW, China, December 12, 1894.

JAPAN.



JAPANESE BO ZES (BUDDHIST PRIESTS) PRAYING.

THE FIRST PROTESTANT BAPTISMS IN JAPAN.

A ROMANCE OF MISSIONS.

In the year 1854 an English fleet-of-war entered the harbor of Nagasaki, Japan. There was then no treaty between Japan and England. Native troops gathered to watch the new-comers, and Wakasa, their commander, used to sail about in a boat to see that they had no secret communication with the shore. One day Wakasa found in the water a small Testament. He was anxious to know its contents and asked a Dutch interpreter, who said it told about God and Jesus Christ. This made Wakasa still more curious and he finally sent to Shanghai for a Chinese translation. He returned to his home at Saga and began to study the Testament. He induced his brother Ayabe, with a retainer named Montono and one other man, to join him.



JIMMU THE FIRST EMPEROR OF JAPAN.

Eight years after, Ayabe came from Saga to Nagasaki to seek further instruction from Dr. Verbeck, a missionary of the Dutch Reformed Church, who answered his questions. But Ayabe soon left, having received a government appointment; and then Wakasa sent Montono, who had learned to read English. Montono was charged to read over and get explanations from Dr. Verbeck, of those parts of the Testament which they could not understand. For three years this Bible class was kept up, the faithful Montono making the two days' journey and returning to Saga with the desired information.

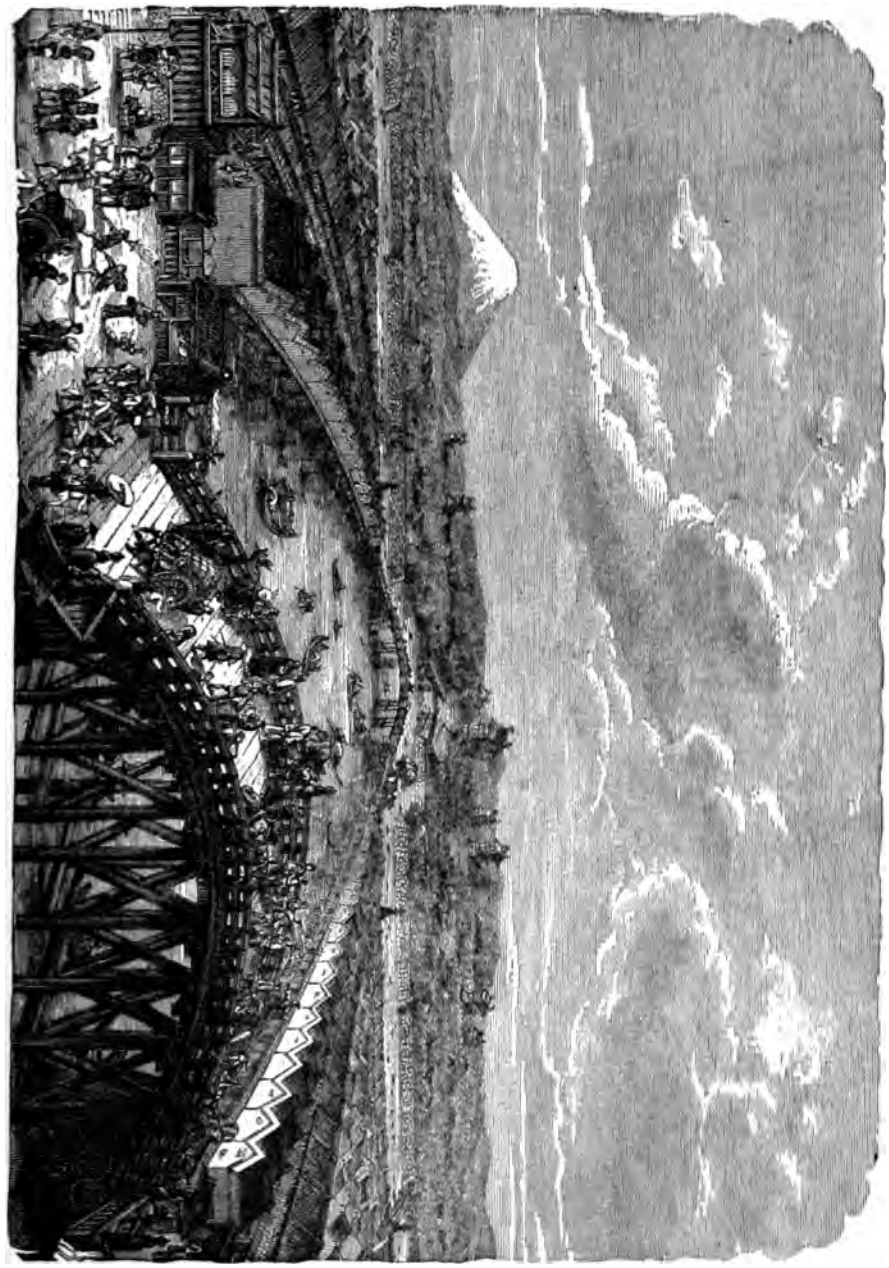
On the fourteenth of May, 1866, a messenger arrived at the house of Dr. Verbeck, announcing that some high officials from the province of Hizen were about to visit him. At the time appointed the train appeared, and it proved to be Wakasa and his two sons, with Ayabe, Montono, and their attendants. These men had fully believed the gospel and only sought light as to Christian customs and character. They spoke of the love and power of Christ, and finally asked for baptism. They knew perfectly that it was perilous, as the law forbade it; but only asked that it should be done in private, that their lives and those of their families might not be endangered.

Dr. Verbeck told them that they must not suppose baptism would save them, explaining that it was but the outward sign of an inward faith. He also showed them how sacred was the obligation it laid upon them to follow the Lord Jesus in all things. But they were not discouraged, and it was arranged that the three converts should come the next Sunday evening to be received into the fellowship of the Church of Christ. When the time arrived, they dismissed their retainers and came to the missionary home, where the shutters had been closed and preparation made for the simple, precious rites of our holy religion. After some words of exhortation and encouragement they were baptized and received the sacrament. "Now," said Wakasa, "I have what I have long been heartily wishing for." He then told the story of the little book he found twelve years before in the harbor of Nagasaki and of all that it had led to. He returned to Saga rejoicing in the love of God and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost.

THE SEQUEL.

Fourteen years passed away. In April, 1880, their appeared in the congregation at Nagasaki two strangers. One of them was evidently a lady of high rank, the other her attendant. They gave close attention to the service, and after it was over they were introduced. The lady was Wakasa's daughter. She said that her father had died eight years before, in firm and joyful hope of eternal life through Jesus Christ. He had faithfully taught her and her nurse about the true God and his Son our Saviour. She had learned the Lord's Prayer and some portions of the Scriptures which her father had written out for her in simple characters. She had married and come to live at Nagasaki, but, as Dr. Verbeck had left, she knew of no Christian or missionary to whom she could go for instruction. So she sent home to Saga for her old nurse, and together they had searched through Nagasaki for a Christian teacher. After some days they found a shop where Bibles were sold. They bought a full supply and learned where a Christian service was held. The next Sunday they appeared among the congregation as we have before described.

They desired baptism at once, especially as the lady's husband had concluded not to remain in Nagasaki. He came with her to witness the baptism. The old nurse returned to Saga and taught a little school for girls and soon opened a class of women for Bible study. After a time she opened a Sunday-school with the Bible-class women as teachers. There are now about twenty Christians in Saga, and most of them have been brought to Christ through that nurse's efforts. Among them is a son of her master Wakasa.



VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE OF NIPPON, TOKIO.

Her young mistress went to Osaka with her husband, where she soon became a leader in Christian work. When her husband returned from a trip to some island and reported that he had found a people without any religion, she went to the pastor and begged that a teacher might be sent there, and offered to pay half the salary and expenses. She has returned to Nagasaki and is now, with her family, a regular attendant at the church in that place.

Dr. Verbeck is now in Tokio, Japan. One day, recently, he was speaking at a meeting, and at the close a man came to him and said: "I am Ayabe, the brother of Wakasa." Since his baptism he had been in the army, and through all these years had carried the Bible with him, reading it every day. The next day



A JAPANESE FAMILY.

he came bringing his only child, a daughter of fifteen, and asked that she might be baptized. Ayabe's family are now connected with the church in Tokio, and it is his earnest wish to devote the rest of his life to spreading the gospel in Japan.

CHRISTIAN WORK AMONG THE AINU OF JAPAN.

HOKKAIDO, or Yeso, as it was formerly called, the northernmost of the long stretch of islands which form the empire of Japan, is known as the present home of the Ainu, who were driven by the Japanese, ages ago, from the warm southern regions where the fig and orange grow, to this colder clime. Here the November snows often remain till spring in the large, dark forests and wide swamps of the interior, and linger on the mountain tops till June. Yet magnolias and azaleas make the hillsides gorgeous in spring, and lilies of the valley cover whole fields in summer.

The greatest length of the island is 400 miles, and the population is about 400,000, of whom only about 17,000 are Ainu. They are fading away, like our own Indians, before an advancing, higher civilization. Nothing is known of their history before the coming of their conquerors, and little can be gleaned from the ancient Japanese writings which date back to the first emperor of Japan, who was contemporary with Manasseh, king of Judah. As Japanese art and tradition depict the Ainu in the dawn of history, so he is to-day — thickset, broad-chested, full-bearded, with moppy hair and large sparkling eyes, poorly clad and filthy. But the people are not all so degraded and depressed as they seem, and when washed and dressed in their best clothes, as they are at bear feasts and funerals, they are not at all bad-looking. They are whiter than the Japanese, and the average height of the men is five feet four inches; of the women, five feet two inches. They have been called a nation of drunkards, fully ninety-five per cent. getting intoxicated whenever they can upon *sake*, a drink made from fermented rice. It is quite generally supposed among them that strong drink is necessary for the acceptable worship of their various deities.



AN AINU OVER HIS CUPS.

For the Ainu has gods innumerable, although he considers that there is one

God over all who rules the others, and he looks for a blessed life beyond the grave for all good people. Their missionary says that they are exceedingly religious in their own strange way, yet they have no regular times for religious exercises, the chief occasions for worship being the opening of a new house, a bear feast, and a burial.

Some of the Ainu beliefs and legends are remarkable. For instance, they say the earth is not flat, but a vast round world of waters in which are many countries. They believe that God is the protecting angel of each individual person, and that every man can pray to him. They have had until now no alphabet, no writing, no numbers above a thousand. Stupid, honest, brave, and gentle, they have given a kind welcome to strangers, and we are now to tell you how they have begun to receive the gospel message.



AINU HUNTER.

Devoted Baptist missionaries have endeavored to labor among the Ainu, but have been hampered by passport restrictions. Our story tells of the life and work of one man, Mr. John Batchelor, of the English Church Missionary Society. He was born in England in 1855 and left school when only twelve years old, working in various ways, chiefly as an undergardener, and studying far into the nights until he was nineteen. At that time his thoughts were turned to foreign missions, and at twenty he offered himself to the Church Missionary Society and was accepted. The Society undertook the guidance and the expense of his education. He spent one year in college at Reading, England, another in St. Paul's College at Hong Kong, and a third and fourth year in Japan, where in 1879 he became a member of the Japan Mission of the Church Missionary Society and was stationed at Hakodate, on the island of Hokkaido.

Mr. Batchelor had already visited the Ainu while taking a rest on account of ill-health, and had studied their language "for pleasure." In 1882 he was formally appointed to labor among them, and devoted himself with characteristic vigor to the work of reducing the language to writing and of translating the Bible, using the Roman letters instead of the Chinese characters used in Japan, thus greatly simplifying the task of teaching inquirers and believers to read. He has published in Ainu the Four Gospels, with the Epistles to the Galatians, Ephesians, and Philippians, and those of James, Peter, John, and Jude, while the English Prayer Book, including the Psalms, was in press in 1894. To these he has added an Ainu-English-Japanese dictionary and a hymn book and

catechism, with tracts and other religious books. Not content with these directly missionary labors, Mr. Batchelor has written largely for various journals and has published a volume entitled *The Ainu of Japan*, describing the manners, customs, and superstitions of this strange race in the hope of awaking among his readers a deeper interest in the efforts now making to bring them under the saving influences of the gospel. In recognition of his attainments as an ethnologist and philologist Mr. Batchelor has been made a member of the Royal Geographical Society of London, and he is also a member of the Asiatic Society.

But what are earthly honors in comparison with the enduring rewards? It was in 1885 that Mr. Batchelor baptized the first Ainu convert. A few more were



AN AINU DWELLING. — MORTAR FOR HULLING WHEAT.

received in succeeding years, but it was not till 1893 that there came a shower of blessings. Some extracts from Mr. Batchelor's letters written at that time to *The Church Missionary Gleaner* will give a true idea of the man and bring us into closer sympathy with his work.

"SAPPORO, Hokkaido, August 11, 1893.

"We have had such glorious blessings here this year — and there are more to follow — that I feel irresistibly forced to the pleasure of writing to you that Christ's people and our fellow-laborers at home may rejoice with us, and pray both for us and the church of his everlasting kingdom among the poor Ainu. Surely the Lord is always faithful to his word. He is ever with us in our every trial, labor, difficulty, and disappointment, to bless us in them and through them and by them, each and all. Speaking from my own experience, I find that I have been all too ready to acknowledge his hand in everything encouraging, but only too slow to see him in my difficulties among this people. But that, I am happy to say, is over and now I can look back and see that all my disappointments have been really the greatest blessings, and that he has been with us all the time. In his name we give thanks, and him we praise.

"One is sometimes tempted to imagine that the cares of the work are to be borne by the laborer. That is truly one of the greatest mistakes a person can make in any good thing, but especially in mission work. As soon as ever I began to shift the anxieties of my labors off from myself and cast them all on the

Lord Jesus, I experienced as never before the truth of the gracious promise, 'Lo! I am with you alway,' not only to bless the worker and to lessen his burden, but also to cause his word to prosper and his church to increase.

"Thanks be to God, after all the sowing and preparation work, this year will ever be remembered as the reaping year among the Ainu, for already there have been 171 baptisms this year, thus making a church membership of 179 souls, one having gone to be with Jesus above. There are still about 200 catechumens. Thus we have let the nets down into deep waters and they are full. May the Lord keep us ever prayerful, humble, watchful, and full of his Holy Spirit and faith!



THE ONLY CHRISTIAN AINU EVANGELIST AND HIS WIFE.

"These blessings have fallen especially in Piratori, the old Ainu capital, where we first commenced the work of study and steady sowing in 1879. . . . Every woman in Piratori has accepted Christ as her Saviour. That is a glorious triumph of the cross, for the women hitherto have never been allowed to have any religion; the men only have worshiped God. Just think of old women, over seventy years of age, now for the first time in their lives praying — and praying to Jesus only! Piratori is by no means the only village where there are Christians. There are others in several of the villages near by, and each of these forms a nucleus for other churches. May the Lord indeed bless these dear Christians and add to their numbers!"

Mr. Batchelor's passport was secured on the score of teaching Ainu to the Japanese, who recognize him as an authority in the language. The passport gives him a residence in Sapporo, whence he has gone out for tours among the Ainu, averaging four tours a year, their average length being six weeks. With the new treaty revision it is expected that foreigners will be allowed to reside where they choose, and Mr. Batchelor wishes to live in Piratori, where most of the Ainu are, and where he may train them to an intelligent faith.

As Mr. Batchelor is now only forty years of age, we may hope that a long career of usefulness is still before him. He has a faithful helper in his wife, and has recently received a colleague in the person of Rev. Mr. Nettleship. Will not this wonderful story of God's blessing upon one man's work stir the hearts of all Christians who read it to greater zeal and stronger faith?

For the photographs from which our four cuts have been made, as well as for the facts relating to the personal life of Mr. Batchelor, we are indebted to Rev. C. M. Severance, of our mission in Japan.

A JAPANESE SERMON ON ARROWS.

BY REV. J. H. DE FOREST, D.D., SENDAI, JAPAN.

THE old warriors of Japan are famous for their skilful use of the bow and arrow. The ordinary bow is seven feet long, and the arrow three. So stiff are some of these bows that it takes a strong arm to string them, and a stronger arm to pull the string. And the deadly arrows, with their long, sharp iron barbs, are a very formidable weapon. Wars with bows and arrows are ended forever, but were you to visit the homes of the old Samurai class you would see in many of them the standing quiver full of barbed arrows, and the bows unstrung against the wall. Though useless for warlike purposes, the Japanese love to sport with the bow. The iron barb is replaced by a little iron button, and a little mound of earth is erected for the target.

Since their history is full of thrilling stories about the bow, and since it lives in their sports, you can easily see how some of the Old Testament stories about this same weapon would excite the thoughts of young men here. I have heard and read sermons on one arrow text — "A certain man drew a bow at a venture, and smote the king of Israel between the joints of the harness" — to show that it is better for Christians to fire away at their unbelieving friends at random rather than not to fire at all. But the sermon I heard at Sunday-school to-day on *arrows*, by the principal of the Boys' School, was first-rate, so good, indeed, that it can't help doing other Sunday-schools good. I will tell it as nearly as I can remember in the words of the speaker.

"I found a very interesting text the other day in the Old Testament on *arrows*, and at once thought it would be just the thing for a morning talk to you. But this morning when I went to look for my text, hunt all I would, I could not find it. I 've forgotten the text, unfortunately, but not the thoughts it excited in my mind; and so I 'll give you the thoughts without the text. The arrows are Christians. The quiver into which they are put is the Church. The one who puts them there is God. If you understand this, then there are three very singular and interesting things to bear in mind.

"First. *An arrow is good for nothing except to do the work of an arrow.* Try to dig up your garden with one or to make a kite, and you 'll see at once that it never was made for such a purpose. It has only one aim, one purpose, and outside of that it is worthless. It must go where it is sent. That is just what we, the living arrows of God, must do. We must go straight for the prize without any wanderings. We must hit the mark God has set up for us to hit.

"Second. *Whoever sees an arrow knows at once that it is an arrow.* Any one knows that it is not a stick nor a pen, but an arrow. He knows, too, whether it is a good arrow or not, whether it is straight or crooked, well barbed or not, and whether it will do the work it ought to do. Now, are not Christians just like arrows? Any one can tell whether we are good Christians or not, whether we are straight or crooked in our lives. If any one on seeing and becoming acquainted with us does not know that we are arrows of God without being told, then that is proof that we are not arrows at all.



From "The Mikado's Empire." Copyright, 1876, by Harper & Brothers.

A JAPANESE ARCHER OF THE OLD TIME.

"Third. *An arrow is a powerful weapon, but it can't do a thing of itself.* When the warrior has put it on the string, pulled the bow, and sent the arrow, then it flies with lightning speed to do the warrior's will. But of itself it never could do any work. A fool might come along and, picking up the arrow, put the feather-end to the bow and pull, but the arrow would drop at once without accomplishing anything. So the Christian is of no use unless he puts himself entirely in God's hand and is sent, right end forward, to do God's work. If the devil tries to deceive him and get him to do some dirty, wicked work, he will stop at once and refuse to stir for the old fool.

"Now you see what I mean. Each one of you should ever be saying to yourself, 'I am an arrow of the Lord. He put me into his quiver and has girded me on his thigh. I am ready to do his will, to be sent on his swift errands.'"

Here ends this sermonette that took but a few moments in the delivery, and during which no one went to sleep. The preacher lost his text, indeed, but his three points are worth remembering. He lost his quiver, but not his three arrows. If you who hear this should find his quiver, perhaps you would see more arrows in it.

THE STUDY OF ENGLISH IN JAPAN.

BY REV. OTIS CARY, OF OSAKA, JAPAN.

FOR some time young Japan has been eager to study English, and, when possible, instruction is sought from a foreigner. Missionaries, especially in the interior, are constantly urged to receive persons as pupils. In the larger towns there are now Japanese teachers who are able to give instruction in the rudiments of the language. In smaller places it is more difficult to find a teacher, though some do business on a very small stock of knowledge. A missionary reports having seen, in an interior town, the sign of a private school where, among other things, instruction in English was promised. On inquiry he found that the principal taught the alphabet as far as the letter K.

Many who are unable to find time or money for instruction by a teacher seek the desired learning by means of books. Merchants, policemen, and even working men, may be found poring over their English primers. Sometimes a jinrikisha coolie, while waiting for a passenger, pulls out one of these books for study. A few years since readers and spelling-books were chiefly imported from America, but now most of them are reprinted in Japan. The old Webster's spelling-book, after instructing several generations of American children, has had a new lease of life there, scores of editions being issued by different publishers. Some of the Japanese reprints of American and English schoolbooks are almost perfect facsimiles, hardly to be distinguished either in print or illustrations from the originals; while others are full of misspelled words, misplaced capitals, and similar errors. For the benefit of those who have no teachers, some editions are furnished with interlinear translations, and also an attempt is made to represent the pronunciation by the use of Japanese characters.

The most amusing books, however, are those originating in Japan. Of these there is a great variety, having different shades of English. Here are some specimens of the titles: "English Language Guided by the Pictures," "The Ariadne Guide to the Labyrinth of the English Language," "Conversations in English and Japanese for Merchant who the English Language."

In some of the books the sentences given as models for conversation are correct; but in the vast majority there are numberless mistakes in spelling and grammar. A few extracts will show this. "This is the shop they say well stocked and accustomed." "Here show me the silk of blue-sky." "Walk in, gentleman." "Here is, sir." "Halloo! Is watch ready?" "Did you commanded some mending?" "Oh! Mr. Sasaya's, it is not finished a little yet." "Willy ou stav and take dirmer with u." "Will you take white or bro wnbread. It is puite inte indifferent to me."

Many of the books are little more than collections of English words with their Japanese equivalents and illustrations of the objects named. The accompanying

photographic reproductions show the exact size and character of two pages of an English pocket dictionary used in Japan.



FACSIMILE OF TWO PAGES OF A JAPANESE-ENGLISH DICTIONARY.

Some of this peculiar style of English finds its use upon the shop signs. Here are a few specimens : —

"Japan and Fourgen colth sell shop." (The third and fourth words are evidently intended for "foreign cloth.") "European Several Articles for Sale." "Sale for a Plate of Food. Sale for a Glass of Wine." "Great dealer of win and man-of-war beer." "To sell insurable watches." "Meat Pot Shop." (Tinned meats.) "Wine beer and other."

Though the quality of the English instruction given in the public schools is constantly improving, it will be some time ere there is a sufficient number of competent teachers. This is one among many reasons for the popularity of our mission schools, which are filled to overflowing. Graduates of these schools are also teaching in several cities where the Christians have established schools of their own. This desire for English education is a great help to us, since it gives many opportunities for influencing the young men and young women. The Christian schools of Japan are doing a great and important work. Through them we are getting an increasing company of persons who, in the pulpit and elsewhere, are exerting a strong religious influence and hastening the time when Japan shall be won for Christ.

A BASKET OF MISSIONARY CHIPS.

PICKED UP IN A HURRY.

BY A MISSIONARY IN JAPAN.

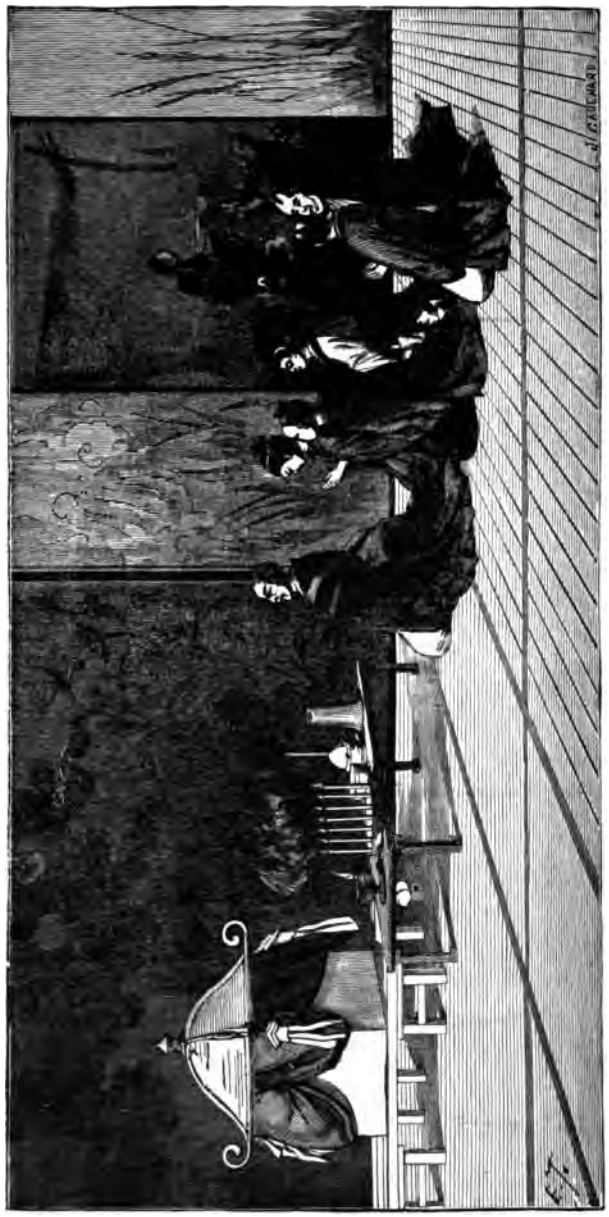
THE summer school of the Japan Mission of the A. B. C. F. M. on Mt. Hiei had come to an end. And though the September sun was scorching hot, duty called us to go down into the heat and take our chances of being baked alive. So we went many hundred miles, half-suffocating, across the plains of Japan, to our distant station, no matter what its name, for I may write some things that it would be better not to locate with too great precision. We no sooner arrived than we were cordially invited by the trustees of a certain school to attend a meeting, at which it was proposed to recognize the assistance we had given the school by presenting each of us missionary teachers with a gold medal. Of course we accepted the invitation, and a high official made the presentation speech, whereupon we stepped forward and received the medals from his hand. Another high official kindly congratulated us, and just at that moment a congratulatory telegram from one of the peers of Japan, who is quite interested in the school, was announced and read. To top off with there was a feast that, with the speeches, lasted three hours, and that day's work was done.

A FUNERAL.

Yesterday my house was opened for the funeral service of one who had been my servant for four years. As I was greatly amazed at the addresses made, I will give the drift of some of the remarks. The brother-in-law, an evangelist of the Presbyterian church, said that the man, when a boy, was one of the worst in the whole city, and a constant source of anxiety and shame to his relatives. He left home early and went to Tōkyō with the determination to be a leader in every form of wickedness. He went with the worst people, tried to outdrink the heaviest drinkers, engaged in rough fights, repeatedly wounded others, was himself sometimes knocked down, and once or twice was thought to be killed. Arrested repeatedly, he was known in nearly every police station in that wide city.

Of course he wasted his strength, was reduced to a mere wreck of a man, and after twenty years of such a life was contemplating some extreme act, when his uncle, from a distant province, providentially met him, but passed him, not quite recognizing the changed face. He turned and called the nephew's name. The ruined man of forty turned too, and the meeting was in every way the turning-point of a singularly wretched life. He was taken home, and as his sisters and father sat around him they prostrated their whole bodies hard on the mats before

him, and with deep sobs begged him, in the name of their new Saviour, Jes Christ, to cease his evil ways and become a new man. They covered his si and his weaknesses, giving him of their own strength and joy. Their pastor g



A JAPANESE BUDDHIST FUNERAL CEREMONY.

him a place in my house, keeping me in ignorance of his desperate charact As we wanted a man and wife for our work, they trotted around and found h a Christian widow, much older than he, and brought her to us first to see if s

would answer our purposes. He peeped through the crack of the paper slides to see the face of his future wife, while we decided whether she would suit us or not. We liked her, and so he married her. And during these four years this once reckless man has been a faithful servant, dropping all his bad habits but the memory of them, and serving his Saviour with such repentance and sincerity that he has led many to study his religion, three of whom are now asking for baptism. This story touched us all with a new sense of the power of Christ to change a man's character. Two Japanese pastors, who had studied in the States, spoke at his funeral, and two others attended his burial.

THE LEPER'S HOME.

As my passport was good for fifteen days more, I planned a trip with our Japanese pastor to one of our out-stations, where live three young men who have just been graduated from our Theological Seminary in Kyōto, and were beginning in the North their first missionary work. We were met at the station by two of the Christians and escorted four miles, in jinrikishas, to the village, where we were entertained in the home of a leper. His house was large and clean and attractive, as all the houses of well-to-do Japanese are. The only drawback was the disease that all the world over is dreaded as one of the bitterest woes that can befall a human being. It had come to this young man in the prime of life, when his ambition and hopes were high, and had filled him with despair and had driven his bride in disgust from his side. But just then the glad tidings that somehow are able to give divinest hopes where all is dark found him and her too. I baptized them. They have eaten at my table and I have made their home my headquarters. While there this time the Christians came freely as usual — men of rank and learning as well as the ignorant commoners. One visitor is a member of the first parliament. Not a word or look could be detected that showed any hesitation in being with a leper.

A THANKSGIVING SERVICE.

At this village on the next day a preaching and communion service was held in the morning, and the afternoon found us with two more meetings on hand, one a service of gratitude in view of the three graduates who, for the first time since baptism, were now meeting with their old friends. The meeting-house is the second story of a little factory where silk is reeled from the boiled cocoons. The reels and simple hand-machinery were packed at the ends of the hall, while the Christians were packed in the centre. Among the thanksgiving speeches was one by a member of Parliament, whose political life had evidently not dampened his faith in the worth and need of Christianity. The work of the American Board here was most emphatically praised, and nothing that has been done by missionaries in this village or by the teachers of the Kyōto School for the good of this region was forgotten. A new spirit of consecration and determination to work for the north of Japan was evident in the words of these young men.

ONE OF THE SOSHI.

We visited a town which has sent over a dozen students to schools in which our missionaries teach. One of the Northeastern Band, formed by the stu-

dents in Kyōto from this region who are organized for the purpose of pushing Christian work, has been working there two months, and with the help of these



BY THE SIDE OF A JAPANESE TEMPLE.

students has led over twenty persons to begin the study of the Bible. It is a thoroughly wideawake town, with political influence enough to have one of its citizens elected to parliament. Some 700 were present to listen to four addresses

on Christianity. Among these were conservative Confucianists, school-teachers, Neo-Buddhists, and *Sōshi.*

These latter are a class of wild young men who are giving Japan much trouble by their disorderly conduct toward officials, several of whom have been attacked and wounded by them. Arrests do not seem to lessen their number. One of these rough leaders, who could boast of having used his cane on the head of a member of parliament, was present with the distinct purpose of breaking up our meeting. But the eloquent and pointed address of the pastor was "so sweet" that he confessed the next day to the evangelist that he could not find any good chance to raise a disturbance. He thought his time for an attack had come in my speech when I quoted Dr. Neesima as having said that Buddhism did not allow a woman to go to Paradise, since from birth she is an unclean thing. At this he stood, and flourishing his stick, shouted, "It 's a lie ! a lie !" To which I replied that, if it were a lie, he could thank one of his own nation for it, as I was merely quoting the words of a Japanese. Thus I saved my skull, perhaps, from the crack of a soshi's stick. At any rate he made no more disturbance. He told the evangelist afterward that he never knew that Christianity was so widely concerned with every department of life — with the family, society, education, and government. "I must look into it for myself," he said.

"Well, then, how about your saké-drinking? Two quarts a day, is it? Can you stop off ?"

To this he replied, "I hardly know. 'T would be pretty hard. I might try it gradually — a quart a day for a while, and see."

THE STUDENT CLASSES.

In the near Government College of 600 students is a band of about twenty-five Christians. I have long been wanting an invitation to their club, but a foreigner must not seek it. My study, however, is open every Saturday night for any students, and last week eighteen came, of whom three belonged to the club. We had a talk together for two hours and a half on the question whether Japanese have souls or not. There were those who frankly said that they did not know what a soul is, and so of course did n't know whether they had any or not. We are living in a land where persons, otherwise intelligent, sometimes beg a missionary to be so kind as to prove that they have souls ! And we are dealing with a language in which the term for *God* may mean 800,000 gods, or one's own soul, or something strange, or perhaps the one God. So we have to go very carefully, and it is no wonder that people don't know about a thing that in one connection may mean one thing and in another something decidedly different. Well, the meeting was not a sleepy one. You may be sure that if foreigners have souls and they are worth having, the Japanese don't want to be without them. The interest awakened may be estimated from the fact that I was invited to meet with the club every Sunday, if possible.

On looking over this basket of chips they look rather dry. But it occurs to me that it takes dry chips to start a fire. And if you who read this will only take pains to think over the various classes I have written about, and bring a little spark of divine fire into these chips, they will surely make a little flame — perhaps a large one.

ANOTHER BASKET OF CHIPS FROM JAPAN.

PICKED UP BY THE SAME MISSIONARY IN 1892.

A FRIEND has wittily said of my former "Basket of Missionary Chips": "If I could pick up chips like those, I 'd stay out by the woodpile all the time." So I am encouraged to try another basketful, if one can be said to gather chips on a trip of 500 miles. And to start with, I confess to have stolen some of these chips from the woodpiles of my friends who did n't seem to want them.

On my journey to Osaka, to attend the annual meeting of the Kumi-ai churches in connection with the American Board, I went through the earthquake region where in October, 1891, 8,000 people perished in a few minutes, and where whole villages and towns were thrown down. It is over six months since the terrible disaster, yet every day and night lesser shocks occur, so that only recently has it been possible to sleep there all night without being awakened by the restless earth. I planned to stop there a night in order to get one little shock as a memento of this woful region, and I was indeed well favored. About three in the morning I was awakened by the deep rumbling of the coming earthquake, and before my eyes were fairly opened the hotel was going like a ship in a storm, the walls cracking with an ominous sound. Just as I began to wonder if this was n't rather more of a souvenir than I really desired for my happiness, the awkward motion ceased. Its business ability can be somewhat estimated from the fact that it extended over a hundred miles and shook up a dozen large cities.

At the meeting of the churches in connection with the American Board the largest church in Osaka was well filled with the delegates and evangelists, who gathered to represent the 10,000 Christians who are already members of our Kumi-ai churches. The faith of the pastors and evangelists in the progress of Christianity was conspicuously seen in this, that although the year has been rather disastrous in several of our educational institutions, and although, as one of the speakers vividly said, "two thirds of our churches are in a perilous condition," yet it was planned to stretch up north to the Hokkaidō (Yezo), down south to the Loochoo Islands, and east to the Sandwich Islands. In all these directions there are very providential leadings.

The story of the work in the Sandwich Islands is peculiarly interesting. A Japanese who had recently come from the Sandwich Islands was introduced to the meeting at Osaka and said: "There are 20,000 Japanese there on sugar plantations; there are over a hundred Christians in my church. I have come here for two or three pastors and evangelists to go over there with me and help in this unusual field. The laborers there are largely ignorant, and being away

from their native land and from the restraints of our national customs, are drifting into gambling and drinking and all sorts of low living. *Now* is the time to do something grand for our brothers. We can save them if we go *now*. Hundreds of them will become good Christians, and when their three years' contract is up they will return here and will be the means of opening scores of villages to Christian teaching. We shall help all Japan if we help those 20,000 brothers over there."

This is good doctrine, and there is no doubt that before you read this some steamer will be on her way to Hawaii with the first band of Japanese missionaries who have ever gone to work in a foreign land.

This Christian worker from Hawaii delighted his audience with many a stirring story, one of which I will try to narrate: "Not long ago a foreigner was making his first visit to Japan. After spending several days in seeing the sights of Yokohama and Tōkyō, one of his friends inquired, 'Have you seen *it?*' 'What?' he replied. 'Oh, *it*. When you see it, you will know it; nobody will have to tell you.' So every time the newly arrived foreigner went out he kept his eyes open for *it*, but saw nothing so superlatively above all other things. One day, however, as the clouds and mist that sometimes hang on the Japanese horizon for weeks were breaking away, he saw before him high up in the heavens the snow-capped peak of peerless Fujiyama flashing the light from its glory-sheeted sides and looking like some mighty fairy castle floating on a broad bank of clouds. *'Oh, I've seen it! I've seen it now!'* he exclaimed when he met his friend.

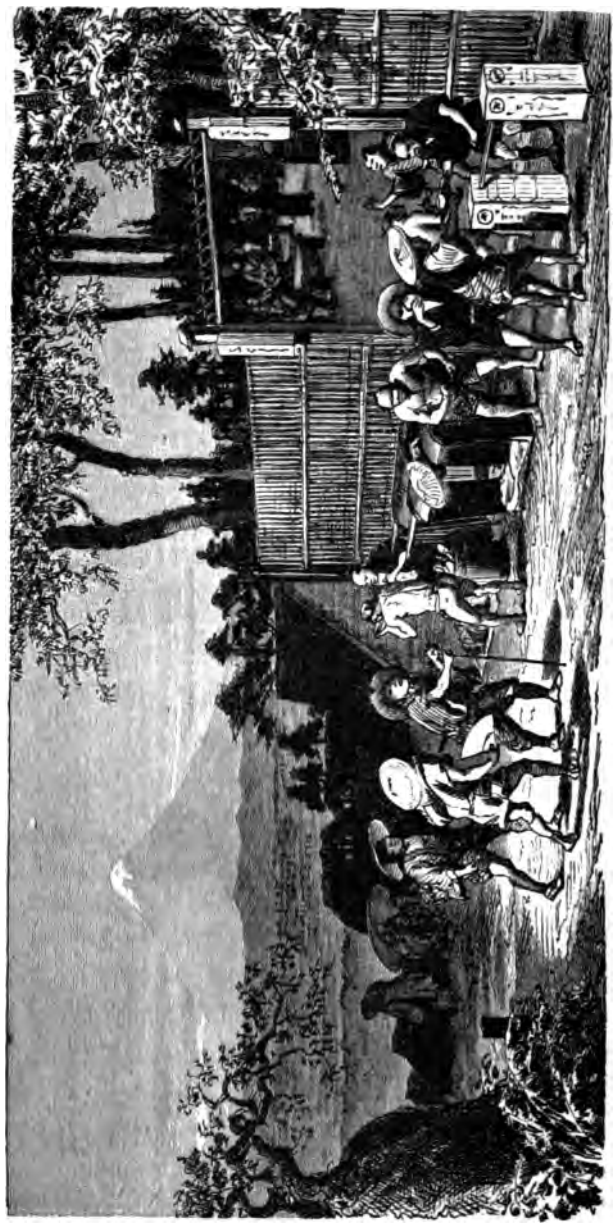


FUJI: "THE MATCHLESS MOUNTAIN."

"Now every country has an *it* that it 's worth while to seek, and when I went to the United States I began to look sharp for *it*, for I wanted to see whether America's *it* was as good as our *it*. Well, I saw their grand houses and stores from five to twenty stories high, and the vast wealth of their cities, but I did n't think that could be *it*. I visited their wonderful factories filled with yet more wonderful machinery that seemed to work as if it had brains, yet after all this inventive power did n't seem quite worthy to be called *it*. Then I crossed their high Rocky Mountains and saw the grandeur of American scenery, but I did n't see *it* anywhere. Gradually I got into the homes of the people and began to see the moral power that controls so much of the life of the nation. I witnessed their worship of the invisible God and learned the story of Christ. *'Ah! now I have seen it!'* I said. *'It is Christianity! it is Christ!'*"

If all the homes of our beloved native land were so full of the joy and peace and hope and love of Christ that our brothers from these great nations of Asia

would always find *it* whenever they visit our shores, and would go back say with enthusiasm to their friends, " Oh, I 've seen America's *it, it is Christ!* " t



A JAPANESE RESTAURANT.

this mighty missionary problem, over which we are stumbling and at wh skeptics are laughing, would be solved once for all in this our day and generati

At the Osaka meeting they set apart two evenings in which the leaders v

had gathered from the north, south, east, and west might freely tell their experiences in the work. Among them was one young evangelist who is said to be doing first-rate work in an inland town. I know his father well, and think I baptized him about fourteen years ago. At any rate when the father became a Christian he told me how, when his children were increasing too rapidly for his limited means, he determined to drown his little baby boy. "So one morning," said he, "I took him in my arms early and went to the canal. I was just about to throw him in, but thought I 'd take one more look. Just then the baby smiled and cooed at me, and it took all the heart right out of me for the bad deed. I carried him back home, and now that I 've become a Christian I hope my boy will grow up to be one too." The boy has grown up, and the grateful father, whose bad heart was smiled out of him by his baby boy, now hears his son telling the old, old story that has taken the bad heart out of so many tens of thousands in every age and in every land. I must add here that the power of parents over the lives of their babies was done away with by vigorous laws many years ago.

As soon as I returned from this long trip a Christian student called, whose face showed signs of deep trouble. He had been for two years a successful worker in Sunday-schools, and besides that he had started a Christian club in the school where he was studying. He had carefully saved up from his allowance enough to give him the hope of entering our theological school in Kyōto. He belongs to an ancient family and his house holds the proud rank of being the first in all that region. But all of his relatives are bitter against Christianity, and when they found out his determination to study theology and be a Christian minister, their disappointment deepened into anger that would not listen to reason. The mother, with the fearless decision of a Samurai, at last gave her best beloved boy to understand that if he persisted she would wipe out the disgrace by suicide. The boy of eighteen well knew the spirit of his mother, and after a week of struggle, such as young men are seldom called to pass through, he yielded and promised to study medicine. His tried face told of the mental pain he has suffered. "But," said he, "I do not waver in my determination to use my life for Christ. If I must study medicine, I will use medicine as a means of extending the knowledge of Christ's gospel."

The student's call was followed by a visit from the wife of an evangelist from the large island in the north that used to be called Yezo, now Hokkaidō. This lady told me that some of the Christians in Sapporo sent two telegrams to the annual meeting in Osaka inquiring whether the American Board would at once establish a station in this northern island. It was a great delight to hear her tell about different individuals whom I well knew but had not seen for a long time. One was an army officer whom I baptized several years ago, and who with his wife is doing excellent Christian work. Another was a young evangelist with whom I have often preached, and who has given up his office as evangelist to become a farmer, for the noble reason that he cannot win the poor farmers without himself becoming one with them in daily toil. "You are paid to tell us these things," said a skeptical farmer to him last year; "and you get twice as much doing that as we can by farming." So the evangelist wrote me

he was going to be a farmer for Christ's sake, and that is what he 's doing now.

Whether these chips are worth picking up or not must be left to you who take a look at them. There is a chip story which says that when a certain man tried



PILGRIMS TO MOUNT FUJI.

to get warm by the fire of the chips a viper came out and fastened on him. I sincerely hope that out of this basket of chips there will come out nothing like vipers, nothing but warmth.

MR. ISHII AND HIS ORPHANAGE.

BY REV. J. H. PETTEE, OKAYAMA, JAPAN.

MR. J. ISHII, of Okayama, is perhaps the most widely known of living Japanese Christians. So many inquiries have been received in regard to the man and his work that a brief record of the leading events of his life, taken mainly from his lips, will here be given.

Mr. Ishii was born at Takanabe, on the island of Kiushiu, in April, 1865. His parents were Samurai of good standing, his father having been a highly respected official in the local Public Works Department. His mother embraced Christianity in 1888, his father, though a believer in the Western religion, never having made a public confession of Christ. The boy was early sent to school and his training was carefully watched.



MR. ISHII.

At the age of eleven or twelve young Ishii's attention was first called to the Christian religion. Strange and crude as that experience was, he marks it as the first in a chain of causes bringing about his present religious condition. In reading a translation of Peter Parley's History of the World, he saw a representation of the cross in a picture of the Crusaders. A school friend told him that if he worshiped the cross unseen by others he could work magic (*maho*); so he tried it often, saying over when by himself, "Christo Jiuji gun Dono

(O Christ, Lord of the Army of the Cross)." Mr. Ishii dates his first idea of an unseen, all-powerful God, and of prayer, from that crude boyish experience.

At the age of fifteen young Ishii was sent to a private school in Tōykō for a year, where he remembers seeing a foreign missionary. Here he became involved in the political excitements of the times, and on his returning home he ventilated his views on politics. One night he dreamed that the police came and seized him. The next morning, to his great astonishment, the dream was fulfilled. Two policemen marching in took him to prison, from which he was only released after forty days' imprisonment. His dream, and what followed it, led to a fuller belief in an invisible God, and this Mr. Ishii regards as the second in the chain of causes resulting in his present faith.

Shortly after this he was married. In 1882 he became a policeman for a while. At this time, on consulting a physician, Dr. Ogiwara, he received, aside from his medicines, some sound advice on morals and religion. He was deeply impressed and decided to study medicine. He had no Bible and had heard but little about Christ, but he had learned from Dr. Ogiwara that faith, hope, and love were the three fundamentals of Christianity. Coming to Okayama in August, 1882, he sought a Bible-seller, who, through some misapprehension, took him to be one of a company of mischievous students who had lately troubled his family. So young Ishii, being repelled, turned to the Roman Catholics and was treated with marked kindness. He studied with them for one year and became an earnest supporter of that faith. But later, on observing that the Catholics had no Bible as the Protestants had, he turned to the latter, purchasing a New Testament and calling upon Pastor Kanamori. On November 2, 1884, he publicly entered the Protestant communion, being rebaptized at his own request, and against the advice of the pastor. At this time he met Koume Sumiya, whom all would name as the most devoted Christian woman in Okayama. They were kindred spirits. He named her the mother of his faith, and aimed from that time at a spirit and consecration like hers. To this date he goes to her for counsel and sympathy in every experience. We may add here that his wife was baptized in 1886, and has since, quietly but conscientiously, aided her husband in all his philanthropic schemes.

In July, 1884, occurred an event which not only helped him forward in the divine life, but gave him his first impulse toward humanitarian activity. At his home in Takanabe, he read of the gifts to Joseph Neesima, by an old man and an old woman in America, of two dollars each for the establishment of a Christian college in Japan. That these poor old people should give money for use in a distant land was a new idea to him, and from that time he devoted his life to the welfare of others. He opened at once, in an old Shintō shrine on the edge of the town, a night-school for poor children. On his return to Okayama at the end of the summer the school was continued by one of the boys he had saved out of beggary. For four years this enterprise was kept up, Mr. Ishii furnishing the funds and the faith. He testifies that as often as he forgot to pray in Okayama for the Takanabe school a letter was sure to come from his assistant, saying, "The school is running down." Then more earnest prayer in Bizen was followed by a letter from Hiuga, "All goes well again." This not once, but many times.

The following August (1885), while living in a Japanese house belonging to the missionaries at Okayama, he read a translation by the famous scholar Nakamura, of Smiles's Self-help. He was profoundly impressed by the testimony of Dr. Guthrie, "the Apostle of the Ragged School movement," as to the influence exerted upon his lifework by the example of John Pounds, the humble Portsmouth cobbler, who "while earning his daily bread by the sweat of his brow, had rescued from misery and saved to society not less than five hundred of these poor children." Like Dr. Guthrie, Mr. Ishii could say, "I felt ashamed of myself; I felt reproved for the little I had done. I was astonished at this man's



A CASTLE IN JAPAN.

achievements." He wrote in his journal at the time, "I believe myself born for that purpose, and I will follow Guthrie's example in imitating Pounds."

In order to aid a fellow-student, aside from supporting himself, Ishii, while a student in the medical school, went out at night as a massage shampooer, working at this exhausting profession until nearly or quite midnight, then arising at four to study, that he might hold his high place among the first three of his class.

In December, 1886, George Muller came to Japan. The following February, while boarding in the house of a Christian, Ishii heard a letter read from the son of the household, then a theological student at the Doshisha, describing Mr. Muller and his visit to Kyōto, and dwelling on the "life of faith" of that wonderful man. Again deep thoughts were stirred in his mind. Then first he understood something of what is meant by those words in common use in Japan, "Living heavenly Father and his love." Then first he committed his life and

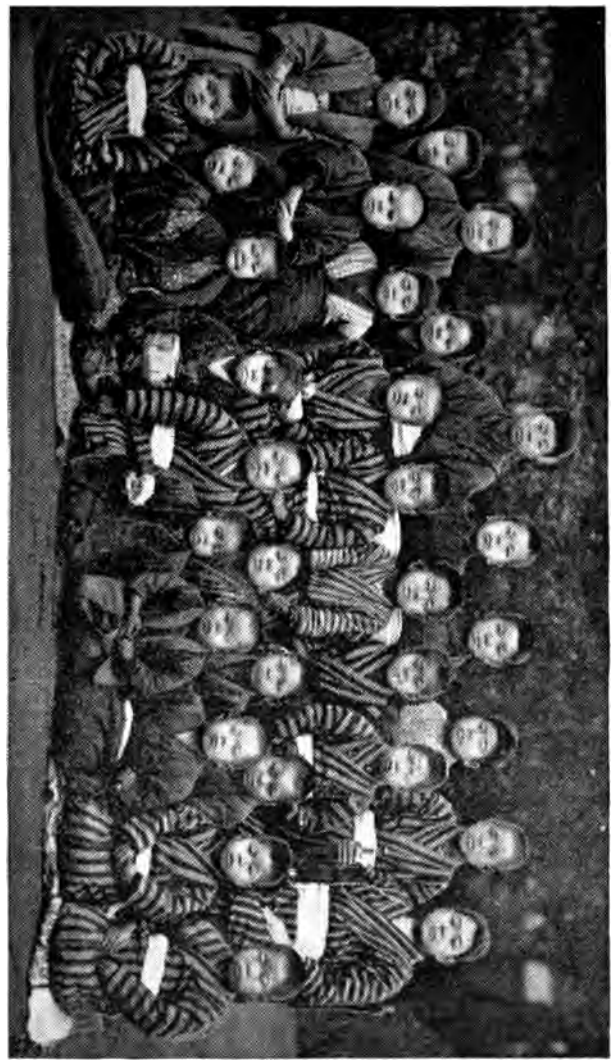
all to God and his service. Heretofore his purpose had been to serve God in some way after graduation. Now he decided to begin at once and for children. This he numbers third in the list of great causes that led him to his lifework.

Though suffering from brain trouble, he went to Kamiachi, some twelve miles east of Okayama, and began practising medicine to support himself. The house adjoining the one where he roomed was a miserable hovel, frequented by the very poor. One day in June a beggar woman with two children stopped there and remained over night. Noticing that the family was very needy Mr. Ishii stepped in and gave a bowl of his own rice to the eight-year-old boy. The lad immediately passed it over to his younger sister, who was a cripple. The mother was out begging for a breakfast. Returning later she called on Mr. Ishii and thanked him heartily for his kind act. A little sympathy and persuasion loosed the woman's tongue and she told a pitiful story. Her husband had died; she was now begging her way back to Bingo, her old province, hoping against hope to secure work there. She said, "I could support myself and the crippled girl, but I can't earn enough in addition for the boy." Mr. Ishii, prompt to act upon his newly formed rule of life, at once offered to adopt the boy. The mother-love was strong and the woman hesitated. Mr. Ishii begged her to give him up for the sake of all of them. At last the woman consented on condition that the boy might be returned to her every night. This arrangement was followed for a week, Mr. Ishii caring for the boy through the day only. After a week's trial the mother was convinced of Mr. Ishii's sincerity of purpose and committed the boy entirely to his charge. This was the first child in Mr. Ishii's adopted family. The boy still lives and is frequently shown to audiences as "the original orphan." With such pains was the work begun which speedily grew into an organized asylum for needy children.

In July, 1887, occurred what Mr. Ishii reckons as the fourth and final cause for the opening of the Orphanage. He learned of a poor fisherman and his wife who, though but slightly removed from starvation themselves, adopted a little girl of three and a boy of five, left by parents and two older brothers, all dead from cholera. The heartless neighbors were about to bury the younger child in the coffin with its mother, it being nearly dead from starvation and no one to care for it. Two thoughts came home to the young physician with great force: first, the pitiable condition of orphans; and next, that if those who know nothing of the great love of Christ can show such kindness as those poor fishers, what ought not we Christians to do? Dare we do less than they?

He returned to Okayama, conferred with his trusty advisers, and in September, 1887, rented a part of a large temple of the Zen sect (Buddhist), moved in with his family, and quietly opened his Asylum for needy children. He began with the boy whose story I have told above and two other lads whom had he picked up. He had no resources but his own abounding faith and devoted spirit. Since that day of momentous decision, the institution has grown steadily in numbers, influence, and good works. It has passed through many trials, but they have served only to strengthen its founder's faith in spiritual verities. It has been reduced at times to its last pot of gruel, but the prayer of faith has brought relief and sometimes just at the moment of dire need. Mr. Ishii has never refused shelter to any needy applicant. His home has become so widely known,

especially since the earthquake, that he is forced to inquire carefully into the actual needs of each case, so as not to be imposed upon by the shiftless and the lazy. Quietly conferring with the children after the terrible earthquake in November last, he infused his own self-forgetful spirit into them. They were as ready as he to give for those needier than themselves. Subscribing thirteen



ORPHANS AT NAGOYA.

dollars out of their own poverty they started out to solicit aid from others. The local Salvation Army took up the work under Mr. Ishii's lead, and has raised from Japanese sources over $1,100 in money and 1,700 articles of clothing. A branch asylum was opened at Nagoya, and seventy-seven earthquake orphans are cared for there and at the main home in Okayama.

Feeling that his Home was imperfect so long as the children were cared for

entirely through the charity of others and not taught to work for themselves, he opened an Industrial Department in September, 1890. The trades now taught are printing, farming, barbering, straw weaving, silk embroidery, the manufacture of matting, besides cooking, washing, and sewing. He plans soon to open match and soap manufactories and a training school for carpenters. The children work through the day and study in the evening. There is also a kindergarten for the very youngest, and an English class for seven of the most promising students.

Of many gifts to the Asylum from all parts of the world the past year has seen two of special magnitude, one from a Japanese, and one from abroad. A humble, devoted evangelist in Banshu has given his whole property, valued at some $1,800 to Mr. Ishii's work, and that estate is now used as the farm branch of the Asylum. One striking fact is that it has never been necessary during the four and a half years of this work to buy a single article of wearing apparel, save when the "earthquake branch" was first opened at Nagoya. Enough has always been contributed for the needs of the children by students of the Doshisha and other schools, or by churches and communities.

Two hundred and eighty-five boys and girls have been connected with the Home. Of these, twenty-five have died, seven run away, twenty been returned to their friends, and 233 may now be found in the three Homes. The children practically govern themselves, they being divided for this purpose and for their trades, like the old Israelites, into companies of tens, of fifties, and of hundreds. All elections are by ballot, weekly meetings are held about Asylum interests, the graver cases alone being referred to Mr. Ishii. The children print sermonettes and distribute them through the city, and are preparing to publish a small paper. They take great interest in their industries, are loyal to the Asylum, almost worship "Father Ishii," and soon catch his spirit of simple trust and practical piety.

The Asylum is preëminently a place of prayer. Founded in prayer, it is continued in the same spirit. The morning hour from six to seven is called the prayer hour. The children go singly to a shaded graveyard in the rear of the temple for private devotions. Also at nine o'clock on Friday evening a short meeting for those who desire it is held at the same sacred spot. This is the Bethel of the Asylum, and has witnessed several remarkable answers to the prayer of faith. After breakfast comes a half-hour of devotions in the temple, and again in the evening. On Sabbath afternoon the children march in military order, headed by their own buglers, to church, a mile and a half away. It is a stirring sight and has led more than one sightseer to send gifts to the Asylum and to inquire into the claims of the Christian religion.

To sum up the man and his work in a sentence: Ishii and his institution are a practical realization of his own favorite New Testament verse, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." A love that works itself out in deeds; a life that is truly Christian; the spirit of the Bible worked into flesh and blood; simple loyalty worthy of a Christian Samurai; faith that feels, hope that, though always grave, is never despondent; love that counts no cost, if it may but save a few of "the least of these my brethren."

TWO JAPANESE STORIES.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM JAPANESE DRAWINGS.

[Here are the translations, made by Rev. Otis Cary, of Okayama, of two stories used by a Japanese teacher of morality to illustrate points in his sermons. We think that our readers can draw from them morals not wholly inapplicable to some persons in Christian lands.]

THE JAR OF CANDY.

THERE was once a grand wedding to which were invited all the aged people, the officials, and the other prominent men of the neighborhood. Among the guests was one old gentleman who was so much of a teetotaler that, through fear of intoxication, he would not drink as much beer as would be equal to the dew on a single blade of grass. As the rest of the company were all enjoying their



THE HAND IN THE JAR.

cups the master of the house felt sorry for the old man who was unable to join them. "As you do not drink beer," he said, "it must be very dull sitting here. Can't I get something else for you? Perhaps you would eat some candy." So saying he brought a beautifully decorated jar nearly full of sugarplums. All the other guests rejoiced to see the thoughtfulness of their host, with whom they joined in urging the old man to take some of the candy. He was by no means loath to accept the invitation. Taking the jar on his knees he put in his hand for some candy. Though the mouth of the jar seemed a little small he forced in his hand without much difficulty. When, however, he tried to pull it out again it stuck fast. He pulled and twisted, but all in vain.



SHIBA ONKO'S PRESENCE OF MIND.

The person who sat next the old man, seeing that something was out of the way, inquired, "What is the matter?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing of any consequence! only my hand has somehow got caught in this jar and won't come out."

"That is too bad," said the other; "just let me take hold of the jar and then if you pull hard you will get free."

So while the old man tried to pull out his hand the other tugged away in the opposite direction. The rest of the company were convulsed with laughter as they saw the exertions of the two men, whom they jokingly compared to two struggling warriors.

To the old man it was no laughing matter. "It hurts awfully and does n't start at all," he said.

The company now stopped making fun, for the affair was getting serious. Some proposed sending for a doctor or for Mr. Namba, the noted bonesetter; but finally one of the guests said: "Don't make so great an ado over the matter. I remember the famous story of Shiba Onkō, who, when a child, was one day playing with several of his companions near a big jar filled with water. One of the boys who climbed upon this slipped and fell in. The other children, with the exception of Shiba Onkō, ran off in fright; but he picked up a large stone and threw against the jar, which broke and let out both the water and the boy. I will take the part of Shiba Onkō, and though it is a great pity to destroy it, the beautiful jar is not so valuable as our friend's hand."

In accordance with this suggestion, the old man stretched out the arm which had the jar on it. The other gave one blow. The candy went scattering like snow over the mats, and the old man was set free. And now when they came to look at his hand the reason why he could not get it out was evident. The greedy fellow had grasped a big handful of candy to which he had held fast all the time. Had he only been willing to let go of the sugarplums he could have drawn out his hand and the beautiful jar need not have been broken.

THE EARS AND TONGUES THAT WENT TO PARADISE.

A certain man died and went to paradise. Kwanon, the goddess of mercy, met him at the gate and brought him at once to Amida, who said: "Since you



THE GOOD EARS AND TONGUES.

are henceforth to be an inhabitant of paradise you ought at once to become acquainted with the general features of the place. You may as well go right out this morning to look about a little. Kwanon will act as your guide."

Kwanon, in obedience to this direction, led the man out to see the sights of paradise. Heaps of gold and precious stones dazzled the eyes, the ears were ravished with the songs of angels, magnificent lotus-flowers bloomed in the eight wonderful lakes, while the immortal birds of paradise filled the air with notes sweeter than those of the nightingale. While wandering about, they came to a building that looked something like a pawnbroker's shop. On the sides of the room were shelves heaped up with what appeared to be mushrooms and dried fish-roes. "This," thought the man, "must be the place where the great feasts are prepared." So turning to Kwanon he asked, "Are these mushrooms brought here for the food of the saints?"

"Oh, no! those are not mushrooms," she said.

"What, then, are they?"

"Those are the ears of persons who while on earth always listened with approval to moral discourses. They took great delight in hearing sermons and doctrinal expositions; yet when it came to action their deeds were so evil that at death their bodies sank to the lowest abysses of hell, and only their ears were admitted to paradise."

The man next said, "It seems rather strange to have those dried fish-roes here in paradise. How does it happen?"

Kwanon said reprovingly, "You foolish fellow! Do you suppose that any animal food would be allowed here? Those are not fish-roes. Some people during their earthly life are very skilful in telling others what to do and in expounding truth to the edification of their hearers, while they themselves do only what is for their own pleasure and profit. When such persons die they are lost, all except their tongues which come to paradise."

THE above stories are good illustrations of what has often been told concerning the Japanese, that they are specially fond of allegories. They are ingenious in inventing such stories, and they have many books which are filled with them. One of the most famous of these books is the Mu-so-bi. Of this book Mrs. Carrothers writes in her volume, "The Sunrise Kingdom": "Mu-so-bi is the name of a man who traveled through the air, visiting many different kingdoms, as they are called — such as Childhood, Avarice, Lying, and others. He tells what he saw in them all. In the kingdom of Childhood he found funny little people who could neither walk nor talk, and had no teeth and no hair. In the kingdom of Lying he came across a notice upon a schoolroom door stating that the teacher would begin a class there on a certain day. He went at the appointed time, but no teacher was there. This was repeated several times, until he went after the teacher and asked him the reason of such strange conduct. He replied that to teach lying was his special object, but this he did by action rather than by word."

MICRONESIA.



A MICRONESIAN FAMILY.

THE VOYAGE OF THE "MORNING STAR," 1890-91.

BY CAPTAIN GEORGE F. GARLAND, COMMANDER.

To the Stockholders of the Morning Star: —

DEAR FRIENDS, YOUNG AND OLD, — Shipowners are always glad to hear from their vessels while away on voyages, and I suppose the many owners of the *Morning Star* are no exception. I will try, therefore, to make a little report of her doings for the past year for their benefit; but first we will prepare for a voyage.

When the ship is ready we take in coal enough for a voyage of ten months, or about 170 tons. Then comes a year's supplies for the missionaries, and on



NATIVE HOUSE ON PONAPE.

deck there is generally a load of lumber, with perhaps a cow or two. Sometimes a generous friend in Honolulu will give us a few tons of ice to start off with, and so we sail in June or July of each year for Micronesia. We find the *Star* is none too large for her work, and sometimes, with sixty or seventy people on board, we wish she was still larger. We hope the owners will see fit to make some much-needed alterations this year to accommodate passengers.

The last, or voyage No. 8, of the *Star* was the longest and most eventful

she has made. Going first to the Gilbert Islands to land Mr. Walkup, we went on to Kusaie and Ponape. We were sorry to find Ponape in a state of war and all mission work stopped, the schools closed and the mission grounds a battlefield. The *Star* was not allowed to go to her old anchorage near the mission station, but was obliged to lie at the Spanish Colony, part of the time between the Spanish men-of-war, with their great guns pointing at her. A few weeks later these guns were turned upon the natives and fired about 800 times. The island is so thickly covered with trees and vines that no natives and very few houses could be seen from the war-vessels, consequently very little damage



CALLING TO CHURCH, ON RUK.

was done by the shells. The soldiers, who seemed to want something to show for their week's work, then landed and burned all of our mission houses and a few native houses. A very good view of a Ponape house is given in the cut on the preceding page.

The *Morning Star's* work while lying at Ponape was to receive on board the missionaries and scholars from the training schools when they were no longer safe on shore. To the west of Ponape the *Star* now has little to do, except to land supplies at Ruk. The schooner *Robert W. Logan* now visits the Mortlocks in her stead, and has already made several voyages to that group, and can give the missionary in charge of the work all the time he desires at each island; this, of course, gives the *Star* more time for the other groups. We have a very good picture here of a native Christian; he is blowing a large shell to call people to church. The *Morning Star* is seen at anchor in the distance. This long stone wharf seen in the picture was built by the natives under the direction of Moses, who is their Christian teacher, and it is one of the signs of the

improvement which has been going on since the missionary work was begun in the Ruk archipelago.

And now we will sail back to the Gilbert Islands, stopping at Kusaie long enough to fill our water-tanks and take the Gilbert Islands girls on board. They are in charge of one of their teachers, and are now going home for the first time in four years; there are thirteen of them, as full of life and fun as any girls in America. A trip on the *Star* is a great change for them; it is their vacation, and they seem to enjoy it. Without the *Star* the boys and girls in Micronesia could not be gathered into the training schools as they now are, because they live on islands long distances apart, and from 300 to 700 miles from the schools.

The picture, "A Scene in Butaritari," on the next page, gives a good idea of a Gilbert Islands house. I wonder how some of the *Morning Star* owners would like living in such a house, with no sides and no furniture except a mat spread on the ground. People sitting at the end of a village can look right through all the houses and see what is going on at the other end. When the boys and girls from the schools become teachers and go back to their low islands, we find them building better houses, putting sides to them, and even dividing them into rooms. Such houses serve to make better people, and are a help to them in breaking away from heathen customs. You will notice in this picture of the Butaritari village some marks on the ground in front of the house. These are graves, for the islanders bury their dead close to their homes, making only a little mound over them. It seems strange that they should be willing to have the graves so near their dwellings, but such is their notion.

In the Gilbert Islands this year the *Morning Star* received pretty rough usage from winds and waves, and for the first time since she was launched had to seek a refuge. During one heavy gale she lay for five days with both anchors down and dragged them nearly half a mile. They were anxious days for those on board, for if she struck one of the many coral patches in the lagoon she would have gone to the bottom in a hurry. We were thankful when the gale was over and we could go about our work. Although we were in several tight places, yet we were kept from all serious accident, and the *Star* proved herself, as she has always done, a good sea boat.

After spending three months in this group we went to Kusaie again, to land the Gilbert Islands scholars; then taking on board the Marshall Islands boys and girls, we took them for a visit to their homes. But this is not all the *Star* has to do. The missionary in charge of the work has to visit all the islands; the *Star* takes him there and lies at anchor while he is on shore, which is from one day to a week. Then again the *Star* often has shipwrecked men on board, either taking them home or to some place from which they can get home. This, though not strictly missionary work, tends to give the vessel a good name and helps create good feeling between the natives and missionaries. I have known shipwrecked natives to wait months for the *Star* to take them home when they could have gone earlier by other vessels.

We spent about eight weeks in the Marshall group, and after being tossed and rolled about so much we were glad to get to our quiet anchorage again at Kusaie.

But what has happened? we asked one another as we approached the island. We left it green and fair; now it is brown and bare. Some men soon come off in a canoe and tell us of the hurricane which had swept the island. How we rejoiced to hear that no lives were lost! Though house after house was blown down, and thousands of trees were uprooted or broken off, yet no one was seriously hurt. The frame-houses belonging to the mission were about the only ones left standing, and some of them were badly twisted and shaken up. Only three houses were left in the principal native village; these were saved by the people getting inside and bracing them up. Most of the food-trees were either destroyed or so injured that they will not bear for many months. Bread-



A SCENE IN A BUTARITARI VILLAGE, GILBERT ISLANDS.

fruit-trees, which are large and do not take deep root, suffered most. The people were already getting hungry before the *Star* sailed for home; I hope vessels with provisions to sell will stop there and so relieve them.

But we must get back to our home port again, and so taking the missionaries who are to return, and the home mail, we make our start, stopping to say good-by to Ponape, then on to Ruk for the mails, then to Honolulu. At the end of our voyage we find we have been away eleven months and have sailed perhaps 18,000 miles, steamed over forty days, and anchored fifty-one times. We reached Honolulu, June 19, and your vessel afterward came up to San Francisco for needed repairs.

It is now "eight bells" and my watch below, so I must close. Hoping you can form a little idea of what the *Morning Star* is doing in Micronesia,

Yours in service,

GEORGE F. GARLAND,
Captain.

THE STORY OF BUTARITARI IN 1892.

BY REV. A. C. WALKUP.

BUTARITARI and the small island of Makin are separated by an ocean channel of four miles; they are the most fertile of the coral islands of the Gilbert group. This group in Western Micronesia extends across the equator from three degrees north latitude to two degrees south latitude, or a distance of 300 miles, and from 175 degrees to 173 degrees east longitude. The distance from San Francisco is about 5,000 miles.



NAN TEMATE, KING OF BUTARITARI.

The king of Butaritari, Nan Temate, whose likeness is given here, recently came to the United States in the interests of his people. It took no little bravery for him to leave home and family, his cocoanut groves and tropical climate, and come to a cold climate, enduring a long voyage of from forty to fifty days, living upon sailors' food in a small schooner. He came among a people with whom he could converse only through an interpreter who knew a few words of broken English. His object was to seek friendship and protection from a nation that had sent him and his people the Word of life. His islands are merely strips of broken coral and sand thirty miles in length, a few feet above high tides; but he offers the United States a coaling station in the mid-Pacific.

Butaritari and Makin lie seventy-five miles from the rest of the group. They had been under the government, if it deserves the name of government, of one dynasty or family for many years before the arrival of a missionary. Sometimes the rulers governed with such severity that victims fell at the point of the warrior's spear without a moment's warning. At other times anarchy would prevail, every man doing what was right in his own eyes. A whole family would often be summoned at midnight to avenge an offence, either by assassination or by cutting down the offender's cocoanut trees, making him and his family beggars or compelling them to live on fish only. The common people mingled freely with the royal family, and especially so in lewd games and heathen practices. These games extend into the night, as long as the moonlight lasts, so that at the time of the full moon they continue until morning. The small children also have games, playing in the dark or around a bonfire until they drop down to rest and go to sleep in a neighbor's hut or on the sand-beach.

Most of the fishing is done at night, and when the party returns with a catch a supper is served, and the sleepers wake up to eat, even though it be in the small hours of the night. Rev. Hiram Bingham, the pioneer in this group, could tell you much of the degradation of this people as it was when he sent them their first Hawaiian missionary in 1865. His fellow-laborer, Rev. J. W. Kanoa, had already seen ten years of pioneer work in the midst of the dark heathenism on Kusaie, and afterward on Apaiang and Tarawa. He was a hard worker, and many a long walk or hard pull he had in going from village to village, sowing the good seed. Much of this seed sprang up only to be choked by the tares that the emissaries of the evil one were continually scattering. I have heard a converted sailor tell of an experience at Butaritari, when he as second mate of a whaleship was sent ashore, while the people were drinking their native liquor, to exchange a demijohn of rum for a barrel of cocoanut oil. The man took good care not to get into the hands of the savage people or let his boat get aground, and to see that the oil was in the boat before he left the devil's torch.

In 1880 I had my first sight of heathenism on this island of Butaritari. The then reigning king, a relative of this Nan Temate, and the royal family were lying drunk under an old hut, and as unconcerned seemingly about the visit of the new white missionaries as a herd of fat lazy swine would be at the approach of a dealer. Rev. H. J. Taylor and myself asked about buying land and building our foreign houses for our families, and about training schools to be gathered from the different islands of the group; but no notice was taken of our request, and we went on to Apaiang. Most of the people were reported to be drinking and dancing and indulging in lewd plays. The priests and priestesses were performing many ceremonies and incantations over children, not only at their births, but at their betrothals and marriages. Many sacrifices were being offered to deities represented by stones set up as idols. A few "beach-combers" lived on the island, as traders, in old native huts, and their stock consisted of rum, guns, tobacco, and other instruments of vice. Mr. Kanoa had not lost courage, although at that time his followers were reduced to a smaller band than Gideon's. Scarcely a score were dressed and in their right minds.

But visit the island with us now, after twelve years have passed. This king,

Nan Temate, is a warm-hearted Christian, has an organized police force and guard, has gathered in and destroyed all the guns except rifles for the guard, has destroyed all the maneabas (the name given to the large dance and vice houses), has imposed heavy fines for theft, gambling, and licentiousness; the fermentation of "toddy," the sap of the cocoanut blossom, which is regarded not only as the drink and food of children, but the daily nourishment of all, is strictly forbidden. What cannot be used within a few hours, when it is sweet, must be poured out, or boiled down into syrup for future use. No work, either fishing or traveling, can be done on the Sabbath. The king has now a foreign house for government use, also two frame houses for his family. Although a king, and portly, weighing from 250 to 280 pounds, he is not afraid of work. Mr. and Mrs. Rand went with us to pay him a visit. He had just returned in



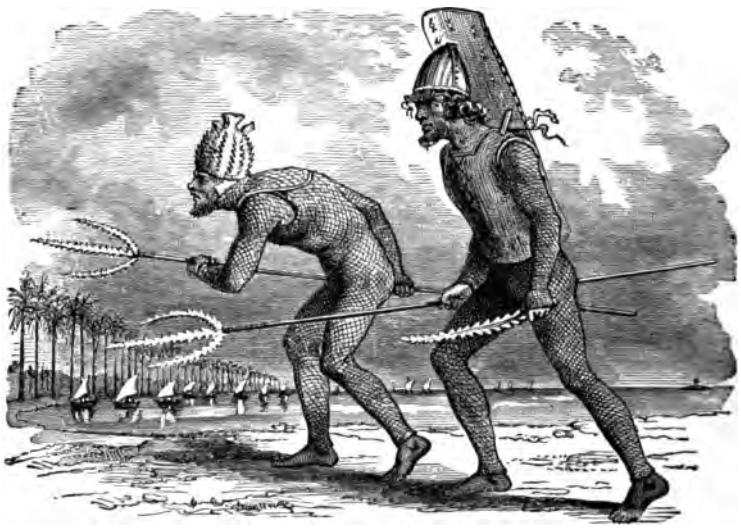
A MANEABA OF FORMER TIMES.

a pajama suit, wet and soiled, with his company of natives, some girls being among the number, from gathering stones from the reef at low tide, bringing the stones in four large surfboats, to build a dock to land upon and also a walk to his house. Trading by foreigners is prohibited unless they pay a tribute of one hundred dollars yearly, and the selling or giving guns or liquor to the natives is forbidden entirely. Four firms, two of them American, one German, and one from Sydney, have stores and warehouses at the king's village, with branch stores at other villages on the island, to sell, if tobacco is excepted, only useful articles. Is it not a shame that these few foreigners from so-called civilized countries must have a saloon, signboard and all, just for themselves to drink and gamble in? Shall not the first be last and the last first?

You will now find the people well dressed, except when fishing or working in the water. In villages where we have been able to furnish them teachers, all the children, and many older ones, are in schools. The teachers thought the

1,800 books left them would not supply the demand of the market for books. On the Sabbath all are not only expected to attend worship and Sabbath-school, but seemingly enjoy attending, if a walk of three or four miles will enable them to do so. There are eight places for stated preaching, with five dedicated houses of worship, four of which were enlarged last year; all the people, including men and women, working as they could, the women making the matting to cover the large buildings.

They have a bell costing $350, purchased to take the place of one costing $180, a few years ago, and cracked by vigorous pounding. An outlying church has a bell weighing 128 pounds. There are 750 church members, 112 of whom were received on confession the past year, and 200 restored. The contributions for missionary work amounted to $111.75, besides a contribution of $250, gathered to help supply the American evangelist with a craft much needed for



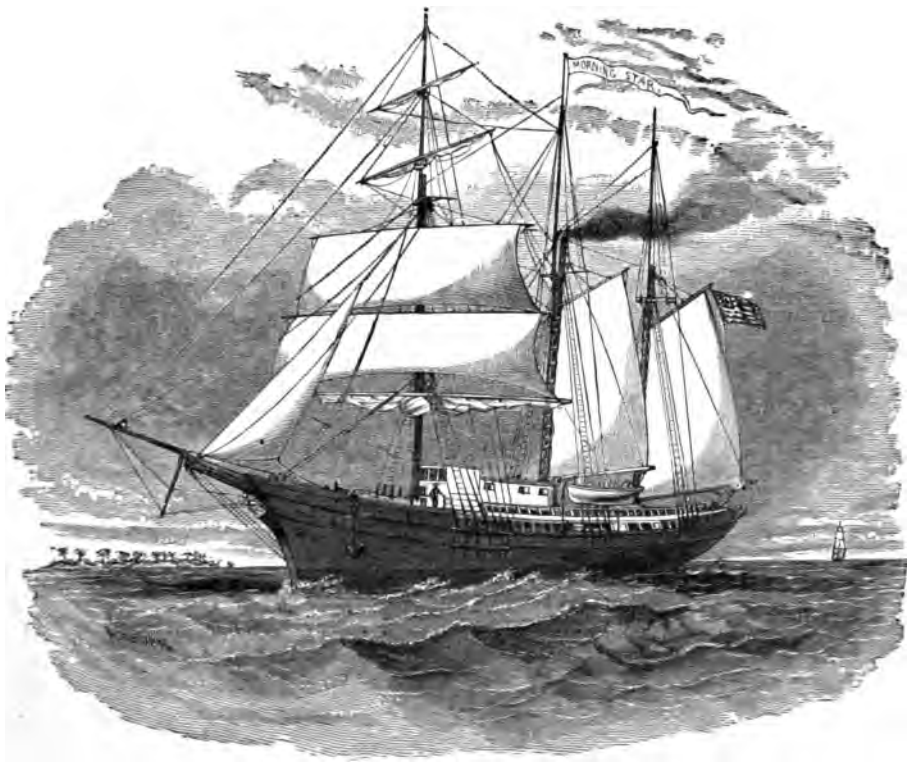
GILBERT ISLAND WARRIORS OF FORMER TIMES.

touring among the islands. The prince, an exceedingly fine-looking, portly young man, stands with the choir and carries the bass in Coronation, Beulah Land, The Precious Name, or The Sweet By-and-by.

The directors in the work the last few years have been an aged Hawaiian couple, Rev. R. Maka and wife, and they have been asking for recruits to hold their work while they secure a rest in their homeland at the Sandwich Islands. This request has been in vain, until this year. Now all the students in Dr. Hyde's Institute at Honolulu, as also the wives of all, have volunteered to go anywhere in the Gilbert Islands. The Hawaiian Board's treasury is about empty, but nevertheless two families are to be sent. Where are the two families our American Board has been looking for in vain, from our seminaries and 6,000 student volunteers, who can be sent at once to hold the islands of the Marshall and Caroline groups and in time to bring about a similar result to that seen at Butaritari?

DINING WITH A KING.

THE tenth voyage of the *Morning Star* began June 18, 1892, when the vessel sailed from Honolulu for Micronesia. It ended after a voyage of a little over nine months, the *Star* entering Honolulu harbor again on March 27, 1893.



THE MORNING STAR.

During the voyage she first touched at Butaritari, the northernmost island of the Gilbert group, on July 5, thence sailing to Kusaie, and so on by Ponape to Ruk. On returning to Kusaie, she sailed for a tour through the Marshall Islands, starting August 2. After this visitation was completed she returned to Kusaie and took on board the scholars from the Gilbert group who had been in the school established for them on Kusaie. It will be remembered that, since missionaries from America find it impossible to live on the low coral islands of the Marshall

and Gilbert groups, pupils are annually collected from these groups and taken to the Training School on the high island of Kusaie. Dr. and Mrs. Pease and Miss Little have charge of the Marshall Islands department, while Mr. and Mrs. Channon and Miss Hoppin, aided by Miss Palmer, have the care of the Gilbert Islands school. Rev. Mr. Walkup is to spend his time with his little craft, the *Hiram Bingham*, in touring through the Gilbert group.

It was on the twenty-fifth of October, 1892, that the *Star* left Kusaie, with sixteen Gilbert Islands girls on board, for a tour through the group. Three of these girls were left at the islands and six new girls returned to commence their studies. Mr. and Mrs. Channon and Miss Hoppin went, of course, to care for these pupils and to supervise the work that is being done at the islands. They found many things to encourage them, while not a few of the persons whom they had trusted had gone astray.

The wife of the captain of the *Morning Star*, Mrs. Garland, kept a journal of the voyage, and from this record we are permitted to take an interesting account of the king of Butaritari and of a reception and feast he made for the missionaries and the girls who had returned from Kusaie. It will be remembered that this king visited San Francisco some two years ago, hoping to induce the United States to assume a protectorate over his islands. While at San Francisco he made Mrs. Garland's acquaintance, and to the interviews they then had she refers in the account which follows. This king, when he was in the United States, went by the name of Nan Tamate, but Mrs. Garland calls him Tebureimoa. He professes to be a Christian man, and it is pleasant to notice that at the feast described he himself asked a blessing in such a simple and earnest way. The account that Mrs. Garland gives shows that he is not a very majestic king, and yet when we remember what his ancestors and people were, how degraded and immoral, this account seems very pleasant. Here is the extract from Mrs. Garland's journal:—

"The king has numerous houses, some built in foreign style; but by that you must not imagine anything great, as they are more like the simplest and most modest seaside camping cottages than anything else; this dwelling-house is surrounded by an opening of the glaring white sand, enclosed by a whitewashed picket fence.

"As we filed by in a long straggling column, nearly every girl armed with a bundle of washing, a bag, or some other burden, His Majesty Tebureimoa, king of Butaritari and Makin, appeared at his door and in stentorian tones bade us enter. We were ushered into a good-sized room. The walls were neatly papered and the floor nicely matted. On a table in the corner were a few photographs, and on the walls a few more framed; one taken by Robert Louis Stevenson while he was here — a blue print of the king and his court — was really quite imposing, the king being arrayed in his admiral's uniform, the queen in her silk dress.

"The king, as we entered, seated himself on a wooden stool, beckoning the captain and me to similar seats on his right and left, giving one also to Miss Hoppin as she came in. The girls rested themselves on the veranda, in spite of the king's oft-repeated call, until he became a little irritated and bade them come in at once.

"You remember the ponderous figure of the king? His wife is well suited to him in figure, and looked immense, as she was in a black print *holoku*, with huge yellow polka dots. The king was dressed in a light outing shirt and woolen trowsers. Part of the time his shoes adorned his feet; part of the time they occupied a prominent post on a chest in the veranda. You hardly saw his ponderosity to good advantage in San Francisco; here, unburdened by a heavy coat and with his foot on his native sands, — his influenza a thing of the past, — he became genial in the extreme and jovially reminiscent. I was introduced as the friend of his travels, and called upon to corroborate many incidents. As Mr. Channon said afterward, probably his people had shown too much incredulity with regard to his marvelous tales, and I had accomplished a mission in vindicating him and establishing his character for veracity. But what do you suppose impressed him most in his travels? Not the immense buildings and crowds of people, nor the splendor of Iolani palace, nor all the display of the queen's surroundings, but the breakdown of the carriage on that Saturday afternoon when we rode together. Over and over, with most graphic tones and gestures, he told the story; he would insist that the horse was crazy, and that we were all in danger of being eaten. His heavy face really grew animated as he talked; Miss Hoppin said he seemed glad to have found a chum to talk over old times with.



MARSHALL ISLANDER (In Native Dress).

"When we took our leave, the king made us promise to come back at twelve o'clock 'to taste a little food'; and we were glad to accept on account of the girls. The girls were soon busy with their washing. Miss Hoppin and I, sitting on a mat, took turns reading to one another till it was time to see if the girls had all donned dry dresses and combed their hair, in readiness to start for the king's house. A long time we spent in waiting in his sitting-room; but at last, after much running hither and thither of the men and women about the place, the king led us across the yard to his eating-house, and the full glory of the banquet burst upon our vision. A long table was covered with a cloth of unbleached cotton, and plates were laid for ten, each

provided with knife and fork and large spoon, and a generous soup-plateful of rich-looking chicken soup, with a generous quantity of the chicken in it.

"The centrepiece on the table was a mammoth dishpan full of baked fish. This was flanked by platters of chicken and plates of *babai* (the coarse *taro* that grows here). At each plate was laid an unopened young cocoanut, and as side dishes were placed at intervals tins of sardines and corned beef. I was given the armchair at the end of the table, and in front of me stood a whole roast chicken on a fancy platter. There were many preliminaries to be gone through, and the king seemed dismayed that he could not seat all his guests at the table; but I assured him they were contented to sit on the floor, and he was at once relieved. There was more planning to make the plates go round, but at last we were ready, and Tebureimoa asked a blessing, very earnest and simple, and so a surprise to me. Our dinner was delicious; the king's cook had been taught by a white man, and the soup could not have been more nicely flavored or the chicken more tender. The babai too was good, and we all enjoyed the feast to the full. Four men waited on the guests, supplying those who sat on the floor, opening the cocoanuts, etc. The girls wanted very much to try the foreign delicacies, but waited to see how they should help themselves. At last the king dipped his fork into a tin of beef, took up a generous morsel and put it in his mouth. At once the girls all about began to follow suit, and quickly demolished the tins, but Miss Hoppin and I were well content with the fresh food, and were glad the king did not urge us to share the tins. Tebureimoa turned to me, asking, 'Did you notice my cook's apron?' (a piece of white cloth fastened about his waist). When I told that I had just been looking at it, he said with a very knowing look and much satisfaction, 'It is just like the steward on a ship or in a hotel, is n't it?'



BREAD-FRUIT OF MICRONESIA.

"I praised the cooking, and he was delighted. Toward the end of the meal, the girls became embarrassed with their sticky fingers, whereupon the king ostentatiously using the edge of the tablecloth for a napkin, bade his guests do likewise, and so ended our dinner. No, not quite! The inevitable cup of *kamaimai* (boiled extract of the juice of the cocoanut bud) and water followed, and proved almost too much for the dinner that went before it; but I fixed my thoughts stedfastly on a foreign subject, and took the draught in great gulps."

THE TWELFTH VOYAGE OF THE MORNING STAR, 1894-95.

BY CAPTAIN GEORGE F. GARLAND.

"SHIP ahoy!"
"Halloo!"
"What ship is that?"
"The *Morning Star*."
"Where are you from?"
"Honolulu."
"Where are you bound?"
"To Micronesia."

Conversation between vessels meeting at sea generally begins about in this way. The *Morning Star* has few opportunities to be social in this manner, because



A CORAL ISLAND.

there are so few ships in the region where she sails. But she is not lonesome by any means. Her voyage is all planned before she sails from Honolulu, and she has to work lively to get around on time. There is not much time to think of other vessels or to get lonesome. Her last voyage occupied over nine months, during which she probably sailed over 25,000 miles. If she could have sailed on straight courses from island to island, the distance would be only 12,000 miles, but with head winds she has to beat, first on one side, then on the other, sailing often 120 miles in twenty-four hours, only to make from thirty to fifty miles towards her port. At times she does not make even so much as that, because of strong currents running through the ocean in different directions.

Can you imagine how disappointing it is to the captain and others on board, after taking observations and working them up, to find the ship has only made 100 miles when by log she should have made 150? This often happens in the waters where the *Star* sails. "Why don't the captain allow for the current in his reckoning?" That seems simple enough, but when he sails along and finds a current setting him fifty miles a day east, and a few weeks later in the same place finds it setting fifty miles westward, what would you advise him to do about it?

Those who sail about much on the *Star* are very glad that the American Board was enabled to put even a little steam into her. It helps her out of many tight places, and enables her to visit lagoons where sailing vessels cannot go. Without steam the amount of work now done on each voyage would take over a year.

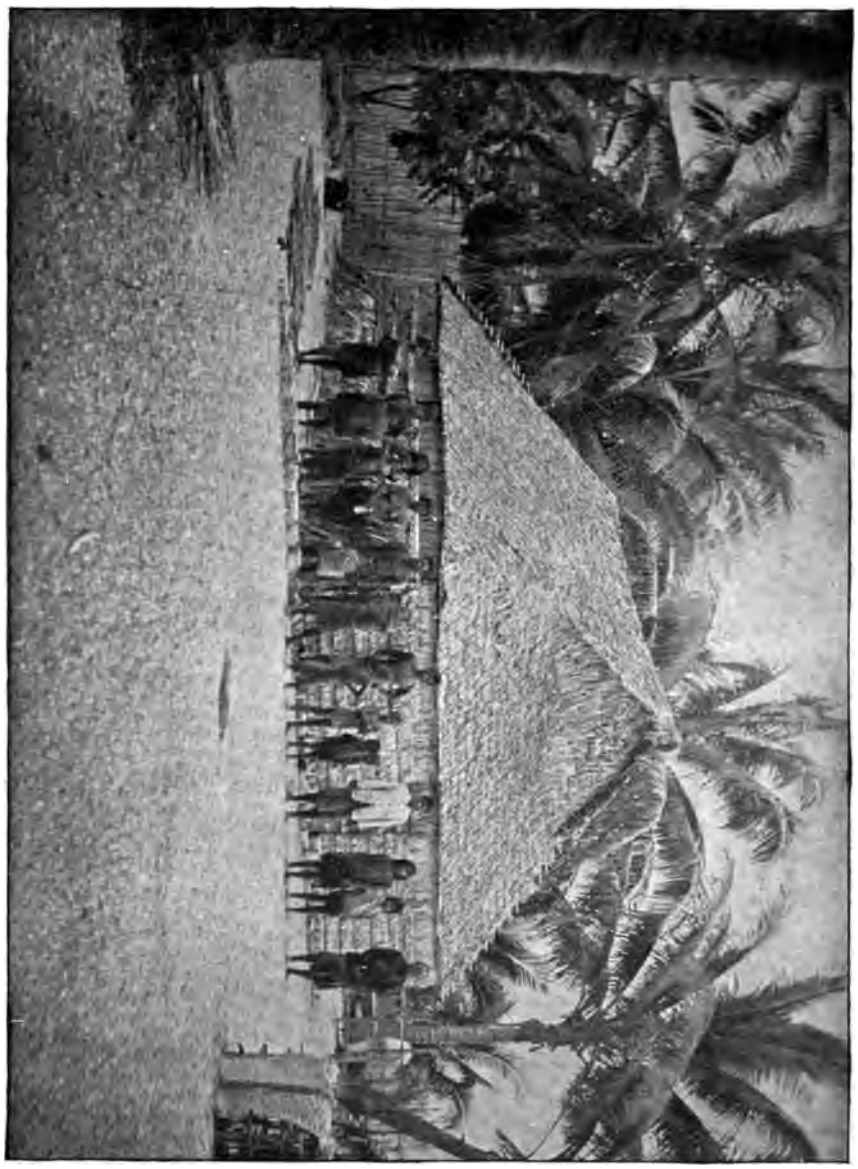
What takes up so much time? Well, last year she visited thirty islands, and some of them three or four times each. This year she has forty islands on her visiting list, having to take the islands usually visited by the schooner *Robert W. Logan*, which is supposed to be lost at sea. Some of these islands are only six or eight miles apart, and some are 400 miles apart. The whole distance from east to west traversed by the *Star* in Micronesia after she has sailed the 2,500 miles from Honolulu to the Gilbert group is 1,500 miles, and it has to be gone over three times each voyage, stopping at islands on the way from one to ten days, while the missionary in charge goes on shore to visit churches and schools. During the tours among the islands the missionary has to eat and sleep on board the *Star*, for most of the natives' houses are very poor, affording no protection from mosquitoes, which are very large and hungry. Moreover, the heat on these coral islands is much greater than on board ship at anchor away from the land.

At every island the *Star* has goods to land for the teachers, and this also takes up her time, for often the goods have to be boated from three to ten miles, and perhaps the boat will be caught on the coral flats by the outgoing tide, and generally but one load of goods can be landed in a day. There are no wharves in Micronesia for ships to go to.

I wonder how many young people know or can imagine what a coral island is like? First, it is very low — perhaps at the highest point ten feet above water. In books they are generally pictured as round, or nearly so, but that is an error, for they are very irregular shaped and narrow, so narrow that one can walk across them in from five to ten minutes. Their length is sometimes very great. I know of one island which is nearly 100 miles in circumference, with its outside reef only a few rods wide. The area of water inside the reef is called a lagoon, and near the centre of the lagoon are several islands where from 12,000 to 15,000 people live. But coral islands generally have no land in the lagoons, and the people live on the narrow strip from 200 feet to half a mile wide. They are very poor people and it is well that their wants are few. They need but little clothing, and their food in many cases is only cocoanuts and fish; and in dry seasons the cocoanuts nearly fail. One a day is often all they can have. Think of going to school with only an old hard cocoanut for lunch! And yet these island children keep fat on it. I don't know how they do it, but they rival all the Mellin's Food and Nestle's Food children we see pictured in the magazines.

I think the young people would like to see the *Star* when she is leaving

Kusaie for a Gilbert or Marshall Islands' trip. There will be forty or more school boys and girls on board the little ship, besides the missionary and his family and the ship's crew, say sixty or more in all. The boys take with them a supply of



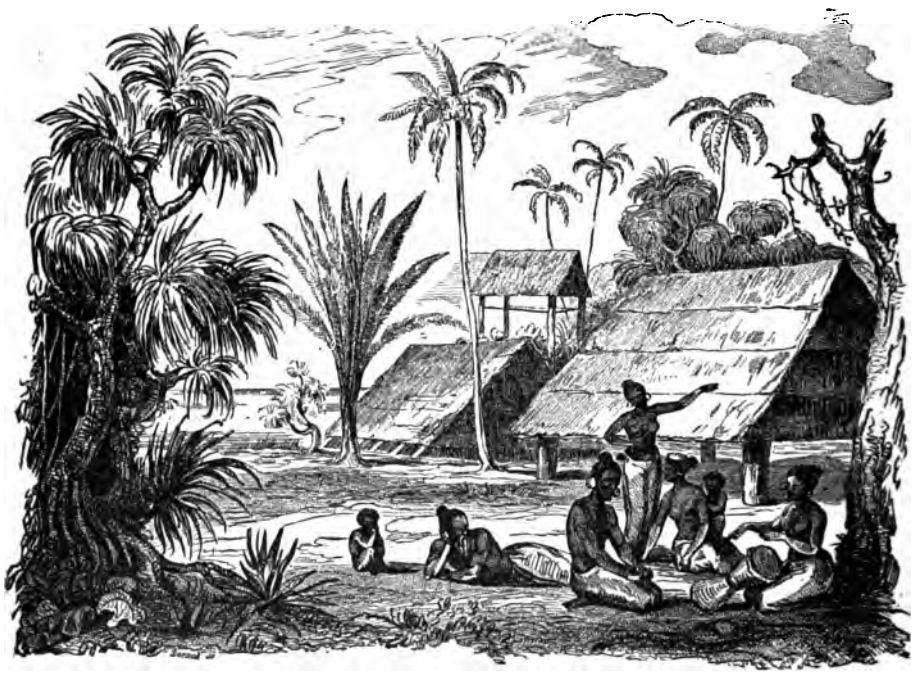
CHIEF'S HOUSE ON NONOUTI, GILBERT ISLANDS.

bananas and sugar cane; perhaps there will be fifty bunches of bananas and from one to two tons of cane. While the cane lasts the boys and girls are turned into sugar mills, and forty pairs of jaws do the grinding. The "trash" is of course thrown overboard and leaves a good mark for one to follow the ship by.

But the liveliest time we have is during rain squalls, when all hands take a

bath. We cannot carry enough fresh water for each one on board to have a bath every day, and so when it rains hard the scuppers are stopped up, and the rain gathers and the decks are turned into a vast bathtub. The boys take one deck, and the girls another. It is hard telling which make the most noise, but I think the girls do.

We have had many good illustrations of the great value of even a small amount of steam power. In August and September, when we were in the Carolines, there was a dead calm most of the time for three weeks. We met a trading schooner, rolling and flopping about, unable to steer at all. During those three weeks we had to steam over 1,000 miles. Here is a question in arithmetic for



A MARSHALL ISLANDS VILLAGE.

the stockholders of the *Morning Star*. How many whole days' steaming would that be at five miles per hour? Here is another. How much patience must the captain have to keep him from "jumping on his hat" while beating from Ruk to Kusaie, 700 miles, with a three-knot breeze. "Jumping on one's hat" is the seaman's expression for showing impatience at calms and contrary winds.

On February 25 we were homeward bound and had, as usual, head winds and fair winds, storms and calms, and on one night the *Star* ran ashore on a sunken reef. But we were able to get her off again the same day and go on our voyage. Perhaps some of the *Star's* stockholders were praying for her at that time. We love to think in times of trouble that so many prayers are being offered for the ship and those on board. Indeed, we need God's help and guidance at all times, but in special trials or troubles we are more apt to feel this need and our helplessness without him. On April 8, 1895, the *Star* arrived safe in Honululu, having completed her twelfth voyage to Micronesia.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE OF MICRONESIA.

THE *Morning Star* arrived at Honolulu on March 16, after its thirteenth annual voyage to Micronesia. A letter from Captain Garland in reference to the vessel may be expected before long, but failing of that now, we give for the young people some incidents from Micronesia, drawn chiefly from the journal letter of Mrs. Garland, the wife of the captain, who remained on Kusaie while the *Star* was making her trips through the several island groups.

The people of the Marshall and the Gilbert groups speak different languages, and since these islands are all coral and but a few feet above the water, and with comparatively little vegetation, the food is limited to cocoanuts and breadfruit and pandanus, and it is not prudent for American missionaries to attempt to live on them for any long period. How then shall these islands be reached with the



A CORAL ISLAND OF MICRONESIA.

gospel message? Only by native preachers and teachers who are accustomed to that scanty mode of living. But how shall these native preachers and teachers be prepared for that work? The method adopted, as some of you know, is to take them from their native islands to Kusaie, which is from 400 to 600 miles distant. This is a high island, as you will see by the picture on the next page, having mountains and streams, where good gardens can be cultivated. It is no little task for your vessel, the *Morning Star*, to go around the Marshall and Gilbert groups, collect the young people, bring them up to Kusaie for a year of study, and then on the next annual voyage to take them back that they may visit their old homes and friends, and after a brief stay bring most of them back again to Kusaie for further study. It takes the *Star* several weeks to go through each of these groups, aside from its voyage westward to Ruk and to the Mortlocks and other of the Caroline Islands.

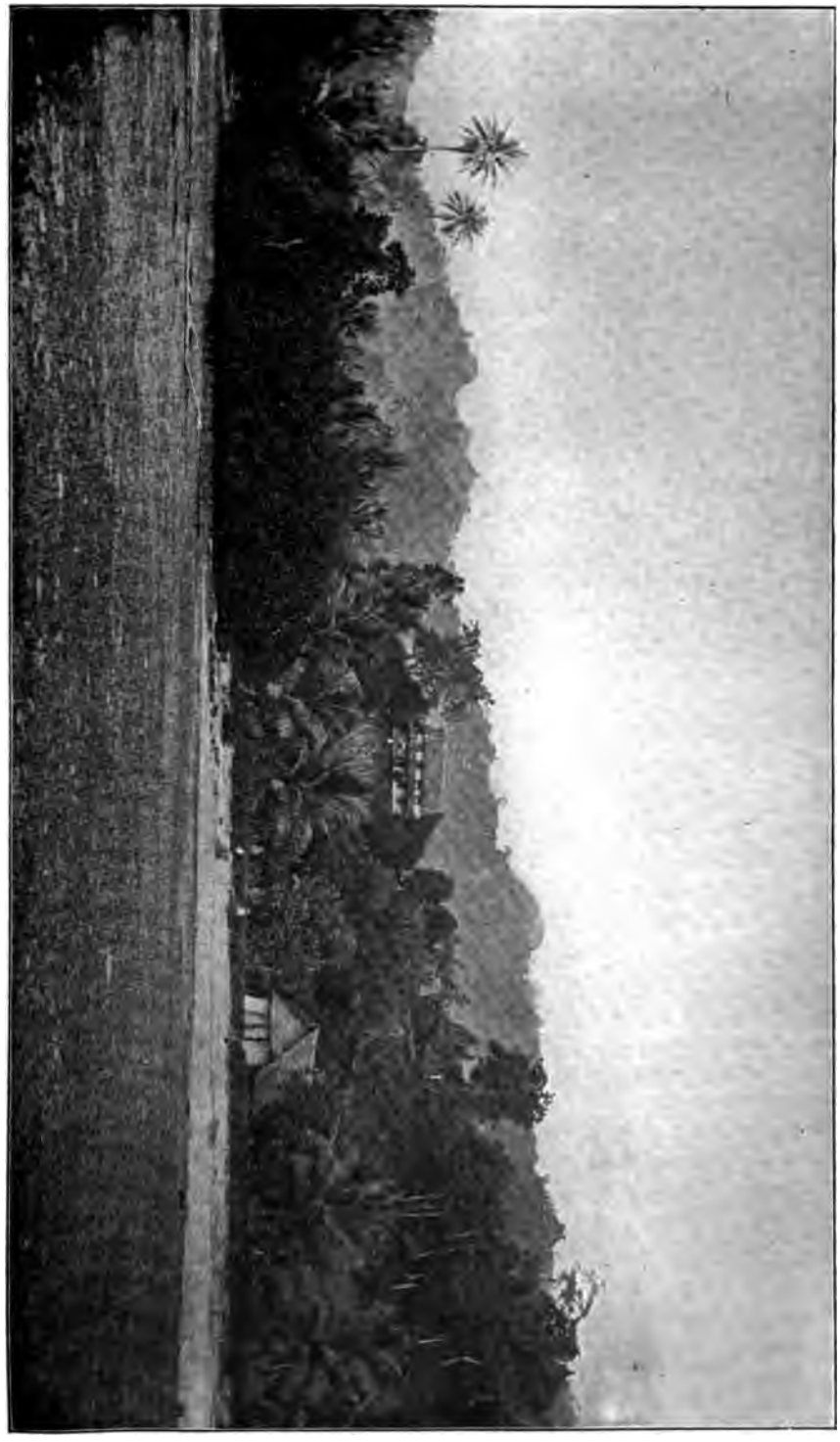
After some years of study at the Training Schools at Kusaie, these native young men and women are taken back to the islands from which they came, and become preachers and teachers of their own people.

In her journal-letter Mrs. Garland reports the sending out in November last, of some Gilbert young men and women who had been in the Training School for some time. On the morning when the *Star* was to sail, two young men were married to two of the girls from the same group, Abera taking Boaia for his wife, and Taokai taking Abana. The last couple came from Apaiang, the island on which Dr. Hiram Bingham attempted to live, and did live so long. Of the wedding and of the brides, Mrs. Garland says: —

"Abana and Boaia, in their simple white dresses, with the silver cross at the neck and shining braids tied with white ribbons, stood beside the young men in their black clothes, with faces serious and thoughtful. It would be impossible to find two girls who will be missed as much as these will be in the schools; Abana, strong, mature, always cheerful and willing, a *solid* girl in every way, one on whom we could depend, and on whom responsibility could safely rest; Boaia, quick and deft with her hands, with a sense of the beautiful and artistic appreciation very rare among the islanders, quiet and gentle. Both girls came in 1890, and have grown to be a very dear part of the school family, and lately almost indispensable, since so many new members have come in and so many of the old scholars have been sent out. But after all it is those who can be least spared who are best prepared to go. Can you wonder that they clung to us until the last moment?"

Some of these young people who come from heathen homes, if they can be called *homes*, and are brought to Kusaie, prove to be very bright and teachable, and their teachers become exceedingly attached to them. Mrs. Garland writes of six little Gilbert Island girls with whom she held private meetings, since they seemed to be too young to get all the instruction they needed in the meetings of the older people. The first meeting with these girls she describes as follows: —

"They seemed to feel it a very important occasion, as they sat before me in a solemn little row, with their Bibles and hymn books. I told the story of Christ receiving the children, imagining a Hebrew mother with a sick child who went to Jesus and persuaded her friends to keep her company with their little ones. Then we talked over some of the things that it would please Jesus to have these girls do, and each promised to try to overcome one fault this week, for His sake. I gave each a slip of paper, and after meeting they took a little time to think, and then each wrote on her paper what she considered the hardest fault for her to fight against, and against which she would fight for this week. I am the only one to see the papers. One paper, in its cramped, childish writing is quite pathetic. It says, 'I am Reara, and there is just one thing which is a stumbling-block to me every day — *limes*.' You see the limes have been scarce here, and it has been necessary to make a strict rule that no girl shall help herself to any, but bring into the house any limes she may find under the trees. Whenever it is possible, and when all can share alike, the girls are allowed to have some. But the limes are a great source of temptation, for nearly all the girls are fond of them, and the small Reara was so ingenuous in her confession that I thought,



KUSAIE FROM THE HARBOR. MR. CHANNON'S HOUSE AND THE BOATHOUSE.

'Dear child, I hardly think you are the only one that finds the limes a stumbling-block.'"

One of the interesting incidents of the year at Kusaie was the coming into the harbor of a German man-of-war. Germany claims to own the Marshall group of islands, and a few years since a commissioner was sent for these islands, who resides at Jaluij. The first commissioner was not very friendly to the missionary work, and there were a good many misunderstandings. It was feared that he might prevent the taking of pupils to Kusaie for study. But a year or two ago another commissioner came, and a better understanding was secured and the Christian work in the group has not been seriously hindered. When the *Star* last visited Jaluij, the commissioner promised that he would go to Kusaie as soon as a German man-of-war arrived, and on the 10th of December last the vessel suddenly appeared in the harbor. There was no time to make special preparation to receive this high official, but Mrs. Garland had previously taught the girls the tune of the German national song, "The Watch on the Rhine."



BUTARITARI, GILBERT ISLANDS, FROM THE SEA.

She hurriedly wrote on the blackboard two verses of words in English, and drilled the girls in singing them for about half an hour. Suddenly the Marshall Island chief, Letokwa, who came with the commissioner, appeared on shore and seemed very glad to see all the Marshall Island girls, and there soon followed him the commissioner himself, with the captain and the first lieutenant of the man-of-war. Mrs. Garland explained to them that the girls would like to sing a hymn in their honor, and consent was given. The girls sang the two verses finely, and Mrs. Garland writes: "As I left the organ, Dr. Irmer jumped from his chair and grasped my hand, saying, 'I gif you my gompliments; it is a great surprise,' etc., with genuine tears in his eyes. He said a great deal, in his demonstrative way, of the great pleasure it had given him, and his astonishment that natives could learn to sing so harmoniously. Turning to Dr. Pease, the commissioner said, 'When I come home to Germany, I will tell how I have this great pleasure to hear in your school in Kusaie our national air, so very sweet and good. It is so great surprise.' Later on the commissioner, as he was leaving, turned to say, 'You shall have so many girls as you like from the Marshall Islands.'"

Was not this a delightful incident? Perhaps that fine singing may have much to do in the future with progress of the gospel among the many islands of the Marshall group.

FROM THE MORNING STAR IN 1896.



THE *Morning Star* sailed from Honolulu in June last for Micronesia, but before sailing Captain Garland wrote a letter for the young people who are stockholders, which we are glad to give in these pages. It is twelve years since the vessel was launched at Bath, Maine, and we fear that the young people of the present generation either have not known or have forgotten about the vessel, so we present again a little cut of the craft as she was when sailing away from Boston harbor, October 27, 1884. It will be remembered that she is a barkentine, with three masts and what is called auxiliary steam power, to be used chiefly in calms and currents. It is commonly said that the money to build the vessel was provided chiefly by the children, and this is true. And yet many of the young people will remember that not less than twelve persons, each over 100 years of age, in 1884 became stockholders. The gifts came from all classes and from all lands. One of the articles provided for the vessel was an axe made, and its handle fitted and painted, by one of these centenarians to whom we have alluded. The Bible in the cabin came from the pupils of the High School in Marsovan, Turkey. We have now before us a list, covering five written pages, of special articles given at the time for the use of the vessel. The prayers of these numberless givers must have followed their ship, for she has now for twelve years been sailing the seas, and God has kept her from all serious harm. Her white wings bring joy wherever they are seen among the islands of Micronesia. We want our young people to remember the vessel and her captain, and to give and pray constantly for the islanders to whom she takes the blessed message of eternal life through Jesus Christ. Captain Garland's letter, written from Honolulu, will tell some incidents about the vessel.



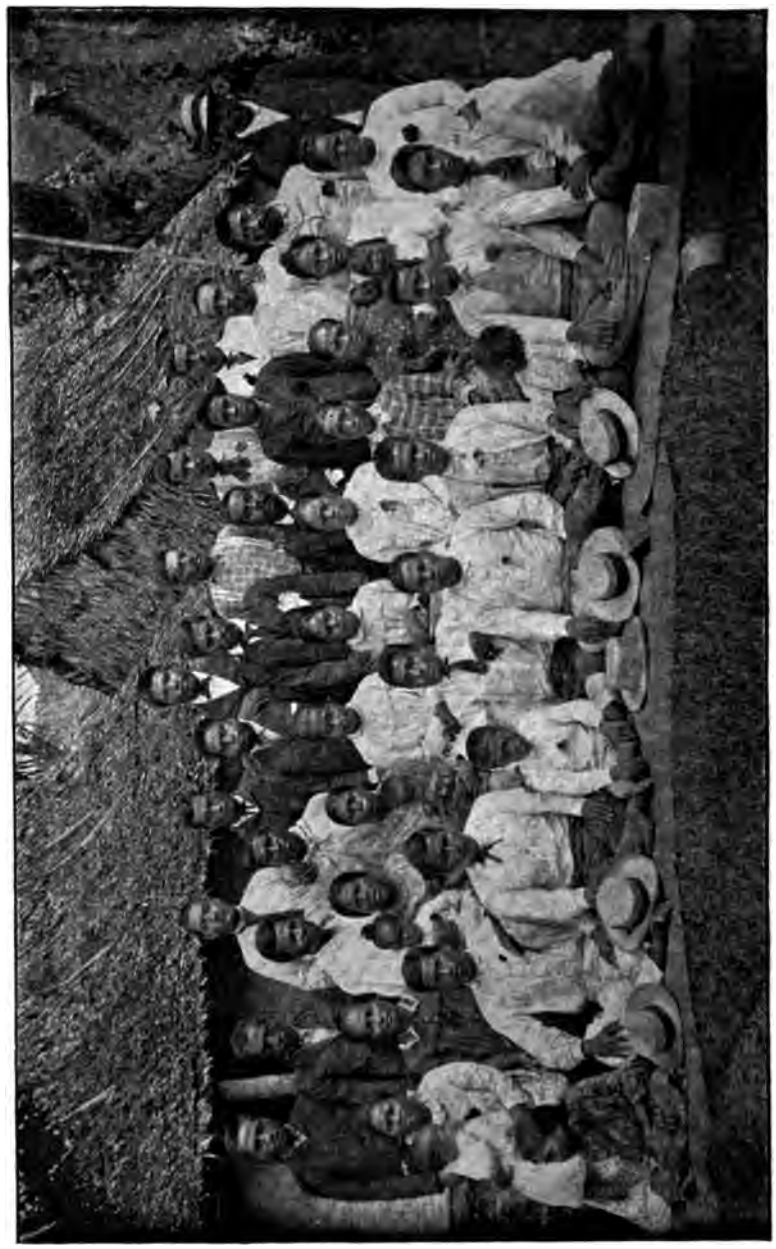
MORNING STAR, No. 4.

Morning Star, HONOLULU, June, 1896.

TO THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE *Morning Star*:

The captain of your vessel is sometimes addressed by strangers as follows: "Captain, I own shares in your ship;" or, "Captain, I remember having a ten-cent share in the *Morning Star* when I was a boy;" or, "Captain, how many

Morning Stars have there been?" When so addressed the captain generally invites these strangers to come on board and look at their property. Occasionally one complains of not having received any dividends from his investment. It



PUPILS OF GILBERT ISLAND TRAINING SCHOOL, TAKEN TO KUSAIE BY THE MORNING STAR.

would be easy to show how much good his money has done, but generally it is enough to say that the money has been given to the Lord, and that he will abundantly reward in his own time.

Just at present the *Star* is in Honolulu, fitting out and loading for her fourteenth voyage to Micronesia, and perhaps some of the small shareholders who cannot come on board would like a short report of her. The few repairs for the year are completed. Nearly all of the supplies for the ship and missionaries are safely stowed in the hold, and, with most of the old crew to care for her, she will sail in a few days for Micronesia.

It is the same round year after year for the *Star* and her company. She visits the same islands, and drops her anchor in the same coral lagoons. So clear is the water in many places where we stop, that the anchor can be seen lying on the coral many fathoms below the surface. In the same clear water can be seen multitudes of fishes of all sizes, from great sharks and swordfish down to tiny ones, many of them colored.

The boys from the Kusaie Training Schools, who are often on board, are very fond of fish and fishing, and so are the sailors on the *Star*. When fish are in sight it is a standing privilege for the crew to leave their work, unless it is very important, and go fishing. That is one of our ways for getting fresh food, for you must know that in Micronesia there are no fish or meat markets, and we depend largely on canned food. Occasionally a large green turtle, perhaps three feet in length, is brought to us. This is a great prize. We also eat many chickens on the *Star*, trading with the natives for them.

I am reminded of an amusing sight we witnessed once when we were at Ruk. The Ruk natives were then pretty wild, and they are so still. The *Star* was at anchor near the mission premises, and one morning about daylight we heard a great shouting of natives and splashing of paddles. Upon looking out we saw the natives coming from nearly all directions straight for the ship. At first we were not sure of their intentions. Possibly they were coming to attack us. But we soon found they were bent upon trading. We motioned to them not to come on board until sunrise, and so they surrounded the ship in their canoes. At six o'clock I counted 300 men in the canoes, and many more came later. When I gave the word, oh! what a scrambling and shouting and cackling there was, for almost every man had in his hands from one to a dozen chickens which he wished to sell. I got out my calico and fishhooks and began trading. It is only since the missionaries went to Micronesia that the natives knew the value of money, and hence the trading is not with gold and silver, but with goods. They sell whatever they have for cloth or knives or fishhooks. So eager were these Ruk natives to get these articles that they crowded about me and I was obliged to go up on top of the house, six feet above their heads, and refuse to buy of any who came up where I was. In a few minutes my coops were full and I had to stop, much to the sorrow of the natives. Four small fishhooks would buy a chicken.

I wonder if some of the stockholders would not like to take a peep into the *Star's* hold, and see what she carries there. Looking down either hatchway at first is like looking down into a coal mine, for we keep our store of coal there, and have on board about 200 tons. We are eight or ten months away from port, and it takes this large amount to keep the ship going in the calms we meet. In twenty-four hours we burn under the boiler about four tons of coal, which drives us at the rate of five and one half knots, a knot being a little more than a mile.

Besides the coal there is generally in the hold quite a quantity of lumber, going down for repairs on the mission premises and for new buildings. Then there are barrels of beef and pork, salmon, sugar, coffee, cases of flour, boxes of dry goods, baby carts and bath tubs, furniture and water tanks. All these are found useful and necessary among the islands, and the natives do not produce them. The water tanks are to catch and hold rain water, for there are no wells on coral islands which will yield good drinking water. Once when the *Star* was short of water in the Gilbert group, we went on shore at one of the islands and cleaned out what is called a "water hole." This water hole had a very brackish water used by the natives, not good, yet better than none. So we thought we would get some for use on the ship. We cleaned out the hole, and while



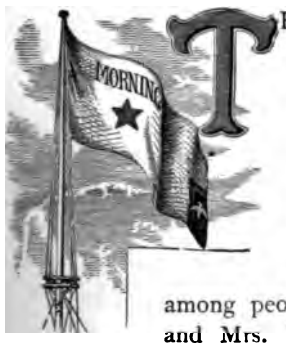
BENJAMIN, PREACHER AT EBON, WITH HIS WIFE.

waiting for it to fill up again we went on board ship for dinner. After dinner, on coming suddenly in sight of the hole, what was our surprise to see several women and children jump out of it and run away. They evidently thought it a fine opportunity for a bath, and had improved it at our expense. So we had to bail it all out once more and wait for it to refill. But the next time we kept watch over it.

But now the ship is ready to start another voyage; we hope to be back again in about nine months' time. Meanwhile we want all the mission children to remember us and help us with their prayers, that we may be guarded every day and that we may accomplish all the work for which we are sent.

Your friend, GEORGE F. GARLAND.

AMONG THE MORTLOCK ISLANDS IN 1896.



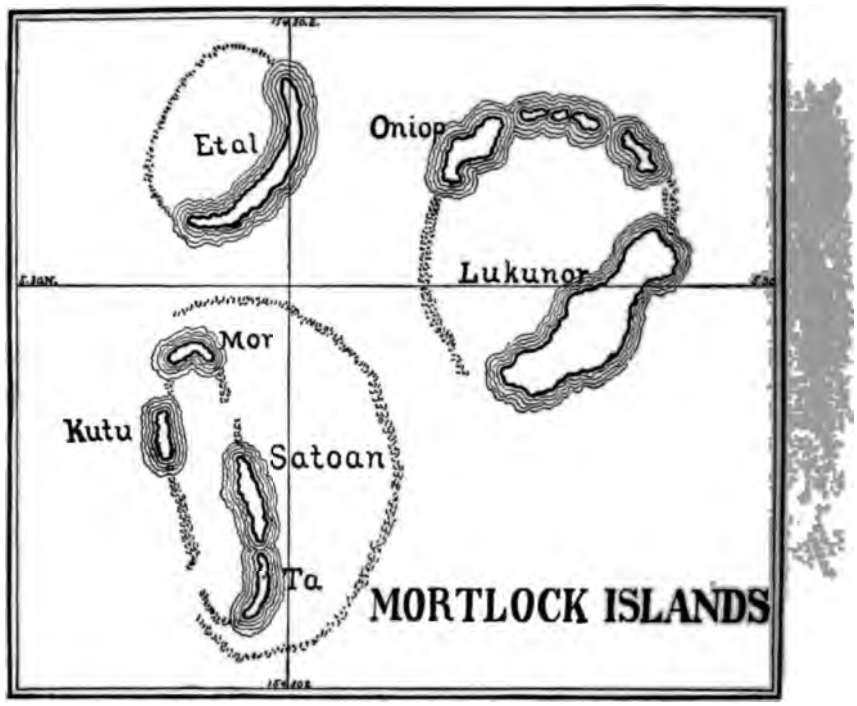
THE Mortlock Islands, situated about 300 miles southwest from Ponape, form a subordinate group in the Caroline archipelago. Some twenty-four years ago, in 1873, three Christian Ponapeans, with their wives, volunteered to go to the Mortlocks and live with the people in order to Christianize them. It was a very brave thing for them to do, for they left at Ponape what to them was luxury, to live on small and low coral islands where there was risk of starvation and among people who were altogether heathenish. In 1879 Rev. and Mrs. Robert W. Logan, who had lived for five years on Ponape, volunteered to go to the Mortlocks to reside. The two years which they spent there were trying to health, the means of subsistence being very inadequate and the loneliness being absolute. They were compelled to leave to save life; indeed, it seemed for a time as if Mr. Logan would not live to reach home. But after a strange and wonderful experience in voyaging to New Zealand and thence to San Francisco, Mr. Logan recovered, and he and his wife returned to Micronesia in 1884, and were located upon the high island of Ruk, from which station they hoped to visit occasionally the churches they had established within the Mortlock group. Mr. Logan died in 1887, but Mrs. Logan still maintains her Girls' School on the island of Ruk, and now we have her journal regarding a recent tour made in the schooner named for her husband,



MISSIONARY SCHOONER ROBERT W. LOGAN.

the *Robert W. Logan*, in which she and Mr. Price, of Ruk, visited a number of the islands with which she was once familiar, but which she had not seen for a long time. It was in November last that this tour was made, and we are glad to give here a number of extracts from her interesting account of these islands of the Mortlock group. She writes: —

"It has been a number of years since I have had the privilege of visiting the people here, but when I went home three years ago we were all forced to admit, from what we could learn about them, that these churches were not in a flourishing condition. But the tide seems to have turned and we now find much to rejoice our hearts and to make us feel hopeful. We are taking abundant time



MAP OF MICRONESIA.

to look after the work thoroughly, except at the islands where there is no anchorage, as at Nama, Namaluk, and Etal.

"At Namaluk it is often difficult to effect a landing, as the boat passage is narrow and crooked, and if there is any wind the sea beats the shore with great violence. We had an unusually good landing this time, though we were not wholly free from danger. As we neared the breakers Mr. Price looked askance at them, and suggested returning to the schooner and leaving me, but I was anxious to go on shore if I could safely do so, and the little boat pushed on. I was very glad I went on, for these islanders have few visitors on account of this difficulty in landing, and the teacher and his wife need the help and encouragement which such visits give. I was glad to see them, and felt like mothering them too, for they were both in our school at Oniop, and Mr. Logan baptized

them both and married them. It was cheering to see the evidences of the good work they are doing.

"*Lukunor, November 17.* — We came to anchor this morning in this lagoon just off the mission station. We left Satoan yesterday morning early, and hoped to be at anchor before night, but the wind died away, so we rolled and drifted. It rained at times, and as we now have twenty-two Mortlockers on board the *Logan*, who are going to Ruk to school, it was a little difficult to dispose of them all comfortably. When the weather is fair it is no trouble for them to sleep anywhere, but of course we cannot let them lie out in the rain. However, we have had mostly pleasant weather, and Captain Foster is skilful in finding places to stow people away. 'Weeping may endure for the night, but joy cometh in the



THE CHURCH AT LUKUNOR.

morning,' were the words which came to my mind as we stood on the deck quite early and saw the crowds assembled on the wharf and along the shore, waving branches of trees and singing a song of welcome and greeting, interspersed now and then with an enthusiastic cheer!

"We ate our breakfast and then stepped down into the little boat and were off for the shore. There was a great crowd at the landing, singing and waving their branches, some with flowers tied to them. Then the hand-shaking began. We both thought that some of the small boys, who grasped our hands very enthusiastically at one end of the line, mischievously stepped in near the other end and secured another shake. Joni and Senopia, the teachers here, were in our school and family in the old days at Ruk, so it was a little more to me than any of the other meetings had been, and, as Lukunor is only nine or ten miles from our

Oniop home, we were here a number of times during our memorable year at Oniop. The people assembled in the church at the blowing of the conch shell, a large congregation, six or seven hundred; such a fine-looking congregation too; a good deal of respectable clothing among them, no paint, no ear ornaments; and I should say here that we have seen almost none of the paint since leaving Ruk, which is a great step in advance. I, who saw something of the seed sowing in the years ago, am indeed ready to rejoice in that which I see here to-day of growth and progress.

"We started early one Wednesday morning for Oniop, Joni going with us; and reached there in time to go on shore for meeting, soon after nine o'clock A.M. They were days not to be forgotten. Old memories crowded thick and fast upon me, and heart and eyes were again and again full beyond control. To enter again the little native-built house where as a family we had comfortably and joyfully stowed ourselves away for more than a year, to sit again in the room where my husband had sat and translated and I had copied out a large part of the New Testament, to see again the long white beach which used to be our daily favorite walk, the cocoanut trees about which the children used to play, and many other reminders of the happy past, stirred me beyond expression. The people welcomed us most heartily, and we found here the same evidences of a great and divine work which have greeted us in every island since we started on this voyage. The two days were busy ones, and there was much work to be done. Mr. Price married a large number, and baptized and received to the church fifty-six. He also baptized twenty-seven children. It was a real pleasure to commend and encourage the teacher and his wife for their faithful work, and we came away feeling that the day is not far distant when on this little island literally all the people shall have been gathered into the fold. By this, of course, I do not mean that they are all educated, civilized people, or that they all wear clothing, but they have given up their heathenism, they are doing some hard things for Christ's sake, and it is very plain that the leaven of the gospel of Christ is working in their hearts. We spent two days there, again coming to anchor at Lukunor by moonlight, Thursday evening.

"This island of Lukunor is probably the most fertile, as it is the most populous, of these Mortlock Islands; there being about 1,000 people, including the children, who are numerous. We had a most interesting day yesterday. In the morning Mr. Price married a large number of young people and baptized and received into the church 144. Joni said that he and his wife had had a serious time hunting for names for converts, as they all wanted Christian names. He said they had literally exhausted their foreign vocabulary and had resorted to the geography, using some names of foreign cities. Many of the names certainly bore the stamp of originality.

"This service of baptizing the little ones means much to these people, and it gives a decided emphasis to the family life and to their Christian faith to have the father and mother bring their little ones and stand together before the congregation while the children are baptized in the 'Name which is above every name.'

"I rejoice to tell my friends that the outlook in the work is much more cheering and hopeful than it has been for many years."

THE STORY OF TARA.

BY MRS. MARY E. LOGAN, OF RUK, MICRONESIA.

IN 1878, while we were living on Ponape, there came to us one day two young men who interested us very much. They had recently arrived from the Samoan Islands, where they had been employed as plantation laborers. They were natives of Oleai, an island lying 600 or 700 miles west of Ponape. One of the young men was quite fine-looking, with regular features, but the other, though large and strong apparently, was not particularly good-looking. This one came to us again in a few days and asked if he could come and live on the mission premises.

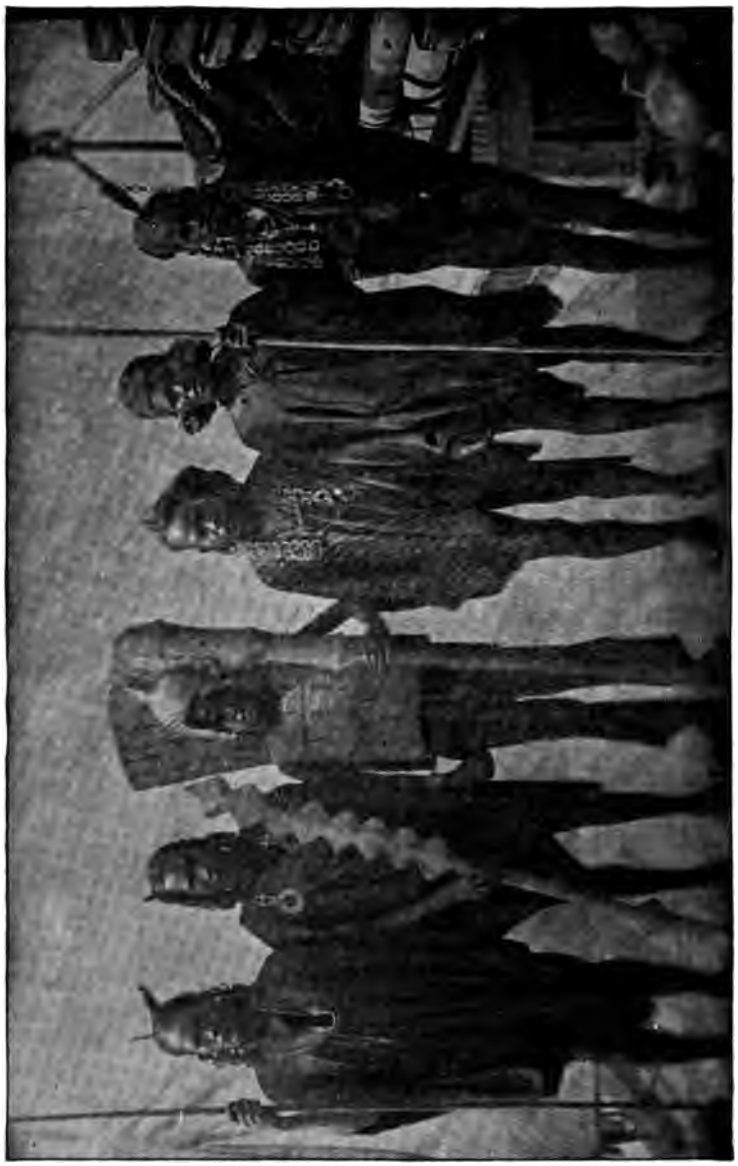
He spoke English very brokenly, but he made us understand that while on the plantation he had become attached to and had married a Mortlock woman, also a plantation laborer, who had promised to go with him to his home on Oleai when they were brought from Samoa. The vessel which was taking the laborers to their homes called at the Mortlocks to leave some natives. This man's wife went on shore to see her friends and they refused to allow her to go to Oleai and took measures to prevent her return to the ship. So the poor man lost her.

He went on to his home in Oleai, but felt badly about his wife and wanted to return to her. The vessel did not stop at Mortlock on the way back, so he was brought to Ponape. He came to us and asked to be permitted to stay with us until the *Morning Star* came, when he hoped to get passage on her to Mortlock, where he could join his wife. We consented to his coming, but after we had done so Mr. Logan felt that he had perhaps made a mistake, as we saw that he used tobacco and we had to be very careful about seeming to sanction the use of tobacco. But he came, and within a few days he left off the use of the narcotic and I do not think he ever used it from that time onward.

He told us his name was Tara. He had not been long with us before an incident occurred which showed us something of the value of the man who had thus drifted to us. We had living with us a young man and his wife from Mortlock. Their marriage was a recent one and had been arranged by their friends, as is usually the case, and the young people seemed to have some difficulty in adjusting themselves to each other. The man was an easy, shiftless sort of a fellow, always leaving undone that which he ought to do, and it worried and annoyed his wife. She felt very grateful to us for her home with us, and for what we were trying to do for them, and was anxious to have her husband show by his conduct that he, too, was grateful. She used occasionally to reprove him for his heedlessness. One day, after having administered to him a little rebuke for some misdemeanor, he stood with a long pole in his hand, such as is used in gathering breadfruit, and as she turned away he threw the breadfruit pole after her with such aim that he hit her in the back and felled her to the ground. We were all afraid she was dead, and she did seem to be at the point of death for

several days. It was then that Tara's skill showed itself. He at once took his place as nurse at the side of this woman and took care of her until she recovered.

Some few months after this we went to Mortlock to live and Tara went with



HEATHEN NATIVES OF RUK, MICRONESIA.

us. His wife was living on another islet from that on which we took up our abode, and we did not see him for some few months after we landed there. It was a time of great scarcity of food and we were much shocked one day when a canoe load of people came over from Ta, the island where they were living, and Tara and his wife among them, to see the pinched look on their faces which

showed that they were suffering keenly from the lack of food. I well remember our satisfaction in carrying out to them some heaped-up plates of food.

They were anxious to stay and work for us, and though we did not much need their help, we could not refuse them, so they were with us all the remaining months of the year, and Tara soon made himself exceedingly useful in a variety of ways. He showed his faithfulness in all that he did. We felt that we could trust him with everything we had, and when Mr. Logan was ill, it seemed that he could not do enough for us, so kind and thoughtful was he in all ways.

His wife proved unfaithful to him during that year and he never married again. When we were about returning to Ponape, which we did early the following year, we hardly knew what arrangements to make for Tara. He wanted to come with us, but knowing how uncertain our movements might be, as Mr. Logan was poorly in health, we doubted whether it would be wise. Seeing our perplexity, Captain Bray offered to take him as sailor on the *Morning Star*, and Tara seemed pleased with the suggestion. So from this time the *Morning Star* became his home for a number of years. He was a useful and valuable man, and his conduct was always above reproach while he remained on the *Star*. He seemed to have a faculty for mastering all the Micronesian dialects, and could make himself understood and act as an interpreter in a humble way in any of them. He was one of the sailors at the time of the wreck of the *Morning Star* at Kusaie, and the only one of them all who volunteered to go with Captain Garland to Ponape in an open boat, a distance of 300 miles. When we reached Ponape by the *Jennie Walker*, in 1884, we found him there awaiting an opportunity to return to Honolulu.

In 1886, when he came with the *Morning Star* to Ruk, he came to Mr. Logan and told him that he wanted to "stop ashore," as the sailors say. He said he wanted to go to school and learn to read; so he remained with us. He now seemed thoroughly interested in school and in learning to read. We took some special pains in teaching him and in a few months he was able to read intelligently in the Mortlock New Testament. He also seemed interested in listening to the truth and in church attendance, as he had not been in former years. From time to time he would express a hope that some day the *Morning Star* would go to Oleai to take the message of life to his people there.

After Mr. Logan's death Tara seemed to feel that his place was again on the *Morning Star*, and there he remained until the building of the *Robert W. Logan*. He came to San Francisco to be ready to take his place as mate on the *Logan* on her long voyage to Micronesia, and it was very interesting to hear him tell of his visit in San Francisco and of the things which he saw. His place ever after this was on the *Logan*. He had a very serious illness during the last year of his life at Ruk, and Mr. and Mrs. Snelling did many things in the way of caring for him, and he seemed to have a feeling of real gratitude toward them for their care. On his return to health he took a more decided stand as a Christian than he had done before, though he was never taken into full church membership. He was a frugal and temperate man and had saved several hundred dollars of his wages earned as sailor on the *Morning Star*. Before sailing from Honolulu, for Micronesia, in the *Logan*, he arranged that this money should be given to the American Board in case of shipwreck or accident to him.

When the *Logan* was sent to Japan in charge of a Japanese crew, we all felt that in sending Tara with her we had one who would stand by her to the last. How little we thought that this would be the last voyage for Tara and the



THE GIRLS' SCHOOL AT RUK.

Logan! But so it was, for the vessel has not since been heard from, and Tara and all on board found their grave in the sea. It has not been my lot in life to know many people who have more fully lived up to the light which they had received than did this waif from one of the far-off islands of Micronesia, which has not as yet been blessed by the message of the gospel.

PAPAL LANDS.



THE PLAZA OF GUADALAJARA, MEXICO.

From the Magazine of Travel.

GLIMPSES OF BOYHOOD IN MEXICO.

BY REV. JAMES D. EATON, OF CHIHUAHUA, NORTHERN MEXICO.

A BOY is a boy, the world over; and though he may have been born a Mexican, he acts very much like the rest of his kind, whether he be at work, at play, or at school. Shall we cross the Rio Grande to visit him, and see how he gets along in a country so different from our own?



HACENDADO (FARMER).

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Over there, as well as here, he learns to make himself useful. It is true that some of the boys have rich fathers who can afford to have everything done by servants, and who foolishly think it degrading to carry loads or to do any work that will soil the hands; probably because all such work used to be done by slaves. But most families receive help from the boys in many different ways.

In the country, they work in the fields, ride horses to herd the cattle, in company with men dressed like the *hacendado* in the picture,[1] with wide-brimmed hat heavily adorned with glistening silver braid, short jacket, figured leather overalls, and boots with large spurs, and carrying a cartridge-belt and revolver, besides a lasso of twisted horsehair at the huge saddle-bow; or they tend the flocks of sheep and goats, or watch a great company of the dear, amusing little kids which have to spend the day apart from their mothers, so as to leave some milk for their masters; gather wood in the scant groves and thickets; drive to market the donkeys laden with straw, grass, wood, fruit, and whatnot; or ride to town astride a donkey, which carries two brown jars of milk swung across his back in a frame having two pockets ingeniously woven of slender sticks and

[1] For the use of this and the two following cuts we are indebted to Messrs. Estes & Lauriat, of Boston, publishers of Ober's "Travels in Mexico."

strips of rawhide. The other day a boy whose mother had died was found grinding hulled corn on a *metate* (the rude stone handmill found in every house), and making it into round, flat cakes over the fire, to feed his little brothers. These *tortillas* in the country take the place of bread, which is made only at public bakeries in the towns.

The working city boy goes to the market before breakfast and brings home the food for the day, a few cents' worth of bread, meat, and vegetables thrown together in a basket, besides a spoonful of lard on a saucer to cook with. Twice a week he has to sweep to the middle of the street in front of his house, first sprinkling it with water and then using a small broom without a handle, leaving the dirt in little piles to be gathered up by the city scavengers. If the water for the day is not bought of an *aguador* (who dispenses the precious fluid from a tub on a cart, a pair of leathern bags slung across a donkey, or a small reservoir on his own back), he must bring a supply from the nearest fountain or stream, carrying it in a jar on his shoulder or in tin buckets hung from a balanced pole.



ON THE WAY TO MARKET.

Copyright by Estes & Lauriat.

Perhaps he helps to support the family by tending a store, selling from a little stall in the market, or peddling about the streets, carrying in a basket on his head the bread, cakes, fruit, or vegetables, he may have to sell. He is very kind to his brothers and sisters and often helps take care of the baby. Baby-carriages are unknown, except a few in the large cities, so that he has to carry the little one from place to place. He will sometimes wrap a shawl around himself and the baby in such a way as to hold his charge more securely, and will stagger along under a load almost a big as himself, but so patiently as to make a stranger wonder.

But do not think it is all work and no play for the black-eyed, black-haired, brown-skinned Mexican boy. He can get the most fun imaginable out of the fewest and poorest playthings. Some boys in the cities, with rich fathers, have many nice things, even tricycles and ponies to ride. But few can get more than the simplest things, such as ball, kite, and top. They are very skilful at lifting the spinning-top from the ground with the hand.

There is a great deal of pitching of pennies, and other gambling games with stones, pieces of tin, etc., when they cannot get money; following the bad example of most of the grown folks. Another common game of theirs is copied from the cruel bull-fights. As there are no real spears and knives used,



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DONKEY-BOYS OF GUAYMAS (WATER-SELLERS).

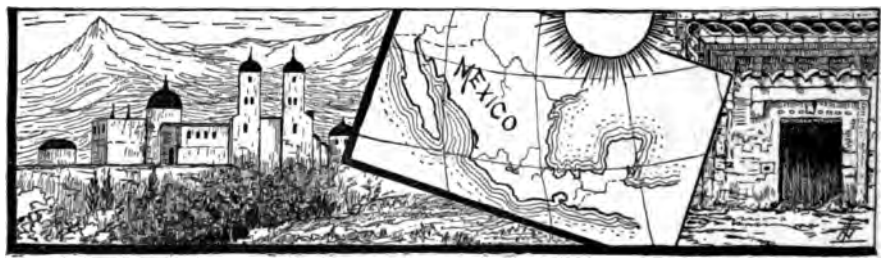
it is not cruel, only noisy and rough. One boy, who represents the bull, pretends to be enraged by the flaunting of a red flag before his eyes, and he tries to run down the boys who torment him, making believe they are bull-fighters afoot and on horseback. This boy sometimes carries a pair of real horns on his head and looks very savage.

It is great fun to harness a sheep, goat, or dog to a cart, a stone, a pair of ox-horns, or anything that can be dragged along the ground. Sometimes a lizard, or mouse, or toad, or some insect is tied to a string and made to furnish cruel sport. For while the children are generally kind to one another, they do not seem to think that the dumb animals have feeling as well. They will even make merry over the agonized contortions of the poor dogs periodically poisoned by the police and left to die in the streets.

But what else could we expect of those whose parents take pleasure in seeing bulls tormented to death and fighting-cocks cut one another to pieces with razor-like knives fastened to their spurs. The women, girls, and even babies attend the bull-fights. But our Christians give up these savage sports and gambling.

Only a few years ago there was hardly a school for the Mexican boy to go to: so that he grew up without knowing how to read and write; and thousands of men and women here do not know a single letter. The Roman Catholic Church, believing that "ignorance is the mother of devotion," would not teach the people much except many prayers to the Virgin and the saints, prostrations, and various silly ceremonies. But some of the better Mexicans became tired of this bondage, and freed the country in part from the power of the priests; so that now there are schools supported by the government in all the cities and towns and many villages, in which are used some of our own books translated into the Spanish. Others of their books are very poorly written; and in the schools we do not find the order and the diligent study that are common at the North; while the practice of all studying out loud at once is distressing to a visitor, and makes a deafening noise that can be heard a long distance off. The pupils are quick to "learn by heart," and depend too much on the memory. Boys and girls never attend the same school together, and the former have men for teachers, while the latter have women.

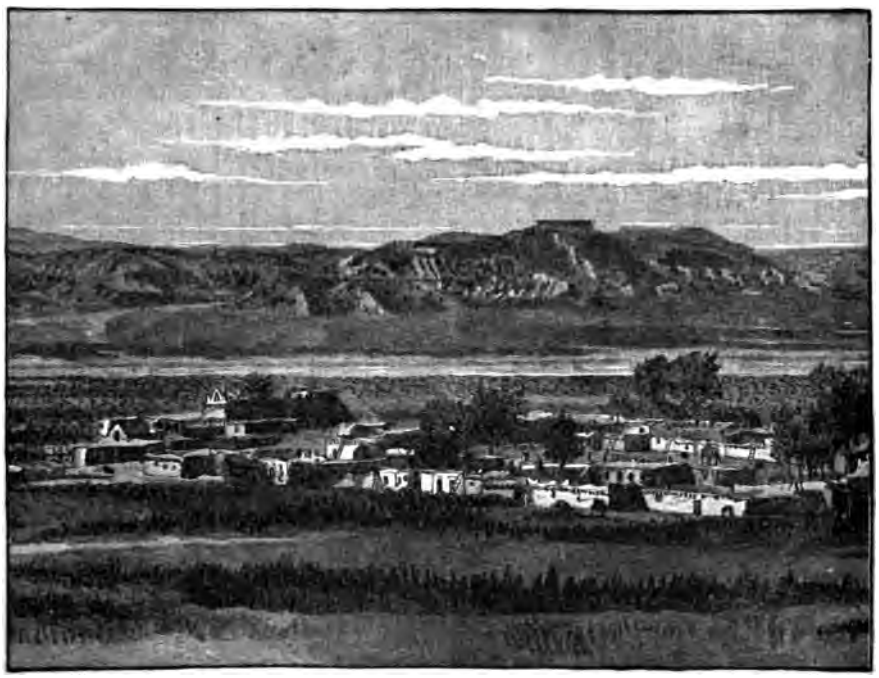
The missions have schools also, to show better ways to the people, and teach the truth about Jesus our Saviour, and to educate some of the pastors and teachers to their own people. As Mexico is a republic like ours, even a poor boy has a chance to become useful and famous in the government. The best president the country ever had, Benito Juarez, was once a poor and ignorant boy working on a farm.



HOLY WEEK IN GUADALAJARA, 1893.

BY REV. JOHN HOWLAND, OF GUADALAJARA.

A FEW weeks before Easter, as I was spending the Sabbath in a small village, we heard, on Saturday evening, the droning sound of the *chirimía*, a rude kind of flute, and the monotonous tan-tan of a drum in the adjoining churchyard. The native pastor's children started up, exclaiming "*El Centurión!*" On making inquiries, I learned that a passion play is enacted in Holy Week, and



A PUEBLO, OR VILLAGE, IN MEXICO.

that they were teaching the centurion's horse to dance, that he might take his part in the procession in a fitting manner. In that village no attempt is made to represent the crucifixion, but in San Andrés, a little place two or three miles east of the city, all the details are carried out, but so coarsely and grotesquely as to make it a most repugnant exhibition.

Ash Wednesday, with which Lent begins, is much more than a mere name in Mexico. On that day every person who does not wish to be know as a *protestante*, or some other kind of a heretic, has a cross made on his forehead with ashes. Numbers of priests are kept busy all day long making the sacred sign.

The ashes are said to be made from old images or from the palms consecrated the previous year. Some priests expedite matters by using a rubber stamp instead of the finger in applying the ashes. Usually the cross is carefully retained as long as possible, and it is not unusual to see one, days or even weeks afterward, on the forehead of some persons. In one of the churches of the city a large and very "miraculous" image of the "Lord of Penance" is washed on Ash Wednesday, and enormous crowds collect, pushing and even fighting to



THE CATHEDRAL AT GUADALAJARA.

obtain the water in which the image is bathed, strongly impregnated, of course, with dust, flyspecks, and the accretions that result from the kisses of the faithful. This water is held to be most potent — and one may well believe that it is. Some drink it and others preserve it to frighten away the devil, storms, and pests.

The approach of Holy Week brings to Guadalajara crowds of people from the surrounding ranches and villages to attend the festival. Saturday afternoon, palm-venders gather in front and back of the cathedral, weaving the long greenish-white palm leaves into the most fantastic forms. They sleep in the street, on the cobblestone pavements, so as to lose no possible customer in the late evening or early morn. Hundreds of these palms, braided and adorned

with flowers, are bought to be carried in the procession in the cathedral, and after the ceremony many of them are fastened to the balconies or window gratings, their presence being supposed to insure the house against lightning. The ceremony in the cathedral is interesting and, in a certain sense, impressive, though one can not but be deeply pained and indignant in comparing its real effect on the multitude with what it ought to be.

On Saturday and Monday booths are erected about the cathedral, the central square, and the theatre. They are formed by erecting a rude framework of timbers or sticks, the roof and sides being made of cotton cloth or sheets, with a curious admixture of curtains, knitted tablespreads, etc. In these is sold *aqua fresca*, sweetened water flavored with almost all kinds of fruits, iced and strengthened with *tequila* (maguey wine) if desired.

Many people suspend work for the whole week; others continue their labors until Wednesday evening. After ten o'clock in the forenoon of the Thursday before Easter no bells are sounded until the same hour on Saturday. Their place is partially taken by the *maltraca* in the cathedral tower, an apparatus consisting of a wooden spring which engages a toothed wheel, producing a curious sound to be heard nearly all over the city. During Thursday afternoon and evening nearly everybody goes to the principal churches to see the *monumentos*, consisting of altars extravagantly adorned with candles, arranged in patterns, plants, flowers, caged birds, etc. The pious ones pray before each altar, but the large majority only go as a diversion. Formerly it was the custom for crowds to go from one church to another, praying as they went, but a few years since the governor posted notices calling attention to the fact that this was an infraction of the laws which forbid all religious acts in public. This caused great excitement and threats of armed insistence were heard on all sides. The governor undaunted called out the troops, and the main streets were patrolled by cavalry during the afternoon and evening. The custom thus interrupted has never been taken up again.

Before the time of Juarez, when the government was essentially ecclesiastical, Good Friday was passed in almost absolute silence. No carriages or beasts of burden were allowed in the streets, horsecars stopped running, and business of every kind was suspended. Even now, unless stores are closed Thursday noon, they are sure to be attacked by an angry crowd and stoned; and only a few years since an American was mobbed for riding on horseback on Friday. Doctors, milkmen, etc., still go almost exclusively on foot on those days. Having occasion to visit a sick person on Good Friday of this year, we found the door closed and there was delay in admitting us. Inquiring the cause, we found that the members of the family, who were desperately poor, were trying to work, sewing shoes and knotting fringes, but were obliged to keep the door carefully closed to avoid being stoned for working on a feast day! At the same time almost every form of vice and crime is practised on that day to a greater degree and more openly than at any other time.

Throughout the week boys go about the streets with images of all sizes hung from the ends of bamboo poles, shouting "*Las Judas!*" Why Judas should be spoken of as feminine no one can explain, but it is the almost universal custom among these venders. The images are made of colored paper, ingeniously

rolled and twisted, but contain powder, so that setting fire to a foot causes the whole to explode. Some are lifesize or even colossal, and are made with a frame of split bamboo, with large firecrackers united by a fuse, and so arranged that the figure whirls and dances, until at last there is a more violent explosion which completely demolishes the whole. These images are sold for a penny or two up to several dollars. Saturday morning people stretch ropes across the street and hang them full of these images. Quite frequently they are effigies, and thus give vent to political, religious (?), or personal spite.



THE HANGING OF JUDAS.

At ten o'clock a signal bell is struck and in an instant the city is transformed in pandemonium. Every bell clangs at its loudest, and in all directions are heard the fizz and the sharp detonations of the Judases, mingled with the shouts of the crowds. Such an extensive abhorrence of Judas might naturally be supposed to indicate at least ordinary care in avoiding his sin, but experience hardly justifies the expectation. The special significance of the celebration at this hour is that it is affirmed to be the hour in which Christ ascended from Hades and entered into glory. It is also held that any person dying during those hours of silence can by no means enter into glory until it is "opened."

In contrast with this mockery, idleness, intemperance, and debauchery, in the name of religion, the Protestants work during the whole week when allowed to do so, which is rarely the case, and earnestly try to teach, by example and exhortation, the true observance of the anniversary. This year communion was celebrated Thursday evening in the Methodist church and on Sabbath evening with the Congregationalists, and special services largely attended were held in the new edifice on Friday morning and Saturday evening.

THE STORY OF A SPANISH COLPORTER.

TRANSLATED BY REV. WILLIAM H. GULICK, SAN SEBASTIAN.

IT was a cold and stormy day. My traveling companions in the diligence were three women and a village priest, and we had before us a journey of three hours. Two of the ladies and the priest were residents of neighboring villages and were old acquaintances. It appeared from their conversation that recently there had been a special preaching "mission" at the village of one of the ladies. Presently this *senora* exclaims: "Don Toribio, have you heard of the great success of the mission to my village? *Dios mio,* who could have believed that those good *curas* would have had such good fortune — no less than seven books they tore up in the pulpit before the congregation! I do not know what the titles of the books were, but a neighbor of mine says that on some of the leaves that fell near her she read: 'The Gospel of Our Lord Jesus Christ,' and that on another there was something about the Virgin; and that she read a little out of them."

"Yes, just so," replied the priest; "that *canalla* of Protestants cannot sufficiently express their hate of the Most Holy Virgin; they must forever be exalting their God Jehovah."

Señora. — "But, Don Toribio, my neighbor says that in that paper nothing bad is said of the Virgin."

Cura. — "There it is! you too must be believing those foul papers."

Señora. — "Praise be to the name of Jesus *sacramentado! señor cura,* how can you even remotely think such a thing of me? Of me! when you know that I was the first one to propose that the missioners should come from your village to mine, and for the express purpose of getting away from the people those books that some of them had bought at C—— from an old codger who went around with a great handkerchief full of them. And some say that he has even been in my village and that the innkeeper Tomás bought a book of him. I asked him pointblank if that was so, and though he evaded the answer I am sure that he did."

Cura. — "I beg you do not think that I suspected you. You have indeed given too many proofs of zeal for the church — but those Protestant books are enough to" —

Señora. — "Holy Virgin of the Annunciation! Don't you know that I gave $4 for the mission, and that the mayor gave only $1.20? No wonder that we were able to raise only $47 for the good missioners, who were with us three days."

Cura. — "Well, indeed, the fee was not so bad as you seem to think."

Señora. — "But it was worth it all. There 's Manuel — you know him — the 'liberal.' Well, though he does not know it, they gave his wife half a dollar for a book that they heard he had paid that price for [a quarto Bible], and they tore it up secretly, and his wife is very much afraid that he will find it out and that then there will be trouble."

Cura. — "Oh, Manuel is so *liberal* and so —. You let him alone with me. I know how to rid my parish of such vermin. Well did his eminence the



SPANISH STREET WITH DILIGENCE.

Bishop say that it was necessary that we should rid our fields of those noxious weeds — be they men or books; as for the former, there is no better remedy than a pair of revolvers. Oh, yes, I know! it will not be the first time that I have carried them under my gown."

Señora. — "*Por Dios!* my dear *cura*, don't risk yourself in disputes with that *canalla*."

Cura. — "Yes! it cannot be helped! At whatever cost we must stop the spread of those books that, by their very appearance of innocence, are all the more dangerous to honest people — as in your own case, my dear *señora*. You thought that those leaves picked up by your friend after they were torn by the

missioner had in them nothing bad about the Most Holy Virgin, and yet I am sure that there was in them more perverse things than — Saint Antonio help me!"

Señora. — "For that very reason, Don Toribio, I took the trouble to ask her for them, and I myself burned them up."

Cura. — "How I wish that I might meet face to face one of these traitorous Protestants! I am sure that in my village there are none of those accursed books nor any of those *Englishmen* who sell them. If I should meet one of them, I assure you he would have good reason to call for help on his God Jehovah."

Señora. — "Tell me, Don Toribio, what is that about 'Jehovah'?"

Cura. — "What can I know about it? It is a name that the English give to their god."

Señora. — "Holy Virgin! How many gods, then, do the English have? Beside, he who was in our village was not a foreigner, but a Spaniard, so they tell me."

Cura. — "If so, he must be one of those fools or vagabonds or criminals, who, not daring to confess their sins to the priest, leave their homes and offer their services to whoever will pay them the most. As for any others, very few Spaniards will leave our holy religion, and they, as I have said, are fools."

At this moment the diligence stopped to change horses and the priest and the lady and one of the other women left the coach for a few minutes, to return when the change of horses had been made. All the time I had been carrying on my knees a package of Bibles, New Testaments, and Portions wrapped up in a handkerchief. It was not seen, however, as the cloak that I wore covered it completely. I took no part in the conversation, for I knew that if they should suspect who I was, they would take means to prevent my work in the villages where I was going; but all the time I was *thinking* and was praying for light as to how best I might reach this braggart priest with a useful lesson. And now the opportunity offered. The priest, too, according to the custom of the country, carried his modest wardrobe tied up in a large cotton handkerchief which he left on the seat of the coach. This gave me my chance. Unobserved by any one I slipped into his bundle a Gospel of Luke.

At the end of our journey we parted, each going his own way. It was not until three months later that I was able to return to the village of the *señora*. My first care was then to ascertain who was Manuel, the "liberal," whose wife had given his Bible to the missioner to be destroyed. I very quickly found him through my innkeeper, who is also a liberal. He told me that several months before, in another village, he had bought a Bible of me, which he had read with much interest, but that later it had disappeared. He thought that he must have lent it to someone who had forgotten to return it. That evening I read to the innkeeper and to his family from the Bible. The word went out quietly and before long the large room was full of friendly neighbors, among whom was the "liberal" Manuel, of the lost Bible. I read the stories of Joseph and of the crucifixion of Jesus Christ, and I explained to him how, as in the case of Joseph, God ordered that the crime of his brethren toward him should result in good to them and to the people of Israel and to the whole world, and so the killing of

Christ was made the means of carrying out God's plans of love to all who put their trust in him. They were all very attentive, and our man of the lost Bible bought another to take its place, and others bought some New Testaments and several Portions of the Scriptures.

I found the opportunity to talk with Don Manuel about his lost Bible, and, after a little, let him know that I could tell him what had become of it: which I did, but not until he had promised to follow my advice regarding the parties



PRIEST DISCUSSING A TRACT.

concerned. He was quite taken aback, and was then furious, but I held him to his promise to be guided by me. I went with him to his house, and when he first asked his wife about the book she denied knowing anything regarding it; but when I told her that I knew all about it, she burst into tears and confessed all. Among other things she said that though in the confessional the missioner had promised to pay her the price of the book, he never gave her a cent. I explained to her that it was not strange that the priest who would advise her to deceive her husband should himself cheat her. The result of it all is that the

Roman Catholic Church has now lost its influence over the woman as well as over the man. I am doing what I can to make them see that it is not sufficient to be merely "liberal," but that the soul needs a religion for its happiness and safety, and that the only true religion is that of the Holy Scriptures in all its simplicity and purity. These they are reading regularly, and I trust that they are being taught its meaning by the Holy Spirit.

After a day or two I went to the village of the *cura* of our story. It was soon clear, what might have been expected, that he was coarse and boastful and of violent temper — anything but what a "cure of souls" ought to be. When I asked whether he ever mentioned the Protestants the reply was: "For a long time the Protestants have been almost his only theme in the pulpit, and especially so since one eventful day some three months ago. That day he was terrible, and many of the hearers were ashamed to listen to him. He called the Protestants 'the spawn of hell; and to prove it,' he cried, 'look at this;' and from his gown he took a little book which, with livid face and fierce gestures he shook in the face of the congregation. 'Worse than Satan they are,' he cries, 'for by some black art they have thrust this book upon me. And do you know where I found it? On the floor in the middle of my own room! I know not who put it there nor how he did it, but this I tell you and of this I warn him: once I come to know what Protestant has dared to pollute my room with *this* I will do to him what I now do with it!' and he wrenched the leaves from the precious Gospel, crushed them with his hands and tore them with his teeth. And he added: 'If ever any of you meet any of these pests of the earth, anything that you may do to them, even to the killing of them, will be well done.'"

Even the ignorant but good Catholics of his own flock could understand that these were no words for a Christian man to use in a Christian pulpit, and it may well be believed that many said to themselves: "Can any Protestant do worse than this?"

The evening of my visit there, braving the threats of the *cura*, twelve persons, honest citizens of the place, gathered around me in the inn and I read and explained to them the Scriptures until after midnight. Though they are very poor, cash being very scarce in all this district, they bought one Bible, two New Testaments, and several Portions. Several times I have returned to these two villages where now the gospel has won several friends, and the *cura* has not even cared to meet me for a gentle conversation — though he always knows when I am there — much less has he crushed me in his grasp or torn me with his teeth.

On the other hand, the sub-mayor of this village is my outspoken friend and has bought from me a Bible and several books, all of which I know he carefully reads. Both here and in the village of the *señora* I always sell at least some Portions of the Word of God — which precious Seed has been watered to some degree by the Holy Spirit.

[The two cuts in this article are from photographs taken by Miss Hattie A. Cutler.]

HUSINETZ AND JOHN HUSS.

BY REV. A. W. CLARK, D.D., PRAGUE, BOHEMIA.

THE young people who read the *Missionary Herald* have doubtless heard of the celebrated Bohemian reformer and martyr, John Huss. You may be glad to hear from one of your missionaries something more about Bohemia's greatest hero. Those of you (and there are many such in Vermont) who have put at least one brick into the new chapel standing in the garden where John Huss played as a boy, will be glad to see a picture of that "gospel-home," and of its young preacher, Zelinka, who, for the truth's sake, is now much persecuted.

Let us first visit the old village of Husinetz. It is very pleasantly situated in Southern Bohemia and was an old town long before Columbus discovered America. A more historic and quaint old place it would be hard to find. Its quaintness is due partly to the fact that until last summer it was far removed from all railroad connection with the outside world. For this and other reasons it has preserved the old customs as have few places in Bohemia. If you never heard the clatter of wooden shoes, you will be amused as you walk the streets of Husinetz.

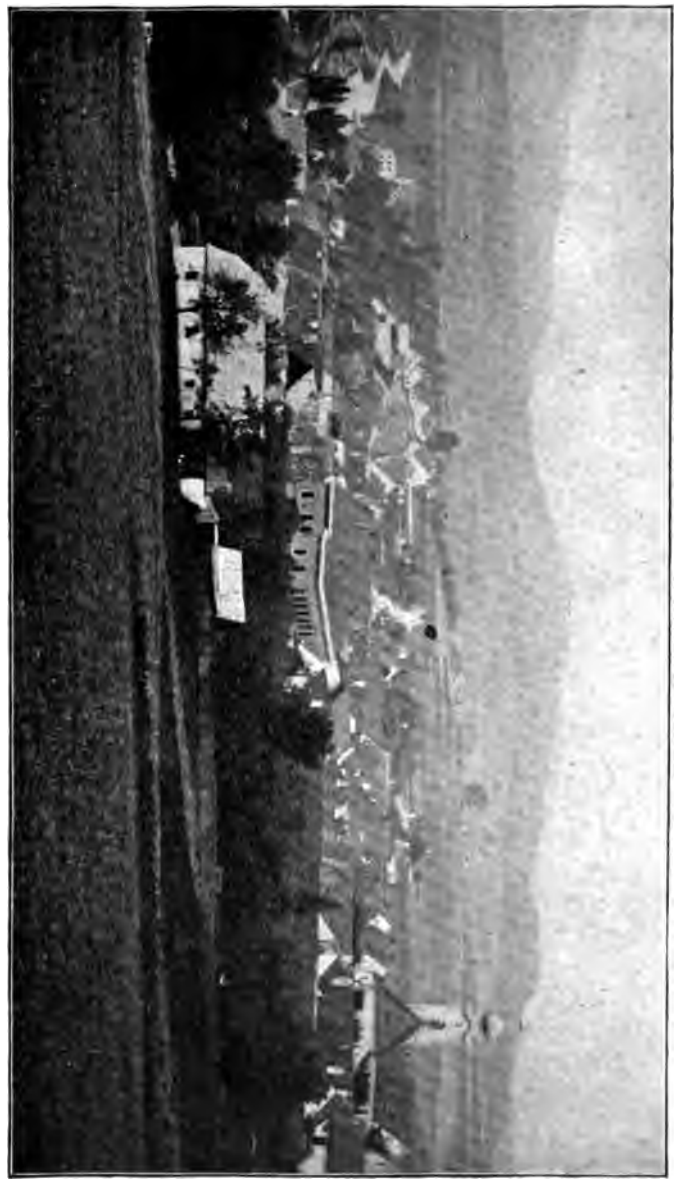
But here come the school children. Oh! the racket of so many little feet, all in wooden shoes! What an array of colored stockings: red, purple, and blue! How quaint the women and children with their short dresses, bright aprons, and the brighter kerchiefs over their heads!

Now we go farther up the street to the old Huss house in which the famous John was born. It is a small house of stone, whose roof you may see near the centre of the picture of Husinetz, directly under the black spot. An open passageway through the house leads to the garden and to our chapel. From this passageway we go up some narrow, steep stairs into the very room where Huss was born, in 1369. It is a small, low room; the floor is in many places quite worn away; the walls are full of cracks. On one side of the room and in the wall are two small shelves where the boy Huss kept his few books. All the surroundings are very commonplace.

The great reformer took his name from his native village. This was in accordance with the custom of that age. Huss in Bohemian means goose, and John Huss means John from Goose-town. When a boy his quiet manners and quick intelligence made him a favorite in his native village. To satisfy his thirst for knowledge he studied at the academy (gymnasium) in neighboring Prachatitz. He made rapid progress and was beloved by all his teachers. When he had graduated at the academy, his poor and widowed mother asked: "What shall we do now, my son?" He replied: "I am going to the Prague University. Let us not be troubled on account of poverty. God will care for us."

In 1393 Huss was graduated from the Prague University; in 1400 he became dean of the theological faculty, and the following year rector of the whole University. Huss was upright in conduct and thoroughly religious. He was deeply

affected by the terrible corruption and vice which he saw all around him in the papal church. He began to preach with great boldness against the errors and corruption of Rome. "Christ," he said, "is the head of the Church, not the



HUSINETZ, THE VILLAGE WHERE HUSS WAS BORN.

pope." That the people might hear in their own tongue the earnest preaching of the simple gospel without the burden of mass and other ceremonies, John of Mulheim founded "Bethlehem chapel" in Prague. Within its walls for more than ten years the eloquent and faithful preaching of the great reformer was heard. Remember that this was a hundred years before Luther.

Huss' earnest preaching of Christ, and especially his faithful denunciation of the sins of the priests, made him many enemies. Nearly 200 volumes relating to Wickliffe and his teachings were burned publicly by the Archbishop of Prague in 1410. But Huss exclaimed: "*Fire does not consume truth.*"

At length his bitter foes secured from the pope a sentence of excommunication and he was obliged to leave Prague. But now crowds thronged to hear him in field and forest. At length, in 1414, the busy reformer consented to appear before the great Council at Constance (Switzerland). The emperor Sigismund gave him a "Safe-Conduct," promising him protection on his journey to Constance and back again to Prague. The famous Council was opened by the pope in November, 1414. A brave Bohemian knight, John of Chlum, called upon the pope and begged to know whether Huss might remain in Constance free from risk of violence. Pope John XXIII replied: "Not a hair of his head should be touched while he remained in the city." But after a few weeks of restricted liberty Huss was thrown into a vile prison where he suffered for months. The weak Sigismund was blinded by the foe, who declared that the emperor was not bound to keep his promise to protect a heretic.

Often this brave soul was called before the council and then led back to his dungeon. At last Huss and his books were condemned to the flames. How touching his reply, in a brief prayer: "Lord Jesus Christ, pardon all mine enemies for the sake of thy great mercy. Thou knowest that they have falsely accused me; pardon them for the sake of thine infinite mercy."

After the so-called degradation, performed by seven bishops, came the final words of malediction. "And now the Church hath nothing more to do with thee. We give over thy body to the fire, thy soul to the devil." But Huss replied: "Into thy hands, most merciful Christ, I commend this soul which thou hast redeemed." On his way to the stake he chanted the Fifty-first Psalm. Reaching the place of execution he knelt and prayed: "Lord Jesus Christ, help me to bear this death of pain and shame, which for thy name and Word's sake I willingly encounter. And forgive my enemies for this their sin." As the executioner was ready to apply the torch two princes arrived from the emperor, offering Huss his life if he would only recant. He replied: "I call God to witness that I have not taught anything contrary to his truth. The truths that I have taught in accordance with the Word of God I will now maintain, and willingly seal with my death." Presently the martyr was in flames. A voice was heard from that sacred fire, a voice which young and old should repeat! "Christ, thou Son of God, have mercy upon me."

This was on the sixth of July, 1415, and the anniversary of that eventful martyrdom is as much remembered at the present time in Bohemia as is Washington's birthday in America. The teachings of Huss yielded rich fruitage in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. But at last came the fatal battle of the White Mountain, near Prague, in 1620. The counter-reformation crushed out Protestantism in Bohemia. Two thirds of the population were driven to cruel death or to exile, and for six generations truth was compelled to hide her head.

But better days have come. Among others working for the evangelization of Bohemia, the American Board holds an important place. In 1880 its first mission church was organized in my dwelling. Now there are twelve such

churches with many preaching stations. And now we return to Husinetz, the youngest out-station of our mission. A town that has furnished the world with one of the noblest reformers and martyrs is entitled to full knowledge of the truth and of *the Book* that made and sustained such a man as John Huss. His birthplace has been for centuries the scene of spiritual neglect and bigotry. To the American Board, and to the Woman's Board, and, if I may specify, then to Connecticut, to Vermont, to Bennington and its Miss A. P——, belong the honor of lighting again the gospel torch in Husinetz. It was from Bennington



HUSS GARDEN IN REAR OF CHAPEL.

that a telegram was flashed to Prague: "Buy garden and barn." The one who received that cable dispatch knew very well that it pointed to the old Huss garden and barn. The old stone structure was in due time enlarged to the pleasant chapel and home for the preacher that you see in the photo-engraving. To the right of the open door is the hall for preaching; to the left the future Y. M. C. A. rooms, and up one flight of stairs is the pleasant home of Mr. and Mrs. Zelinka, whom you see in the photograph in front of the house. He was trained for his work by missionaries and helpers of the American Board; and Mrs. Zelinka was assisted in her education by the Woman's Board. Not long

ago there was hardly a Bible to be found in all Husinetz; now many families there are reading the Scriptures. They visit the Zelinkas to learn more of the way of life. But the highest political official of the county is very angry that the gospel has come back to Husinetz, and he has forbidden anyone not belonging to our church to attend the Sunday services. A policeman with gun and bayonet marches in front of the home of the Zelinkas on Sunday to keep thirsty souls from hearing, with our eight members there, the story of Christ's great love.

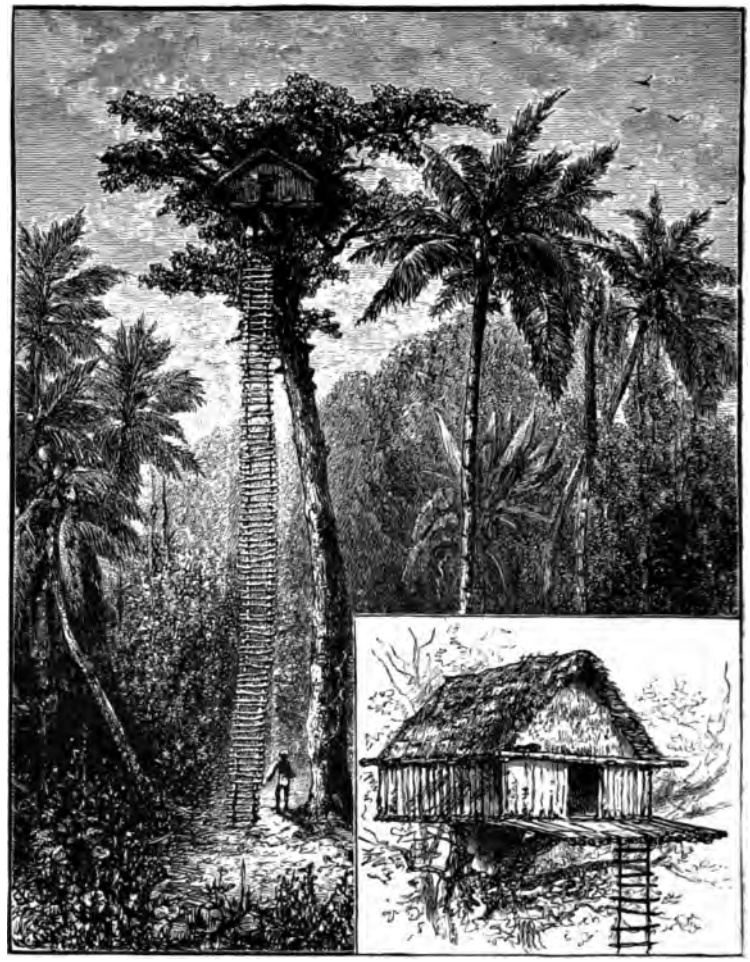


THE NEW CHAPEL AT HUSINETZ.

Mrs. Zelinka has a large class of girls whom she instructs in sewing and in Bible truth. For this she has been fined by the enraged "county governor." He has threatened to throw her into prison if she does not desist, but she, brave soul! replies: "I am quite ready to go to prison for the sake of Christ's gospel." Placards on the street corners warn people not to visit the Zelinkas, but such opposition is leading numbers to inquire, "What is the message of the gospel?"

Will you not pray for this land of Huss and for those who are hindered by gun and bayonet from hearing the truth?

Other Lands.



TREE HOUSES IN NEW GUINEA.

THE HAYSTACK MEETING AND ITS OUTCOME.

IN that beautiful Massachusetts valley, under the shadow of Greylock Mountain, where Williams College stands, there is a pleasant place of resort called Mission Park. It incloses a grove of maples and is adorned with trees and shrubs from foreign lands. It was originally desired that there should here be a tree from every missionary station upon the face of the globe. On the exact spot where once a haystack stood now appears a monument of the silver-blue Berkshire marble, inscribed with these words: "The Birthplace of American Foreign Missions." Here it was that in 1806 was inaugurated the first "Student Volunteer Movement."



A SCENE NEAR WILLIAMSTOWN.

At that time several of the students of Williams College were accustomed to meet for prayer and Christian conversation, and it was at the close of a sultry afternoon in July or August — the precise day is not known — that five young men, a smaller number than usual, gathered in the cool shade of the maple grove for this purpose. Their names were Samuel J. Mills, James Richards, Francis L. Robbins, Harvey Loomis, and Byram Green. In 1854, forty-eight years afterwards, Byram Green wrote as follows: —

"We first went to the grove expecting to hold our prayer-meeting there, but a dark cloud was rising in the west and it soon began to thunder and lighten, and we left the grove and went under the haystack to protect us from the approaching storm.

"The subject of conversation under the stack, before and during the shower, was the moral darkness of Asia. Mills proposed to send the gospel to that dark and heathen land, and said that we could do it if we would. We were all agreed

and delighted with the idea except Loomis, who contended that it was premature; that if missionaries should be sent to Asia they would be murdered; that Christian armies must subdue the country before the gospel could be sent to the Turks and Arabs. In reply to Loomis it was said that God was always willing to have his gospel spread throughout the world, and that if the Christian public was willing and active the work would be done; that on this subject the Roman adage would be true, '*Vox populi, vox Dei.*'

"'Come,' said Mills, 'let us make it a subject of prayer under this haystack, while the dark clouds are going and the clear sky is coming.' We all prayed and made Foreign Missions a subject in our prayers, except Loomis. Mills made the last prayer and was in some degree enthusiastic; he prayed that God would strike down the arm with the red artillery of heaven that should be raised against a herald of the cross."

These prayer-meetings were continued in the grove near by until cold weather, when a good lady gave leave for the students to meet in her kitchen. After a time she asked that the door might be left ajar into her sitting-room, that she might listen, and later on she opened the sitting-room itself, and there this meeting was continued for at least forty years.

It is interesting to learn that the Harvey Loomis, who was the only one of the five that opposed the project of undertaking foreign missions, did not do so because of want of Christian character or life, for he was known afterward as a man of eminent piety and a faithful minister. The ideas which he expressed only represent the feeling of the times. Those who had any convictions as to the duty of sending the gospel to the heathen were the rare exception. Some deemed the project chimerical, while the great mass of Christians had apparently given little thought to the matter. What makes the zeal of the young men at the haystack so remarkable is the fact that it originated and became most intense in the midst of prevailing apathy.



WEST COLLEGE (IN WHICH MILLS ROOMED).

Although the story of the haystack meeting was well known, the precise spot where it was held was not known until 1854, when the only survivor, the Hon. Byram Green, identified the place. Two years before, a stranger passing through Williamstown had been deeply impressed by the faith and zeal of the students at the haystack, and he sent back a gold dollar, saying that it would at least purchase a cedar stake to mark the spot, and prophesying that it would some time be marked by marble. In 1857 this prophecy was fulfilled, and the cedar stake became marble through the generosity of an alumnus of the college. President Hopkins said in his address at the dedication, "For once in the history of the world a prayer-meeting has been commemorated by a monument."

The missionary enthusiasm of those devoted young men found expression two

years later in the formation of the first foreign missionary society in this country, "a society not for the purpose of sending others, but of GOING to the heathen." The following constitution was adopted: —

1. The object of this Society shall be to effect in the person of its members a mission to the heathen.

2. No person shall be admitted to its membership who is under an engagement of any kind which shall be incompatible with going on a mission to the heathen.

3. Each member shall keep absolutely free from every engagement which after his prayerful attention and after consultation with his brethren shall be deemed incompatible with the objects of this Society, and shall hold himself ready to go on a mission when and where duty may call.



THE MISSION PARK AND MONUMENT WHEN DEDICATED IN 1867.

This constitution has been modified, but the society still exists, though transferred to Andover Seminary. Messengers were early sent to other colleges to stir up a similar spirit in them. Mills wrote with glowing enthusiasm: "The field is almost boundless. In the language of an eminent writer, 'Oh that we could enter at a thousand gates, that every limb were a tongue and every tongue

a trumpet to spread the joyful sound!' The camp is in motion, the Levites, we trust, are about to bear the vessels and the Great Commander to say, Go forward. Let us rely with the most impartial confidence on those great, eternal, precious promises contained in the Word of God, Mark 10: 29."

After this society of "The Brethren," who had pledged themselves for service in the foreign field, was transferred to Andover Seminary, Adoniram Judson joined it, and Judson, Mills, and Gordon Hall were the leading spirits among the students in making the appeal to the General Association of Massachusetts in 1810, for counsel and support in their plan to preach the gospel to the benighted. Their zeal and devotion impressed the General Association so deeply that, though there were many who, like Loomis at the haystack, thought the scheme impracticable, steps were there taken for the organization of the American Board.

Only two of the men of the haystack meeting were permitted to set forth upon foreign missionary service. Mills died near the shores of Africa, and Richards in Ceylon. Were their life and death a disappointment? On his dying bed



MAIN STREET, WILLIAMSTOWN.

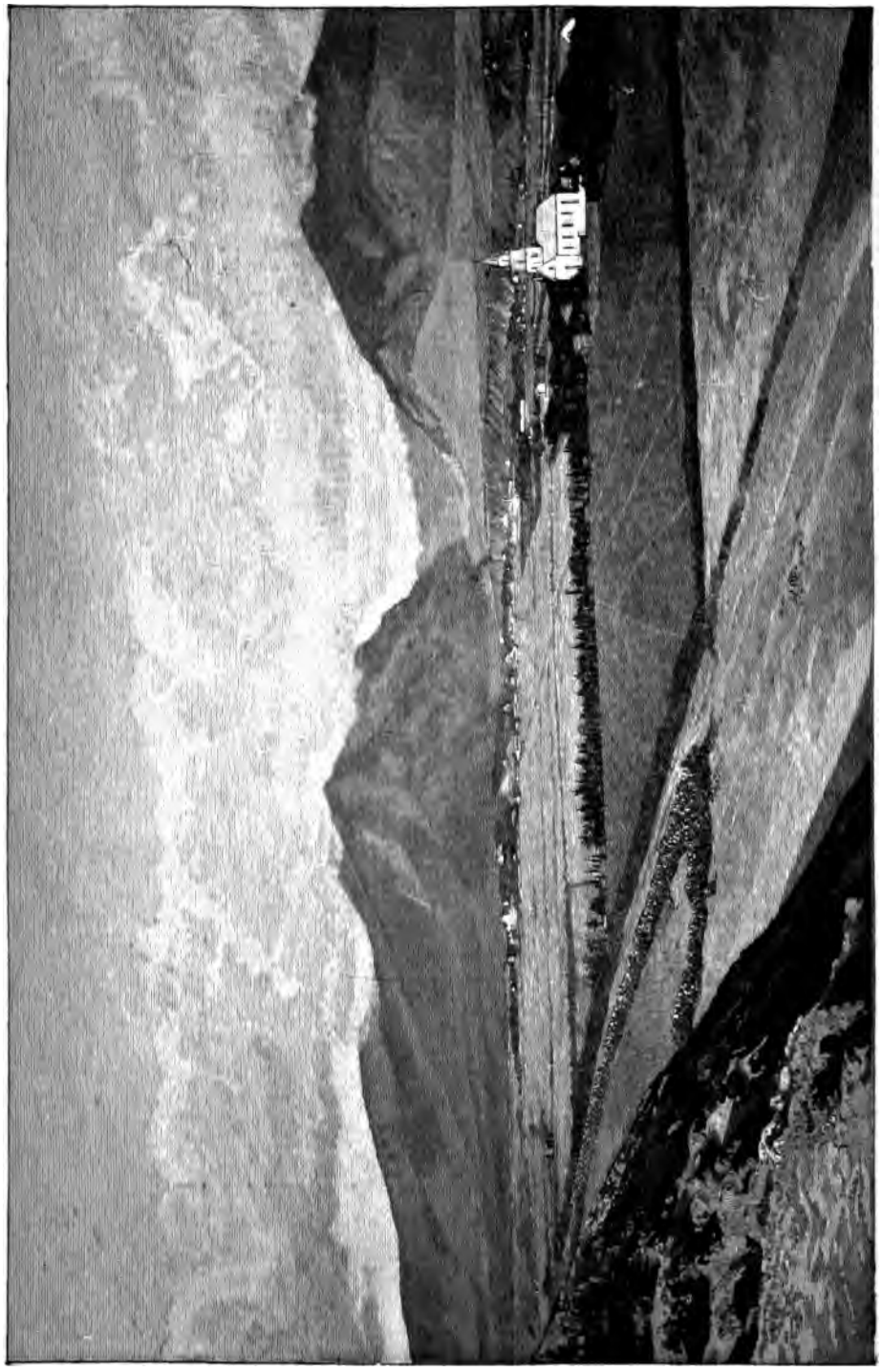
Richards said, his face beaming with celestial radiance, "I have sometimes had as much joy in praising God here as this poor body could bear; yes, as much as this poor body could bear; but when I *see* Jesus, then I shall sing, oh, then I shall sing!" His last words were, "Oh, what glories I see!"

The movement begun at the haystack unquestionably led to the organization of the American Board and so to world-wide plans for the extension of the kingdom of Christ. It is said that before that prayer-meeting closed the storm subsided and a bright rainbow appeared in the east. The success which has crowned the prayers and labors of those young men during ninety years was fitly symbolized by the bow which spanned the heavens as they left the sacred spot.

KEOPUOLANI, QUEEN AND CHRISTIAN.

WHEN our American missionaries first landed at the Sandwich Islands, in 1820, they found the people without any religion. The very year before, the high-priest of Hawaii had expressed his wish to give up their system of idolatry. The chiefs had confessed their dissatisfaction with it, and it had been abolished by general consent. It was a set of senseless and cruel practices, the most inconvenient and annoying of which was the *tabu*, or prohibition. For instance, at certain times nobody except a priest or a chief must presume to eat a cocoanut, no fishing-canoe must be seen in the water, nor any man out of his house; men and women must not eat together, nor even from the same dish. The penalty for breaking tabu was death. Human sacrifices were offered to the gods, and when no criminal could be found, a new tabu was imposed; and perhaps it was done secretly, so that some one might break it unawares. Men on the watch would then seize the victim and hurry him away to be slain at the idol-shrine. A foreign resident told the missionaries that on one of the days of prohibition he "saw a canoe sailing out in front of some houses on the shore and upset by the surf. One of the men afterward appeared to be drowning. An old man of tender feelings sprang from his house to save the sinking man. In an instant he was seized by the servants of the priests, hurried to the idol-temple, and there sacrificed. Meantime, the man apparently drowning jumped into his canoe and rowed away."

In that entangling network of observances a prominent part was a superstitious reverence for the persons of the chiefs. Queen Keopuolani was the mother of the king reigning over the islands at the time when our missionaries arrived. She had always been considered particularly sacred. Her family had governed the island of Hawaii for many generations. She was herself born in 1778, — the year after Captain Cook was murdered there, — and was brought up by her grandmother, as it was not customary for chiefs to bring up their own children. From her birth she had a train of attendants wherever she went: a nurse, a man carrying a fly-brush, another man a fan, another an umbrella, and another a pipe; besides a great company of other servants, all of whom anxiously waited the nod of the child. When she was twelve years old she had become a celebrated beauty. At that time Kamehameha, a warlike chief who had made himself king of all the ten islands, took her captive, and afterward made her his queen. She reigned with him from 1791 until his death, in 1819. In her childhood she had been held so sacred that a part of the time no one must see her. She never walked out except at evening, and then every one who looked at her prostrated himself to the earth. As queen, she went with her husband into all his battles,



WAILUKU, ISLAND OF MAUI, SANDWICH ISLANDS. From Report on Hawaiian Volcanoes in Report of U. S. Sec. of Interior, 1883.

because her sacred presence did much to awe the enemy. At one time ten men were bound, in order to be slain at the idol-temple, because she was sick. She rallied quickly, and only three were really put to death.

According to the heathen custom, Keopuolani had three husbands, so that she was not left alone at the king's death. Her son Riho-riho became king, but she was still high in authority. Riho-riho had reigned a year when the missionaries appeared at the islands. They had left America without knowing anything about the wonderful way in which God had prepared for their coming. They were kindly welcomed, as there were now no idol-worshipers to oppose them. Keopuolani was friendly, but it was two years before she devoted herself to learning the truth. She then asked to have a teacher to remain with her household, and soon accepted the good news of a Saviour, with the simplicity of a child. A high chief to whom she was greatly attached tried to hinder her, saying, "Let us two drink wine together again, as formerly. Enough of this new word. Let us cast it away and attend to it no more." But Keopuolani turned to her teacher and said: "My heart is much afraid I shall never be a Christian." He replied: "Why, what is in the way? Do you not love God?" She answered: "Oh, yes! I love — I love him very much." The teacher then explained more fully the way of salvation, and Keopuolani said, at the close of the conversation: "Your word, I know, is true. It is a good word, and now I have found, I have obtained a Saviour and a good King, Jesus Christ."

She soon asked her teacher what she should do about her two husbands. He told her that Christian women never have more than one husband. She said: "I have followed the custom of my country, but we have been a people of dark hearts. I wish now to obey Jesus Christ and to walk in the good way. Hoapiri is my husband — my only husband. The other man I will now cast off." She then called him and said: "I have renounced our old religion — the religion of wooden gods. I have embraced the religion of Jesus Christ. He is my King and Saviour, and him I desire to obey. Hereafter I must have one husband only. I wish you to live with me no longer. In future you must neither eat with my people nor lodge in my house."

So decided was her stand in favor of Christianity that many of the chiefs and people were displeased. "The new teachers are not good," said they; "they bind us too close." "Our old religion is good for nothing," replied Keopuolani. "The missionaries' ways are all good and ours are bad. I will follow their instructions, and will never again take my dark heart."

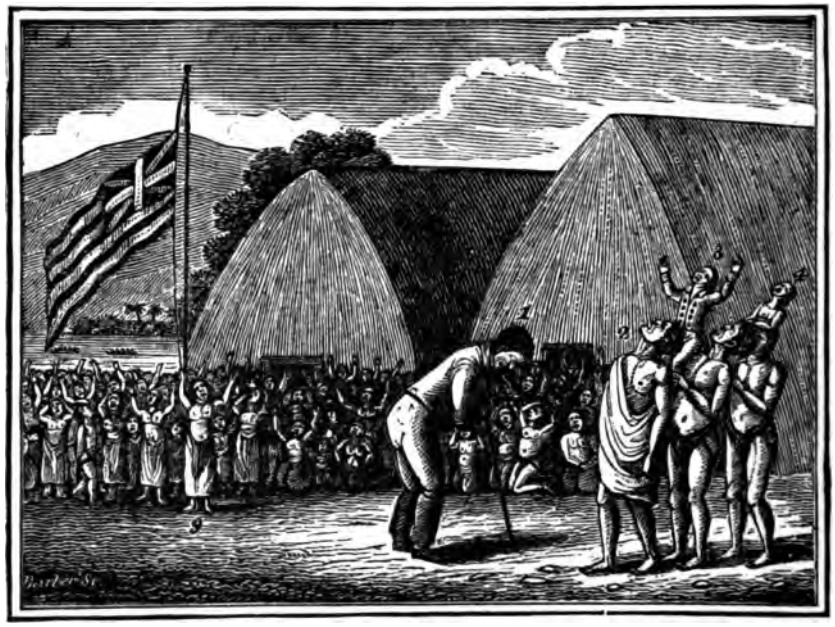
The chiefs argued with her. "We find," they said, "that a part of what the missionaries tell us is true. It is well to attend to reading and writing; but prayer and preaching and Sabbaths are of no consequence. These will never increase our riches."

Keopuolani answered them with spirit: "If you wish to be heathens and live like the people of Satan, then live so, and give up the Sabbath and prayer, and when you die go to Satan and the world of misery; but trouble me no longer."

She showed constant attention and kindness to the missionaries, seeking and obeying their instructions as to prayer and Christian duty, and ripening fast for the world of light, whither she was soon to go. She became slightly ill, and

vessels were sent to all the islands, that the chiefs might gather, according to their custom, and wait the result. The missionaries came too, and Keopuolani received them with a smile, saying, "I love the great God. I love Jesus Christ. I have given myself to him to be his. When I die, let none of the evil customs of this country be practised; let not my body be disturbed. Let my burial be after the manner of Christ's people. I hope he has loved me and will receive me."

As she grew worse, the king — her son — desired that she should be baptized, saying, "I know that this is only an external sign, but my mother gave herself away to Christ before her sickness." She, too, requested it; and when it was done, the king said: "Surely, she is no longer ours. . . . We believe she is Christ's, and will go to dwell with him."



WAILING SCENE AT THE DEATH OF KEOPUOLANI.[1]

Keopuolani was the first Hawaiian convert who received this sacred rite, and an hour after it was administered she fell asleep in Jesus. It was the sixteenth of September, 1823. The people collected from every quarter to join their tears and cries. Over three thousand — some said five thousand — people assembled at the funeral, and ceased their wailing while a Christian service was conducted. They listened with deep interest while Rev. Mr. Ellis preached from the words: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." Blessed, indeed, was Keopuolani, the first-fruits of Hawaii unto Christ.

[1] The above cut is a reproduction from a picture in a "Memoir of Keopuolani," in pamphlet form, published by the American Board in 1825. It presents the scene at the meeting of Kuakini, Governor of Hawaii, and the relatives of Queen Keopuolani, just after her death. The figures indicate several prominent persons: (1) Kuakini; (2) Hoapiri, husband of the queen; (3) Prince Kanikeouli; (4) Prince Nahienaena.

HOW THE GOSPEL REACHED SAMOA.

It was in 1830 that Mr. John Williams, that noble English missionary and "Polynesian apostle" who had already spent eleven years in the Society Islands, accomplishing wonders in the civilizing and Christianizing of the people, reached the Samoan group, known to be populated by fierce cannibals. He came in his own ship, the *Messenger of Peace*. He had himself built this vessel of seventy tons burthen at the island of Rarotongo, with only native help and with few tools except those of his own making. He was impelled by an intense desire to



THE HARBOR OF PAGO-PAGO, TUTUILA, SAMOA.

carry to the westward islands that glorious gospel by which he had seen so many savage tribes transformed into happy, industrious, and orderly Christian communities.

Mr. Williams was accompanied by his brother missionary, Mr. Barff, and by eight Society Islanders whom they had trained as teachers. Touching at the Friendly Islands mission they found and took on board a Samoan chief named Fauea, who had become a Christian there, and who proved a great assistance to them. As their ship approached Samoa, the towering mountains of Savaii, one of the largest islands, were seen seventy miles away. On arriving there they were surprised and delighted with the magnificence of the scenery, with

the welcome given them and the joy of the people at the coming of teachers. Fauea eloquently proclaimed the praises of the missionaries and the excellence of their religion. Natives had brought off to the ship articles of barter, but on hearing these things, they covered the deck with produce and resolutely refused to take payment. Multitudes crowded the beach, and as it was after sunset when a landing was effected, they literally carried the missionaries to the chief's house, long lines of flaming torches lighting the way. A song in their honor was quickly composed and sung in full chorus by all the people.

The cut below represents a Samoan *Fale-tele*, or council-house, such as used to be found in every village. Some of them were of large dimensions, built of wood and thatched with sugar-cane or pandanus leaves. These houses are very ingeniously constructed, no nails being used about them, the fastenings being made with the fibre of the cocoanut. In these houses all strangers were received, and the population of the village used to gather here in the evening for their dances and various games.



A SAMOAN FALE-TELE, OR COUNCIL-HOUSE.

Mr. Williams found the Samoans neither tall nor muscular, but very agile and graceful. "Picture to yourself," he says, "a fine, well-grown Indian, with a dark, sparkling eye, a smooth skin glistening with sweet-scented oil, and tastefully tattooed from the hips to the knees; with a bandage of red leaves, a headdress of the nautilus shell, and a string of small white shells around each arm, and you have a Samoan gentleman in full dress; and thus dressed, he thinks as much of himself and the ladies think as much of him as would be the case with an English beau fitted out in the highest style of fashion."

They had no priests, temples, idols, or sacrifices, but deified beasts, birds, and fishes. A convenient building was given by the chief as a church and school-house, with four good dwellings for the native missionaries. In three days the *Messenger of Peace* sailed away, the Englishmen promising to return in nine or ten months. All the people escorted them to the shore, rending the air with the cry, "Great is our affection for you, English chiefs!"

It was not until two years later, in October, 1832, that the ship could again sail for Samoa. All things favored, and after six days' delightful voyage they sighted Manua, the most easterly island of the Samoan group. As it was two

hundred and fifty miles from the teacher's residence, Mr. Williams was greatly surprised to hear the first islanders who boarded the ship exclaim, "We are sons of the Word." His joy increased when they told him that great numbers of the people of Savaii and Upolu had received the truth. As he sailed on from island to island he became convinced that a mighty work had already been done throughout Samoa. At Savaii the teachers welcomed him with tears and shouts of joy. They had a story to tell of mingled sorrow and success. At first war had raged between two islands, but the teachers had always been kindly cared for, and chief after chief had ceased fighting and renounced his superstitions. After a time they determined to drown Papo, their war-god, the only semblance of an idol found in Samoa. This created immense excitement. Chiefs from a distance were constantly coming to learn what these things meant. Many of them came regularly, learning all they could carry away of the new truth and taking it home to their people. The converts had withstood persecution. One Christian chief, when threatened, said of his enemies: "I shall not move from my house to attack them. But if they begin, I will pray for the help of Jehovah and resist them with all my strength."



MALIETOA, KING OF SAMOA IN 1839.

Mr. Williams found, besides these avowed Christians, a multitude who had been only waiting for his return to publicly renounce their superstitions. He visited every island, preaching to great audiences, and was everywhere joyously welcomed. The king of Samoa now openly embraced Christianity. His name was Malietoa, which is the family name of several Samoan kings. It was the grandson of this very Malietoa, known by the name of Malietoa Laupepa, and himself a Christian ruler, who in 1887 was forcibly taken from his country and carried to Africa by the Germans.

After thus instructing and confirming the believers, Mr. Williams again bade them farewell. It was not until 1838 that he saw Samoa again, though English missionaries had meanwhile been sent there. Mr. Williams had visited England, had secured a fine missionary ship, and had brought with him a missionary band. "As we neared Apia, the harbor of Upolu," wrote Mr. Williams, "we sailed along the coast of that noble island and every few miles we recognized large places of worship, white as snow, smiling a welcome to us through the dark, rich foliage in which they were embowered. . . . The whole group has a population of sixty or seventy thousand, and about fifty thousand are under instruction. The desire for missionaries is intense. If we had twenty instead of three, all would have been readily disposed of." Thousands of copies of Matthew's Gospel and many elementary books were in print, and the people could read them fluently. Fighting had entirely ceased.

Mr. Williams decided to make his headquarters here and thence to visit the islands already Christianized, and to carry the gospel to the New Hebrides.



SAMOAN DUCK-DUCK DANCERS.

Alas! his first venture to the latter islands resulted in his death at Erromango at the hands of cannibals. But his work went on. Commodore Wilkes, of the United States Exploring Expedition, who visited Samoa in 1839, speaks of the wonderful effect produced by missionary instruction and says "it appears almost miraculous." This naval officer bears witness that the greatest obstacle to the missionary work was the presence on the islands of a few abandoned white men.

The fantastic figures above, from a cut in the English *Messenger for the Children*, represent the Samoan dancers, corresponding to the African "witch doctors." Men thus masked executed a rude kind of justice, punishing a criminal or taking from a thief his unlawful gains and restoring them to the rightful owner. We may suppose that the fear inspired by their startling appearance secured submission.

HENRY MARTYN: SCHOLAR, SAINT, AND MISSIONARY.

THE bearer of this illustrious title was the leader of a noble army of heroes and of martyrs for the faith who have been stirred by his example and have followed in his steps. Attention has recently been recalled to him whose name was a household word to an earlier generation by an admirable biography, by Dr. George Smith, issued by the Fleming H. Revell Company, to whose kindness we are indebted for the use of the cuts in this article.



PAGODA, ALDEEN HOUSE.

This beloved man was born in 1781, in Truro, county of Cornwall, England, and was at seven years of age a clever, careless boy, of delicate constitution. At sixteen he entered college at Cambridge; a restless, brilliant, irritable youth, with an uneasy conscience which provoked him to sudden bursts of passion. At nineteen, under the shadow of his father's death and through the influence of faithful fellow-students, he began, as he said, "to consider that invisible world to which I must one day go. I began to attend more diligently to the words of our Saviour in the New Testament and to devour them with delight." All the

longings of his impulsive nature now found rest and satisfaction in the living, reigning, personal Christ. At the same time, calmed and steadied by his new faith, he won great distinction as a student and came out as Senior Wrangler before he was twenty years of age. The next year, 1801, saw him Fellow of his College, and winner of a University Latin Prize, and also witnessed his resolve to renounce the study of law, to which he had looked forward, and became a missionary of Christ. His pastor, Rev. Charles Simeon, secured his appointment to the Bengal Chaplaincy to the East India Company, and a sympathizing circle of college friends cheered him on. William Carey had then been nine years in India, and from the moment that Henry Martyn's attention was called to his work, his own thoughts had centred about the far East.

As he was not yet of the required age, he spent two years in the home duties of a curate, and during this time he suffered a severe discipline of alternate hope

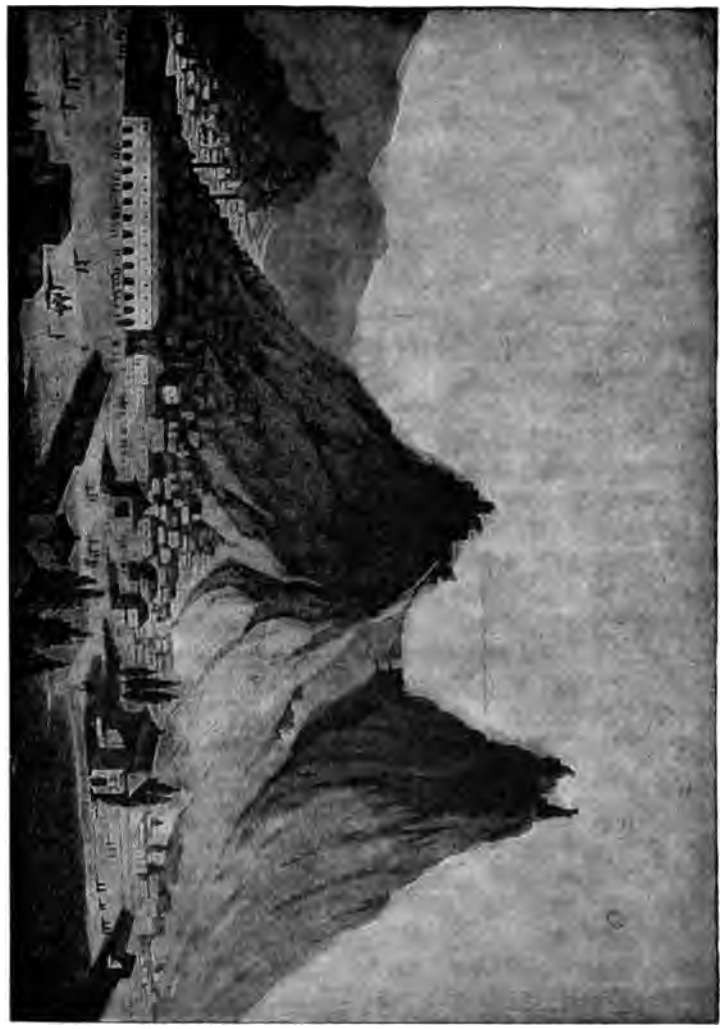


SHIRAZ.

and fear in regard to Lydia Grenfell, the lady whom he loved and whose heart was truly given to him. The pathetic story of their struggle with obstacles — which at present seem unreal — to their greater usefulness and to their happiness is now for the first time fully told. However unnecessary this heartbreak of separation may have been, being borne by both in a very passion of submission and trust, and in the comfort of their fellowship with Christ, it wrought out lasting results of holy character in the sufferers.

Martyn was twenty-four when he sailed, in 1805, on his nine months' voyage to India, with an English fleet. Of a regiment of soldiers with their officers and of all the East India cadets on board his ship, only five would join in his daily worship, and from the rest he endured a blasphemous opposition. He fed his splendid courage with Bible truth, and worked hard at the Hindu, Bengali, and Portuguese languages, which he was to use. From Madura he wrote to Miss Grenfell's sister: "God knows how dearly I love you and Lydia and Sally, and all his saints in England, yet I bid you an everlasting farewell almost without a sigh."

On the voyage out, the captains of the fleet were informed that the object of the expedition was the Cape Colony and that a stout resistance was expected from the Dutch, who had then misgoverned South Africa for nearly 150 years. Thus Henry Martyn became a witness of the battles which gave the Cape of Good Hope to British rule and made it the base from which Christian Missions have slowly spread northward toward the heart of the continent.



TOKAT IN 1812.

Landing at Calcutta in May, 1806, Martyn first sought out Mr. Carey, who, in his delight with him, declared that wherever Martyn went no other missionary would be needed. While waiting five months for his appointment to his first military station, he preached on Sundays in Calcutta and studied through the weekdays at Serampore, residing at Aldeen House, in the family of Rev. David Brown. In the garden still stands the ancient idol temple in which Martyn lived, the picture of which we give on a previous page, and which has ever since been known as "Henry Martyn's Pagoda."

His special object was to give the gospel message to Mohammedans, and he devoted his fine linguistic powers to the translation of the Bible into Hindustani, Persian, and Arabic for their use. At last his appointment came; it was to Dinapore. There, and at Patna and Cawnpore, he faithfully performed the duties of his chaplaincy during the four following years, from 1806 to 1810, all the while translating, and declaring the gospel truth to the natives with incessant industry and zeal. To Mrs. Sherwood, an English officer's wife, we owe most of the outside knowledge we have of this period of Martyn's life. She pictures him thus: "His features were not regular, but the expression was so luminous, so intellectual, so affectionate, so beaming with divine charity, that no one could have thought of his features — the outbeaming of his soul would absorb the attention. He had a rich, deep voice and a fine taste for music. There was a very decided air, too, of the gentleman and a perfection of manners; he was as remarkable for ease as for cheerfulness, and he was one of the humblest of men." He lived with his Arab and Indian language teachers; the former of whom was a wild man of the desert, so that Martyn describes himself as "the keeper of a lunatic," and was ever surrounded by a crowd of natives, beggars and ascetics, to whom he "preached wonderfully." He finished the Hindustani New Testament in 1807. Toil such as this soon wasted his strength; he was supported under it, he said, by a daily miracle. Often he entered the Sherwood home and sank down almost fainting with exhaustion and with the raging heat. He lost the use of his voice for public speaking, but could still translate and converse. At length even this brought on pain in the chest, and he left India in January, 1811, for Arabia and Persia, there to employ his enforced silence upon the Persian New Testament. He lived nearly a year in Shiraz, and through him the gospel first entered Persia, whence he departed amid the blessings and tears of many friends, having finished his translation in February, 1812. The extreme hardships of an eight weeks' journey developed the weakness of his lungs and a raging fever increased his sufferings. He applied for leave to return to England, being too ill to traverse Asia toward India. Though reduced to a mere skeleton he still pursued his painful way until he reached Tocat, in Western Turkey, where, on the sixteenth of October, 1812, he rested from all his toils.

Never were his hopes more clear and strong than amid these last distresses. Even at Tocat he wrote, "I sat in the orchard and thought with sweet comfort and peace of my God, in solitude my Company, my Friend, and Comforter." Thus passed away this young man of thirty-one, who compressed into six years the work of a full lifetime, and whose death accomplished as much as his life. Many have been moved to missionary service by his example, and thousands have been stimulated to a new spiritual activity by his *Journals*. His grave took possession of the land for Christ, and Tocat is now an out-station of Sivas, in our own Western Turkey Mission. And always on the anniversary of his death a memorial sermon is preached in the cathedral of Truro, in which the cause he loved is set forth. Young people who wish to make the most of their lives may see in the high honor given Martyn, in the unsought but real and lasting fame and influence for good which he acquired, an illustration of our Lord's saying, "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."

A. L. O. E.

A MISSIONARY IN INDIA.

THE juvenile libraries of England and America from 1852 onward have been often replenished by the addition of stories bearing on the title-page the mysterious imprint, *By A. L. O. E.* It was long before the public were informed that these letters signified *A Lady of England*, and that the lady was Miss Charlotte Tucker, the daughter of a gentleman who had been prominent in the Bengal Civil Service, and afterwards Chairman of the Board of Directors of the East India Company in London. His daughter Charlotte was born in May, 1821, and spent most of her life in England — a happy member of an honored family, moving in the best circles. Among the guests of the household in her younger days were the Duke of Wellington and other well-known people of distinction; and both in society and at home Miss Tucker was rich in loving friends.

Gayety, energy, and industry characterized the youth of A. L. O. E. In middle life she resolutely set her foot upon all personal ambitions and yielded her gifts to the Lord's service in a way more earnest than ever before. The seventy-nine volumes of her published works were written with the single desire to do good, and were very popular and useful in their day.

But it was not till Miss Tucker had reached an age when toil is often exchanged for rest, that she began the work which gives her a place in the annals of missions. Her father's long residence in India, the honorable career of her brothers in that country, and the wonderful opening of doors for missionary effort had always engaged her eager interest in the Christian work done there. She "considered missionary work of all works the highest." Perhaps she had heard that story often told of the Duke of Wellington, whom she ardently admired, which narrates how he sternly said to a young man who was speaking of missions with supercilious contempt: "Sir, you forget your marching orders: 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature!'" At the age of fifty-four, Miss Tucker stood unfettered, absolutely necessary to none; she was in sound health and she could pay her own way, so that no risk of missionary funds would be involved: why should she not devote the evening of her life to India?

As might have been expected, her plan met with great opposition, for no such attempt had ever been made before at such an age. Her devoted friends shrank from the parting and they also believed that she could not endure the Indian climate or the strain of missionary life. However, her resolute spirit carried her through, and after a victorious campaign with the Hindustani language at home,

she offered herself to the Church of England Zenana Society, and sailed for India in 1875.

A missionary described her on her arrival there as "tall, slight, with lofty brow, sparkling eye, face constantly beaming with love and intelligence, genius in every look, figure agile and graceful." On her part she wrote: "I am particularly delighted with the American missionaries I have seen. . . . It seems to me as if both England and America had sent their cream to India."



IN THE ZENANA.

While traveling northwestward from Bombay to the Punjab, this indefatigable lady wrote her first book for the service of India. Thirty-nine booklets are mentioned in her biography as among those she wrote for translation into Indian languages. The love of symbol and parable, which appears in all her writings, wonderfully fitted her for dealing with the Oriental mind.

Miss Tucker's first India home was at Amritsar, a chief city of the Punjab, having a population of 135,000. There she was welcomed in a bungalow which she called The House Beautiful, "on account of the dwellers in it." She insisted

on the missionaries calling her "Auntie," and her loving, winning ways made the natives sometimes call her "Angel."

But the eager and self-denying spirit of A. L. O. E. soon moved her to seek the regions beyond Amritsar, and in 1876 she went to Batala, twenty-four miles eastward, a town of 25,000 inhabitants, and a Mohammedan stronghold. The only Christian work there was carried on by a native catechist and one convert. Here, with occasional breaks, the remaining seventeen years of this sweet woman's life were spent; chiefly in zenana visiting, but with a great variety of other missionary activities. She practised the most rigid economy that she



TRAVELING WITH BULLOCKS IN INDIA.

might have more to give away, she taught in the schools, secured the confidence and supported the hearts of persecuted converts, carried on a vast correspondence, besides her other writings, and entertained guests without number; giving, for instance, in one period of eight months "more than six hundred teas to boys or young men." "The blessing she was among those boys," says a missionary friend, "is incalculable. Her very age proved to be an advantage. The boys had a chivalrous admiration for her. She was not left alone at Batala; a missionary lady or family was stationed with her and she had the happiness of seeing

much growth of the work. Not that there appear to have been many converts as the result of her labors; her influence was of that diffusive kind which cannot be measured by statistics. She was kept from loneliness by the constant presence of her Master and by the feeling that separation of body from her home friends was nothing compared to separation of soul." She said: "My ties to my loved ones in England are not broken, they do not depend on time and space."

Eight happy years of Miss Tucker's India life passed away in perfect health, but then came a sickness which seemed "unto death." She was then sixty-two years old. In reply to her persistent inquiries she was told that the doctor thought her dying. A smile and an almost shout of joy escaped her. "I am so glad," she exclaimed, "so glad to be dying in harness! It is too good to be true." The high expectation of seeing the Lord face to face so thrilled her with joy that a remarkable result followed. Acting as a powerful stimulant, it revived her sinking bodily powers, so that this very rapture at the prospect of going brought her back to life!



HINDU WOMAN WITH ORNAMENTS.

It was a great disappointment; ten years longer she was to wait and serve, But she did it, though with failing strength, with the same loving trust, indomitable energy, and resolute self-denial. She carried on her old activities with high-spirited cheerfulness, "trying to keep herself from thinking too much about heaven," whither most of her dearest friends had now gone. When at length, in November, 1893, her own summons came she had reached the age of seventy-two. In the early part of her last illness she was taken back to Amritsar, and in her last letter she wrote: "I have come again to House Beautiful, where the four sweet damsels, Faith, etc., glide about to see to my comfort." One day hearing the voice of a friend outside and being told that she was too weak to see him, she answered, "I must see him;" and then, with a flash of her old determination, "I *will* see him!" To him she said: "I am dying, I know it; I am very happy, in perfect peace, without a doubt or care. I am longing to go home." She directed that she should be buried at Batala, that her "dear brown boys" should carry her to the grave, and that nobody was to wear mourning or shed tears. There was to be no coffin and the funeral expenditure might not exceed five rupees.

The loving associates of Charlotte Tucker, whether English or native, united to praise her beautiful and consistent life and to say that, "in giving her to India, the Church of Christ had given of her very best."

A MISSIONARY BAND.

A BOOK with this title, dedicated "to English-speaking young men everywhere," tells the story of seven young Englishmen of position and fortune, who sailed as missionaries to China in 1885. One of the seven was an officer in the Royal Artillery, and another in the Dragoon Guards; five were graduates of Cambridge University; of these, one was the stroke-oar of the Cambridge Eight, and another was perhaps the most famous cricketer of the day. Only one was a clergyman. Two were brothers. All went at their own charges, as far as possible. The affecting story of their conversion and missionary consecration is well known. Their farewell addresses aroused the deepest interest in Great Britain and were followed by great religious awakenings, especially in the Scottish universities. They were themselves the strongest appeal and call to a noble life. They were types of handsome, healthful, joyous youth. They had tasted the world's pleasures; but one of them, Mr. Studd, the cricketer, said: "Those pleasures were as nothing compared to the joy that the saving of one soul gave me. I knew that cricket would not last, and honor would not last, and nothing in this world would last; but it was worth while living for the world to come." And he added: —

"I wonder what you would say of me if, now that I am going out to China, I bought a large outfit of things absolutely useless out there. You would say I had gone mad. But what are you doing? You are only going to be on the earth a short time, and there is eternity to come. And which are you really living for? Are you living for the day, or are you living for the life eternal? The opinion of men won't avail us much when we get before the judgment-throne. But the opinion of God will. Had we not, then, better take his Word and implicitly obey it?"

It was the fifth of February, 1885, when the party left London. They crossed Europe and sailed from Brindisi for Alexandria, having "most happy and profitable times for praise and prayer as they went along." They "felt their responsibility as men sent by God for his service," and one young planter, going to India, gave himself to Christ through their quiet labor and prayer on board the Mediterranean steamer. At Suez they went on board the *Kaisar-i-Hind* "with great hopes and earnest prayer, not that we might do great things so much as that we might not hinder God." They soon had a daily Bible-reading and an evening singing on deck in the dark, with short addresses to fill up the intervals.

A fellow-passenger wrote about them to *The Indian Witness* as follows: —

"Many wondered what they would be like. Surely there must be a screw loose somewhere, that seven young men of position should leave home and all

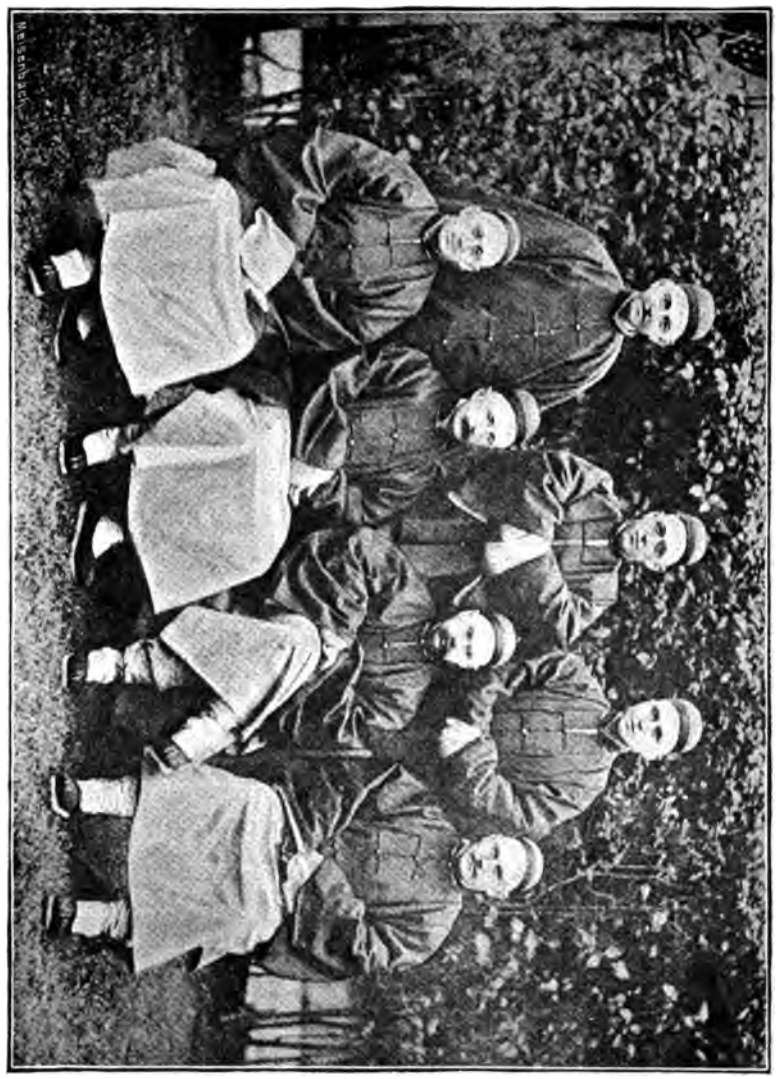
the pleasures of fashionable life for a wild-goose chase to convert Chinamen! Teach them! Why, they 'll laugh at them! So thought I and many others. In fact, we expected no end of fun, quizzing them. So with that view, when the first evening came, we gathered around; but when we heard the deep-swelling notes in which they so earnestly sung 'Christ receiveth sinful men' and, after a



C. T. STUDD. STANLEY P. SMITH.

few stirring words of appeal, went on in a gentle solo, 'Let the dear Master come in,' it seemed to touch even the most callous." In the end several of the stewards and of the crew and all the second-class passengers were converted. One of the latter was the English captain of an Indian steamer — a free-thinker, drunken, and quarrelsome. He had heard with great glee that there was more

game for him on board, in the shape of seven missionaries! But before long he was thoroughly subdued, pouring out his heart in the afternoon prayer-meeting, praising God for his wonderful love, pleading for other souls, and saying to them, "You know it 's so simple: it 's only trusting; just simply trusting."



C. T. STUDD. M. BEAUCHAMP S. P. SMITH.
A. T. POLHILL-TURNER. D. E. HOSTE. C. H. POLHILL-TURNER. W. W. CASSELS.

On reaching Shanghai, Mr. Cassels wrote: "It was with very full hearts that we set foot upon the soil of this dear country to which the Lord has called us. We felt more than ever that nothing but a mighty outpouring of the Spirit of God can be of any use." They began meetings for the English residents. The British chaplain of the Cathedral said, at one of the largest meetings, that "if he had been called away the night before, he would have been a lost soul; but

that night he stood there saved by the grace of God. Now he was God's, and God was his." Many Christians were quickened, and some opposers converted.

The young men now prepared for their inland journey by adopting the Chinese dress. They are so disguised by it that one can hardly believe the faces to be the same with the beautiful photographs taken in England.

They had been appointed by the China Inland Mission to the province of Shan-se, in the northwest. Three of their number went up by river-boats eleven hundred miles to Han-chung. The other four went by the way of Peking. At Peking they joined with the missionaries there in special Bible study and prayer for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon their work. Great was the joy in wonderful answers received. By November the seven were all together again at their journey's end in Shan-se. When they have the language, they will separate, to mix up their lives with the Chinese. Their letters, all along the way, overflow with life and gladness and with racy details, but we have little room for them. We can only quote a little from Mr. Studd, under date of November 4, 1885, nine months after their arrival: —

"Is n't this simply glorious? . . . I feel sure a happier seven never walked. The journey was a grand time, and the Lord taught us many things. . . . He has now shown us that at present he means us to study. . . . You will be glad to hear that Stanley Smith can speak Chinese pretty well now; he took the meeting last Sunday, and the Lord spoke through him for half an hour. . . . I can tell you I did praise the Lord for bringing me among these real *live* boys again. I found them all well and flooding the town and country round with tracts, etc. We are as happy a party of the Lord's children as you could find anywhere, and we are just longing for the time when he will open all our mouths to tell of Jesus' dying love to these poor Chinese in their own tongue. There are two grand Chinamen here who are doing real red-hot work. One brought in six or seven converts the other day and they obeyed Paul pretty well, for they sung nearly all day and night. If China is to be turned upside down, the missionaries must be turned inside out first. Pray that the Lord will rouse us all to go forth in his might, conquering and to conquer. Pray that Paul-like men may be raised up whether among those here or at home. . . . Chinese hardships have been exaggerated. We rough it in traveling, but nothing more; excellent food and a comfortable bed, and, with the Lord Jesus as your friend, what more does a Christian soldier require? We could well do without the first two, but not without the Lord. He satisfies, the others don't. . . . Have you sent over to the American universities yet? And have you roused all the English and Irish universities, as well as the Scotch? Ler us be very ambitious for the honor and glory of the Lord Jesus. . . . It is only a very short campaign before the final victory and everlasting reward. Then we shall see our great loving General in all his beauty and splendor, and how we will shout and sing his praises!

"Your loving brother,

"C. T. STUDD."

Mr. Stanley Smith adds: "If I were asked, 'If now you had your choice, where would you like to be in the world?' I should answer, 'In Ping-yang-fu.' We are in this life, it seems, literally beset and besieged with grace. As regards

opportunities, they are simply innumerable. Around here in Shan-se, a blessed work is going on."



A CHINESE GARDEN.

But for the rest we must refer our readers to the book itself, which ought to be in all Sunday-school libraries. It is through the kindness of its author, Mr. Broomhall, that we are able to give the foregoing pictures of "The Missionary Band."

THE BIBLE IN MADAGASCAR.

IT was in 1820 that English missionaries first settled in Madagascar. In 1836 they were banished from the country by the heathen queen Ranavalona. During the sixteen years of their stay they had learned the language, reduced it to writing, taught thousands of pupils in their schools, and received the first converts to what was afterward called the "Martyr Church." As the storm of persecution began to threaten that infant church, the missionaries foresaw that they might be obliged to leave the island. They, therefore, hastened forward as fast as possible the work of translating and printing the whole Bible in the Malagasy language.

The converts became more diligent pupils than ever, knowing that they would soon be left without teachers. They were eager to be able to read the Bible. One poor man, in feeble health, who had not been able to leave his house for



COPY OF OLD BIBLE, opened at Isaiah li and liii.

five months, on hearing that the missionaries were about to depart, determined to make an attempt to walk to Antananarivo, in order to secure a Bible. Though he had sixty miles to travel, he kept on until he reached the missionary's house. His joy at receiving the sacred Book was indescribable. He pressed it to his bosom, exclaiming, "This contains the words of eternal life; it is *my* life. I will take as much care of it as of my own life." Others walked more than a hundred miles to get a copy.

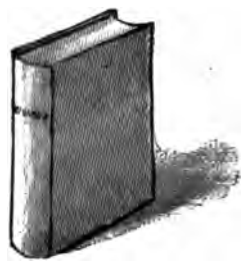
The old and battered volume here represented is one of that early edition, and is now treasured at the Bible House of the British and Foreign Bible Society in London. For the use of this and the two following cuts we are indebted to the American Bible Society of New York. Besides giving one of these books to each convert who stood firm amid persecutions, the missionaries left several boxes of Bibles, hymnbooks, tracts, and schoolbooks in charge of the native Christians. These boxes were buried undergound for safety. The majority of

the Bibles were in time ruthlessly destroyed, and only about a dozen of them are now in existence. Several of these are not complete, and nearly all of them show signs of having been taken to pieces and restitched. The volume was so bulky and so difficult to hide, or to carry from place to place without attracting attention, that it was thought best to divide it. Added to this, there were so few copies that the Christians often gave away a few pages for the instruction and comfort of others. But there is a new state of affairs. The natives can now obtain a beautifully printed volume of convenient size, like the specimen in the engraving below, for one shilling; and thousands of them are sold.



COPY OF OLD MALAGASY BIBLE, ANTANANARIVO, 1835.

During the years of persecution, the queen found that those who had copies of the Scriptures were the most difficult to win back to idolatry. She, therefore, did her utmost to lay hands on every existing Bible. But those who had once tasted the good Word of God, reading it by the illumination of the Holy Spirit, guarded their treasure all the more carefully. Years after, when the prime minister of Madagascar received Christian baptism, he stated that during those days of darkness a Bible was given him by one of the martyrs, and that he used to hide it in the courtyard, in a part of the inclosure where the queen kept her fighting-bulls. Besides atrocious murders and dreadful tortures of those who were thrown into dungeons, many Christians were made prisoners-at-large. Their life was made a burden to them in the sight of all, with the hope that their sufferings might terrify others into renouncing Christianity. Heavy and rugged iron rings six inches in thickness were riveted around the Christian's neck. This ring was fastened to a heavy iron bar, three feet long, and two other rings and bars were linked to the first bar. Rough iron anklets were also fastened on; the whole weight of iron being over fifty-six pounds. Mr. Ellis, the well-known missionary, brought home to England one of these sets of irons which had been worn by a devoted Christian who died in them. His father and two sisters also died in like manner, but his brother, who wore the irons four years, survived; the only one out of a whole family of martyrs. Mr. Ellis says: "I have seen some of these surviving sufferers, helpless and bedridden, with scars and wounds in their flesh, but with peace, hope, joy, and glory in their souls. I never heard from them a single expression of vindictive feeling. They might have averted all this suffering in the beginning if they would have renounced the name of Jesus, and they would have been clothed with honor, enriched with gifts, and



MODERN BIBLE, LONDON, 1885.

raised to distinction. At any period of their sufferings, at any hour, they might, on these conditions, have been instantly relieved, but they refused relief at such a price."

The irons were not always put separately on each person. The Christians were fettered together in bands of five or more, and then they were sent to fever-haunted regions, that the pains of the fever might be added to the torture of the galling chains. The irons were never to be removed. When death released



CONSOLATION TO A CHRISTIAN IN CHAINS.

a victim the soldiers in charge cut off the head and feet and slipped off the rings. But this ruthless act was a kindness, for sometimes there was no one to separate the dead from the living. Yet when Mr. Ellis revisited Madagascar in 1856, before the wicked queen's death, he found the number of Christians wonderfully increased. Churches had been multiplied and secret meetings kept up.

"You remember," said the native pastor Andriambelo, afterward, when preaching in a beautiful church to four hundred or five hundred people — "you remember

how we used to steal cautiously out of the city at night and come by separate paths to the village; how we went to the house of a trusted friend and there in a room in the roof met together to pray and praise. There, in darkness, we used to repeat to each other portions of God's Word and sing hymns, but very softly, almost under our breath, lest we should be heard."

Is it any wonder that when, at that time, a native Christian of rank visited Mr. Ellis, and took the missionary's hand, "an expression came over his face such as I had never witnessed in any human being; an intensity of feeling, neither ecstasy nor terror, but an apparent blending of both; while, during the whole interview, there was a *strange uneasiness*, mingled with an evident satisfaction?"

When the reign of terror in Madagascar passed away with the death of Ranavalona in 1861, the eager interest of the people in Christian truth burst forth



AN ANCIENT GATEWAY WITH ROLLING DOOR.

uncontrolled. The great progress they made is well known. The missionaries who have since labored among them have been greatly struck by their craving for Bible truth. Bible classes have been crowded. After the regular monthly missionary prayer-meeting, held in the capital, there was, one day, a special meeting called, of the native pastors and leading people of all the congregations. No Europeans were present, but it came out that it was held to consider what more the natives could do to gain a full and clear knowledge of the Word of God. They had seen commentaries in the missionaries' libraries. They concluded to send a deputation to the missionaries with the modest request that they would immediately translate and print the whole of Matthew Henry's Commentary and Barnes's Notes! They brought a long list of paying subscribers, in token of their sincerity. "So mightily grew the Word of God and prevailed" in Madagascar.

THE MISSIONARY MARTYRS OF TERRA DEL FUEGO.

THE adventurous spirit of a sailor, when combined with the devotion of a Christian, makes a peculiarly brave and unselfish character. Such a one was Allen Gardiner, born in England in 1794, and trained for the English navy. He gave himself to Christ and became his true disciple in China, while witnessing the worship of idols in a heathen temple. Henceforward he earnestly longed for the religious welfare of the various countries he visited. Becoming specially interested in the natives of South America, he made efforts through many years, from 1823 and onward, to prevail upon English Missionary Societies to begin a mission among the Patagonians. They declined, "not from want of sympathy, but from lack of means."

At last, in 1844, a few friends in Brighton, where Captain Gardiner resided, formed a committee to promote a mission to Patagonia. Captain Gardiner acted as the first secretary, and himself sailed the same year with a missionary catechist. Landing in Gregory Bay, they found few inhabitants, and these were dishonest and treacherous beyond belief. Disturbances also arose between the governments of Chili and Buenos Ayres as to the possession of Patagonia, which obliged the two Englishmen to return home in 1845. Nothing daunted, Captain Gardiner again set forth in 1848. He took with him four sailors and a boat carpenter, and this time he landed on a small island off the shore of Picton Island, to which he gave the name of Banner Cove. There they pitched a tent and attempted to build a stone house. Some natives appeared, headed by their chief, named Jemmy Button, and they proved to be so thievish that the missionaries could do nothing but watch their property. Captain Gardiner concluded that "the mission establishment for the present must be afloat" — living in boats and only going ashore to teach.

Even this became impossible, and they were forced to withdraw altogether. Still Captain Gardiner was not in the least discouraged. He proceeded to Germany and laid the case before the Moravians, and then went to Scotland; but all in vain. These churches probably felt, as did our own American Board Committee, that larger and more hopeful populations required all their strength. The Fuegians were few, and were among the most degraded of the human race. The great naturalist, Mr. Charles Darwin, who visited them in 1832, speaks of the Fuegians in his book entitled "A Naturalist's Voyage," from which we take the following extract: "These poor wretches were stunted in their growth; their hideous faces were bedaubed with white paint, their skins filthy and greasy, their hair entangled, their voices discordant, and their gestures violent. Viewing such men, one can hardly make one's self believe that they are fellow-creatures and inhabitants of the same world. . . . Their language scarcely deserves to be

called articulate. Captain Cook has compared it to a man clearing his throat, but certainly no European ever cleared his throat with so many hoarse, guttural, and clicking sounds. The different tribes when at war are cannibals. It is certainly true that when pressed in winter by hunger they kill and devour their old women before they kill their dogs."

But none of these things moved Captain Gardiner, or rather they *did* move him to a heroic persistence in his efforts to save them. In 1850 he again arrived at Banner Cove, accompanied by six men. One of them was Mr. Maidment, a London Sunday-school teacher; three were boatmen; a fourth was Erwin, the boat carpenter who had been with Captain Gardiner in the first expedition, and who was devotedly attached to him. He used to say that "being



FUEGIANS IN WINTER.

with him was like heaven on earth, he was such a man of prayer." The sixth was Dr. Williams, a surgeon, who for this perilous enterprise left a good practice, an aged mother, and a young lady to whom he was attached. A few days after they were left at Banner Cove, Captain Gardiner wrote thus from their "Mission Wigwam" to the committee at Brighton: "Nothing can exceed the cheerful endurance of the whole party. I feel that the Lord is with us and cannot doubt that he will own and bless the work which he has permitted us to begin. We shall not, I know, be forgotten in your approaches to the throne of grace. It is from that source alone we draw our strength and consolation. And when we look on these poor degraded Indians and consider that they are, like ourselves, destined to live forever, we yearn over them and feel willing to spend and be

spent in the endeavor to bring to their ears in their own tongue the great truths of the gospel of salvation."

The party was provided with six months' stores, that bleak region affording little food. Further supplies were collected in England and every effort was made to forward them, but no vessel would imperil its insurance for so small



THE BISHOP'S RESIDENCE, AT OOSHOOIA, 1869.

a freight. No tidings were received from the mission till 1852, when the ship *Dido* touched at Banner Cove to make inquiries. As the captain entered the cove he saw, painted on the rocks: "Gone to Spaniard's Harbor." A day's sail brought the *Dido* to Spaniard's Harbor, and there on the beach was the mission boat. Inside it a man lay dead, and another dead body was found near by.

The men of the *Dido* cried like children at the sight. A journal was found, from which it appeared that the missionaries had died of starvation. They had been driven from place to place by the natives. They were cooped up through the long stormy nights of almost perpetual ice and snow, in a small boat without food and with that terrible disease, the scurvy. By mistake, their powder had not been left with their stores; this had deprived them of half their support, and fish were very scarce. After further search the remaining bodies were found, with other papers. Their cabin was so small that the iron deck was only a few inches above their faces, and the water which accumulated from condensation on the iron roof dripped upon their heads and saturated the bedclothes till they were wringing wet. But Dr. Williams's journal said: "I do love God with a love I had no conception of, with a love that actuates every faculty of my whole soul; and the love of God in Christ I feel beyond expression. His will be done, his blessed will be done; I have no longer a choice when I know his holy will. My poor frail body is now very attenuated, and my sinking, depressed feelings are very great at times. But my mind scarcely feels depression, and certainly *no* depression except in mourning over my unfaithfulness. Should anything prevent my ever adding to this, let all my beloved ones at home rest assured that I was happy beyond all expression, the night I wrote these lines, and would not have changed positions with any man living." The following letter was found, written by Captain Gardiner on the day of his death: —

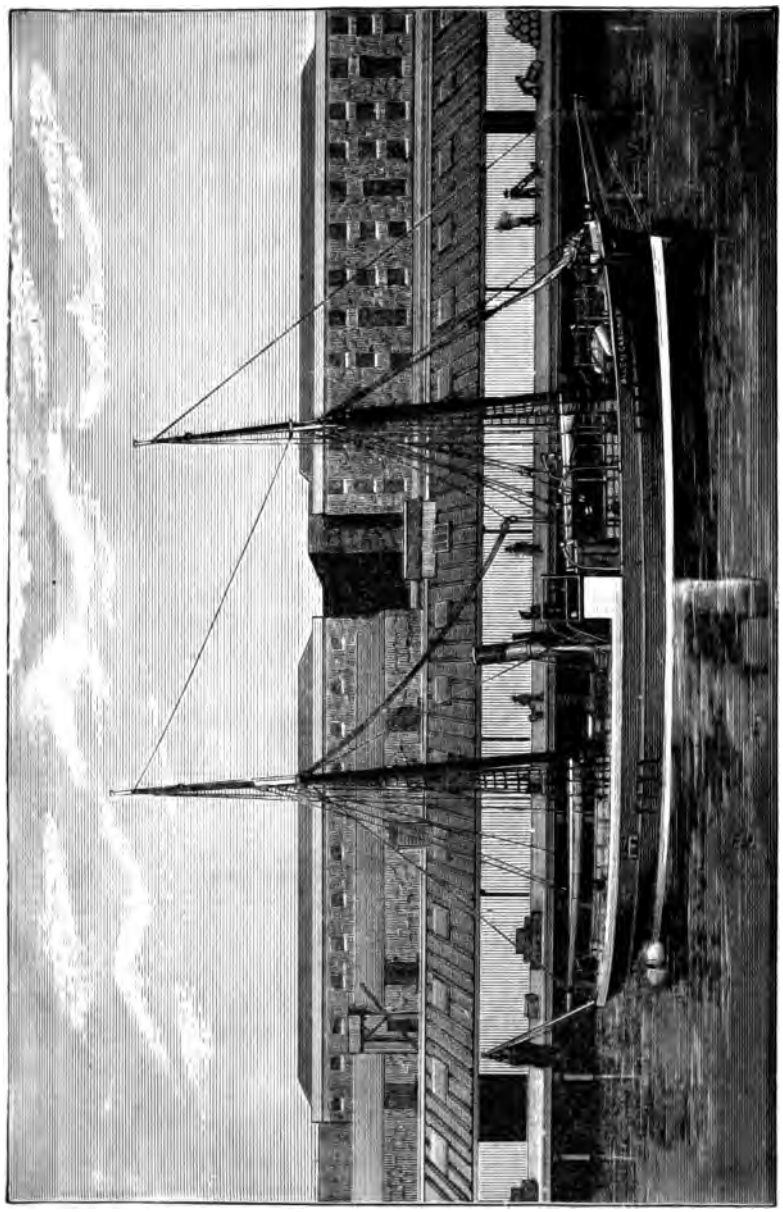
"The Lord has seen fit to call home another of our little company. Our dear brother [Mr. Maidment] left the boat on Tuesday and has not returned. Doubtless he is in the presence of his Redeemer, whom he served faithfully. Yet a little while and we, through grace, may join that blessed throng to sing the praises of Christ throughout eternity. I neither hunger nor thirst, though five days without food. Marvelous loving-kindness to me, a sinner.

"Your affectionate brother in Christ,

"September 6, 1851. ALLEN F. GARDINER."

These affecting details caused a great sensation in England, but they did not deter Christians from sending out a new and more carefully planned mission. In 1854 a schooner of one hundred tons burden, named the *Allen Gardiner*, left Bristol with a suitable crew, and a catechist, surgeon, and several mechanics. They anchored at Keppel Island, in the West Falklands, where they set about building houses and cultivating the land. They called the settlement "Cranmer." In 1856 three missionaries joined them, one of whom was Mr. Allen W. Gardiner, the only son of the mission founder. In 1858 their ship went to Terra del Fuego, and induced nine natives, one of whom was the chief, Jemmy Button, with his wife, to go back with them to Keppel Island. The missionaries wished to teach them and to learn their language thoroughly before undertaking to live among their wild people. Seven of the nine often showed ill feeling, and sometimes were in a great rage when detected in stealing; but there were two boys who behaved well and learned rapidly. In ten months all these natives were taken back to their homes in the *Allen Gardiner*, with the intention of bringing another company to be taught at Keppel. There were nine Europeans on board. But the ship did not return at the expected time, and as soon as

possible a missionary took passage to Stanley, chartered a schooner, and sailed in search. He found the hull and the spars of the *Allen Gardiner* at anchor in Beagle Channel, and only one of her men alive! This man had remained



THE ALLEN GARDINER No. III BUILT IN 1884.

on board one Sunday while the others went ashore to hold a service, and the natives had surrounded them and beaten or stoned them to death. A week's hard labor refitted the *Allen Gardiner*, and she was taken back to Keppel. Of his own accord, Okokko, one of the two young men, returned with her, taking

his wife, and again he proved most faithful. In the course of four years he was able to speak English well and to understand the object of the missionaries in seeking to live among his people. So in 1863 it was resolved to try another visit to them. This time Okokko was spokesman, and the natives listened attentively. More of them wished to go to Keppel than could be taken, and eleven went. One more year passed, and Okokko again returned to Terra del Fuego to settle down and make a Christian home. His wife, Camilenna, was not to wander in the canoe, like her people, but to set a Christian example of domestic life.

This was the beginning of better days. Reverses still overtook the mission, but Okokko and other natives trained at Keppel held the ground until 1869, when Mr. (now Bishop) Stirling settled among them. In 1872 Bishop Stirling baptized thirty-six natives. Since then the work has steadily progressed. Admiral Sulivan informed Darwin of the change in the natives who had been under the influence of the mission. As an illustration, he said that during eleven years the mission fowl-houses had remained unlocked and that not one egg had been stolen. Darwin replied that he "could not have believed that all the missionaries in the world could have made the Fuegians honest." Darwin had once maintained that all the pains bestowed on them would be thrown away, but he now acknowledged his mistake, and he wrote: "The lesson of the missionary is the enchanter's wand." Far better than this: it is "the power of God unto salvation." In 1881 the baptisms had been one hundred and thirty-seven. At the close of 1883 they were one hundred and eighty. The mission station at Ooshooia, on the north shore of Beagle Channel, had become a Christian village of about one hundred and fifty natives, and they had their cottages, gardens, and roads, while polygamy, witchcraft, wrecking, theft, and other vices had been abolished in the vicinity.

Somewhat later an English squadron arrived at Ooshooia, and a distinguished naval officer reports that "a crew of six natives came out, the men as well dressed and well trained as the sailors of our seas." He describes the climate of Ooshooia as healthy and agreeable, the slightly undulating land as "covered with good grass and producing good potatoes, turnips, cabbages, pears, apples, roses, pinks, violets," etc. Still later letters, dated November 24, 1884, give particulars of the spread at the station of a severe form of measles. A missionary writes that many had died, but that "it has been a pleasure to go among them, for in almost every house I have heard the voice of prayer and praise amid their sufferings. We are sure many of the natives whom we have known and loved so long have passed away to a happier home. What a privilege to speak and pray with them, and to know they were able to express their humble submission to the will of God, and their calm and peaceful confidence in Jesus, having a joyful hope of triumph and victory over death through the finished work of Christ!" Thus have the poor savages of Terra del Fuego been added to that great cloud of witnesses who testify to the grace of the Lord Jesus and to the almighty power of his renewing Spirit.

A CHRISTIAN KNIGHT-ERRANT AND HERO.

JOHN COLERIDGE PATTESON was born in 1827, of an honored English family. He was an eager, affectionate boy, and always meant to be a clergyman. When, at four years of age, he heard of the heroic conduct of his relative, Bishop Coleridge, during a hurricane at Barbadoes, he said, "I will be a bishop, mother, and I will have a hurricane, too."

At Eton he became an expert swimmer and tennis player, and captain of the School Eleven. After his college days he traveled and studied five years, developing a singular power of acquiring languages, Hebrew, Arabic, and modern. In 1853 he entered on his clerical life near Feniton Court, Devonshire, the residence of his father, Sir John Patteson. Here he was surrounded by a large, delightful, and most loving circle of relatives and friends. But in 1855, hearing of the need of volunteers for the new mission to Melanesia, young Patteson renounced all these home joys and bright prospects and sailed for New Zealand. He did it gladly, like a true soldier of the cross. "I cannot doubt," he wrote, "that all the cheerfulness and calm I enjoy now is a great gift to help me through what is to come. I do feel very happy."



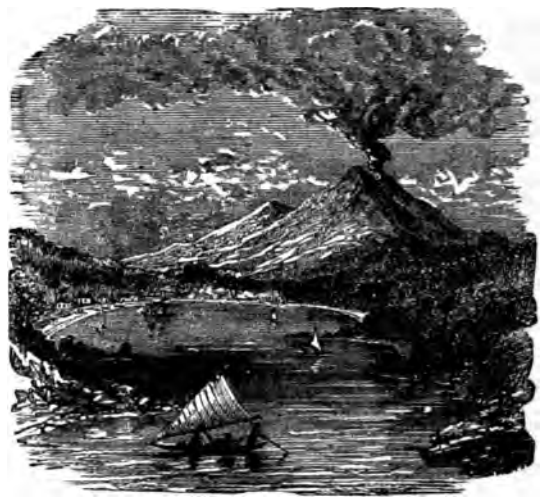
JOHN COLERIDGE PATTESON.

The northern islands of Melanesia are so near the equator that Europeans can live there only about three months in the year. Each island has also its own language or dialect. It was therefore decided to visit them yearly from New Zealand in a missionary ship, win the confidence of the people, and take their children to Auckland, there to train them as teachers for their own islands. This was the work which Bishop Selwyn, of New Zealand, wished to entrust to Mr. Patteson. Much of his time would thus be spent at sea, and till near the close of his life no one knew that he was peculiarly sensitive to the discomforts of the sea, always suffering from dizziness and headache on shipboard.

On his first Melanesian voyage in the *Southern Cross*, Mr. Patteson wrote of one island after another: "How lovely it was! Who can show you the bright

line of surf breaking the blue of this truly pacific ocean!" "Oh, the beauty of the deep clefts in the coral reefs, lined with coral — blue, purple, scarlet, green, and white! It is quite indescribable."

The custom was to anchor off an island, row in in a boat, and then swim or wade ashore. Perfect confidence and ease of manner must be preserved amid the noisy crowd pressing around. The least appearance of distrust or suspicion would have been dangerous. Small presents would be exchanged for fruit and yams, and the most promising boys be invited to sail away with the ship to be taught. These pupils were under Mr. Patteson's care at Auckland. He clothed them, and taught them to sweep and clean their rooms. From ten to twelve in the morning he kept them in school, learning to read, to write, and to reckon. The afternoon was spent in printing, weaving nets, walking and basking in the sun, after their island manner. At evening there was Bible reading, catechising, and prayer. After the others had gone to bed the brightest young men helped their teacher in his work of translation. These pupils were kept at Auckland through the summer (our winter) months, and then Mr. Patteson took them home. This was the course pursued for several years, the New Zealand winter being too severe for those children of the sun. It was also necessary in order to keep the islanders familiar with the missionaries and assured of their good faith.



ISLAND SCENERY.

But this yearly breaking up proved a great hindrance to systematic teaching; therefore, in 1858, Mr. Patteson was left by the *Southern Cross*, with twelve of his boys, on the Melanesian island of Lifu, to continue their training. There this refined and high-minded gentleman lived alone with the natives for four months, and he alluded to the privations of the time only by saying at its close, "Of course I shall be glad to have a good talk in English with some one." This experiment was repeated in 1860 at Mota, the islanders receiving him with delight. "I have never been alone yet," he wrote; "I have always had natives with me — communicants. I may spend much of this winter in my boat, and on other islands, yet I shall return and administer the blessed sacrament, and very solemn it is to be gathered together, a small group in the great, wide waste of Melanesia. Those nights, when I lie down in a long hut among forty or fifty naked men — cannibals — the only Christian on the island, — that is the time to pour out the heart in prayer that they, those dark, wild heathen about me, may be turned from Satan unto God."

Such remarkable fitness had Mr. Patteson shown for his island duties that in 1860 he was made Bishop of Melanesia. His work went on successfully, and it was not till 1864 that any real harm came to his party. That year two dear young friends, who had become assistants in his missionary voyages, were shot with poisoned arrows at Santa Cruz. They were Edwin Nobbs and Fisher Young, "Pitcairners" from Norfolk Island. They died a distressing death from lockjaw. "But," wrote Bishop Patteson, "their thankful, happy, holy dispositions shone out brightly through all. When agonized by thirst or fearful convulsions, one prayer or verse of Scripture always brought the soft, beautiful smile to their dear faces. All was perfect peace."

In 1865 there were seventy Melanesians at Auckland — fifty males and twenty females. The first girl brought from the islands was clothed in garments made by the bishop's own hands. All the pupils served in rotation as cooks. There were no servants; all lived together and did the work, the bishop sweeping his own room, etc., as a part of his teaching of the duty and dignity of work. Many of the pupils were Christians, and lovable, intelligent companions, devotedly attached to their leader. The island people, too, liked him, and welcomed him joyously as he returned year after year. The same noisy, uncivilized crowd gathered around, but it was friendly, and quarrels among themselves had greatly decreased.



A NATIVE HOUSE.

In 1866 the mission headquarters were removed to Norfolk Island, formerly an English convict settlement. The convicts had been removed, and the Pitcairners had been placed there. The English government gave to the Melanesian Mission 2,000 acres on the opposite side of the island, and the Auckland buildings were brought thither. Being many hundred miles nearer the islands, the *Southern Cross* could make several voyages a year. The mission expenses would thus be greatly lessened. The bishop had been obliged to contribute 1,000 pounds from his private resources for its support the previous year at Auckland. Several young English clergymen were now his assistants, and in 1869 the school numbered 160, a goodly and happy company, of whom a large number were true Christians, while former pupils were successfully preaching the love of Christ in their own island homes. But the greed of wicked men began to threaten the continuance of this peaceful and prosperous work. Labor-ships, called by the natives, "snatch-snatch," came from Queensland and Fiji, seeking laborers for those places. Their captains decoyed the

natives on board, sometimes even professing that the bishop was there, and then put them under the hatches, and sailed away. Atrocious murders and wholesale slaughters became common. "Kill-kill" ships, *commanded by white men*, took the wild natives to their enemies' islands, and assisted in attacking them. This endangered the missionaries, as the natives could not always discriminate between friendly and unfriendly whites. Hereafter Bishop Patteson would risk no life but his own. Wherever there was danger he landed alone. He excused beforehand his own probable murder, and urged that it should never be revenged. Then he cheerfully went on with his work of love, never alluding to the extreme danger. At this time Bishop Patteson became very ill, and, when sufficiently restored, went to Auckland for treatment. He was there urged to visit England, but he refused, though fifteen years had passed since he had left his beloved ones. He would not leave his poor people in such trouble: besides, he was the only person in the world who could speak twenty or more of their dialects, to tell them of Christ and his salvation. He returned to Norfolk Island much improved, though not strong.



A WOMAN OF MELANESIA.

The year 1871 opened joyously. The *Southern Cross* went on her way as usual, and the good bishop found cheering results of his teachers' labors on many islands. At Mota he baptized forty-one men and women, seventeen lads, and 231 children. The work was so absorbing that he could hardly feel weariness. The people said, "The old life is hateful, the new life is full of joy."

September 20, 1871, the vessel called at the islet of Nukapu. Canoes were seen hovering about the reef as the bishop rowed ashore. His boat could not get over the reef at the low tide, so he accepted an invitation to be taken in a canoe which was dragged over. His people saw him land. Suddenly the natives in the other canoes let fly arrows at the boat, which wounded all the crew. They rowed to the ship, and sent a strong, well-armed party to seek the bishop. Pulling over the reef, a canoe, apparently empty, appeared floating in the lagoon. A bundle was heaped up in the bottom. "The boat came alongside, and two words were spoken, 'The body!' A peaceful smile was on the face, a palm leaf was fastened over the breast, and there were five wounds." Each was no doubt in atonement for a native death, for the leaflets of the palm were tied in five knots, to indicate this. Thus passed a hero to his triumph, by the same way his Master trod.

THE SINKING OF THE WELL ON ANIWA, NEW HEBRIDES.

ONE of the most remarkable missionary books of modern times is the Autobiography of Rev. John G. Paton, missionary to the New Hebrides. It is full of intensely interesting incidents, one of which will be given in these pages. It is the story of "The Sinking of the Well," which event, Mr. Paton says, "broke the back of heathenism on Aniwa." We shall give the story mostly in the words of Mr. Paton's narrative.



NATIVES OF THE NEW HEBRIDES.

Aniwa is a coral island on which there are no streams, lakes, or springs. Rain-water was the sole dependence of the people, and a poor dependence it was, for they often suffered from thirst. About the time that the old chief of Aniwa was beginning to inquire about the religion of Jesus, Mr. Paton resolved to dig a well, hoping to strike a spring, but quite uncertain whether the water, if any were obtained, would not be salt water. One morning he said to the chiefs: —

"'I am going to sink a deep well down into the earth to see if our God will send us fresh water up from below.' They looked at me with astonishment, and said in a tone of sympathy approaching to pity: 'O Missi! wait till the rain

comes down, and we will save all we possibly can for you.' I replied: 'We may all die for lack of water. If no fresh water can be got, we may be forced to leave you.'

"The old chief looked imploringly, and said: 'O Missi! you must not leave us for that. Rain comes only from above. How could you expect our island to send up showers of rain from below?' I told him: 'Fresh water does come up, springing from the earth in my land at home, and I hope to see it here also.' The old chief grew more tender in his tones, and cried: 'O Missi! your head is going wrong. You are losing something, or you would not talk wild like that. Don't let our people hear you talking about going down into the earth for rain, or they will never listen to your word or believe you again.'

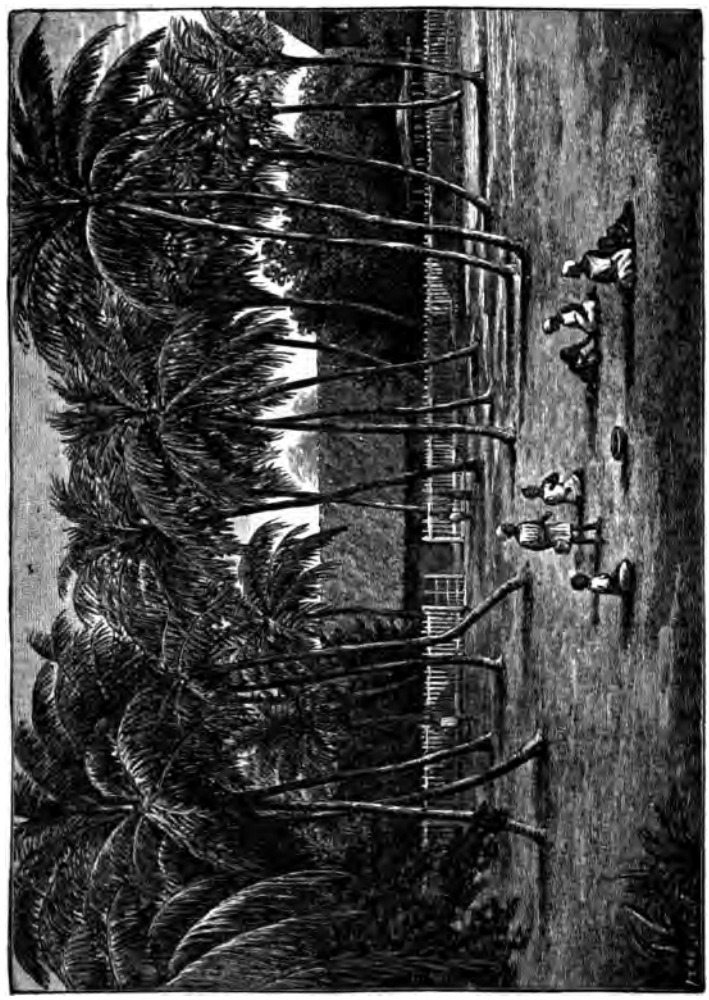
"But I started upon my hazardous job, selecting a spot near the mission station and close to the public path, that my prospective well might be useful to all. I began to dig with pick and spade, and bucket at hand, an American axe for a hammer and crowbar, and a ladder for service by-and-by. The good old chief now told off his men in relays to watch me lest I should attempt to take my own life, or do anything outrageous, saying, 'Poor Missi! That 's the way with all who go mad. There 's no driving of a notion out of their heads. We must just watch him now. He will find it harder to work with pick and spade than with his pen, and when he 's tired we 'll persuade him to give it up.'

"I did get exhausted sooner than I expected, toiling under that tropical sun; but we never own before the natives that we are beaten, so I went into the house and filled my vest pocket with large, beautiful, English-made fishhooks. These are very tempting to the young men as compared to their own, skilfully made even though *they* be, out of shell, and serving their purposes wonderfully. Holding up a large hook, I cried: 'One of these to every man who fills and turns over three buckets out of this hole!' A rush was made to get the first turn, and back again for another and another. I kept those on one side who had got a turn, till all the rest in order had got a chance, and bucket after bucket was filled and emptied rapidly. Still the shaft seemed to lower very slowly, while my fishhooks were disappearing very quickly. I was constantly there, and took the heavy share of everything, and was thankful one evening to find that we had cleared more than twelve feet deep; when, lo! next morning one side had rushed in, and our work was all undone.

"The old chief and his best men now came around me more earnestly than ever. He remonstrated with me very gravely. He assured me for the fiftieth time that rain would never be seen coming up through the earth on Aniwa! 'Now,' said he, 'had you been in that hole last night, you would have been buried, and a man-of-war would have come from Queen 'Toria to ask for the Missi that lived here. We would say, "Down in that hole." The captain would ask, "Who killed him and put him down there?" We would have to say, "He went down there himself!" The captain would answer: "Nonsense! Who ever heard of a white man going down into the earth to bury himself? You killed him; you put him there. Don't hide your bad conduct with lies!" Then he would bring out his big guns and shoot us, and destroy our island in revenge. You are making your own grave, Missi, and you will make ours too. Give up

this mad freak, for no rain will be found by going downwards on Aniwa. Besides, all your fishhooks cannot tempt my men to enter that hole. They don't want to be buried with you. Will you not give it up now?'"

After Mr. Paton had quieted these fears, he constructed a sort of derrick so that, with pulley and block, the bucket could be lifted from the bottom of the well. But not a native would enter that hole. He had to dig and dig away with



MISSION HOUSE AT ANIWA.

his own hands till he was fairly exhausted. Day after day he toiled, till he reached the depth of about thirty feet. He says that the phrase, "Living water," "living water," kept chiming through his soul like music from God as he dug and hammered away. At this depth the earth began to be very damp, and he believed that he was nearing water, but he had constant fear that it would be salt water. One evening he said to the old chief: —

"'I think that Jehovah God will give us water to-morrow from that hole.'

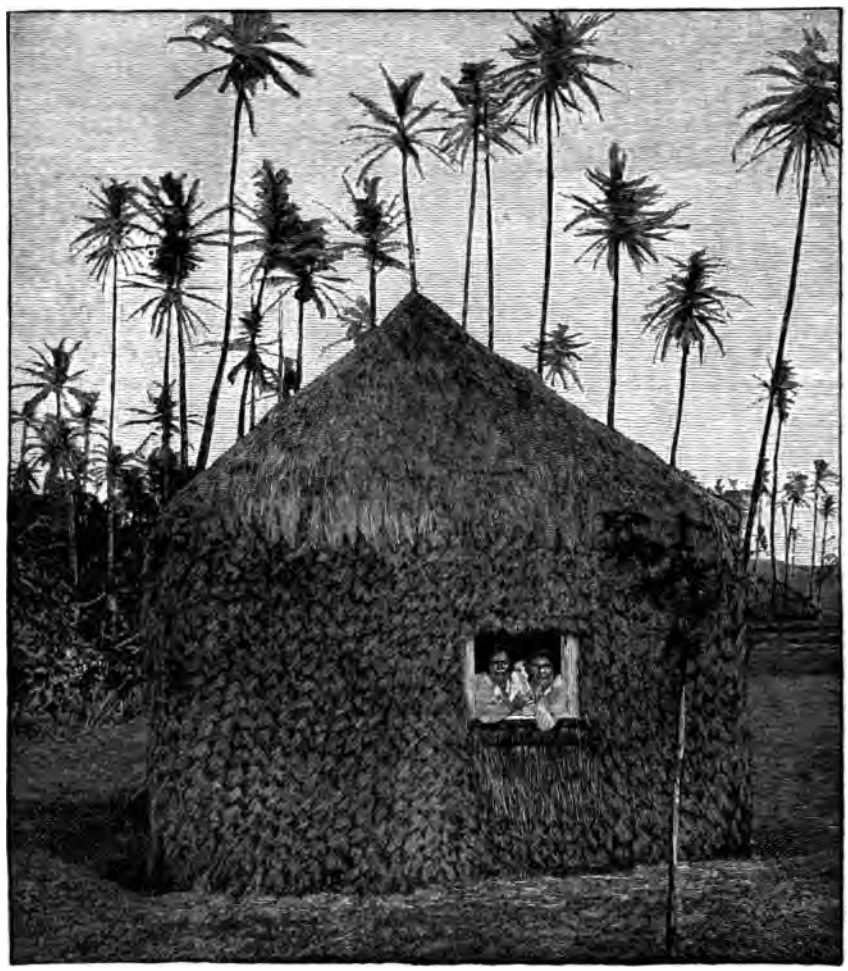
The chief said: 'No, Missi! You will never see rain coming up from the earth on this island. We wonder what is to be the end of this mad work of yours. We expect daily, if you reach water, to see you drop through into the sea, and the sharks will eat you. That will be the end of it: death to you, and danger to us all.' I still answered: 'Come to-morrow. I hope and believe that Jehovah God will send you the rain-water up through the earth.' At the moment I knew I was risking much, and probably incurring sorrowful consequences, had no water been given; but I had faith that the Lord was leading me on, and I knew that I sought his glory, not my own.

"Next morning I went down again at daybreak and sank a narrow hole in the centre about two feet deep. The perspiration broke over me with uncontrollable excitement, and I trembled through every limb, when the water rushed up and began to fill the hole. Muddy though it was, I eagerly tasted it, and the little 'tinny' dropped from my hand with sheer joy, and I almost fell upon my knees in that muddy bottom to praise the Lord. It was water! It was fresh water! It was living water from Jehovah's well! True, it was a little brackish, but nothing to speak of; and no spring in the desert, cooling the parched lips of a fevered pilgrim, ever appeared more worthy of being called a well of God than did that water to me.

"The chiefs had assembled with their men near by. They waited on in eager expectancy. It was a rehearsal, in a small way, of the Israelites coming round, while Moses struck the rock and called for water. By-and-by, when I had praised the Lord and my excitement was a little calmed, the mud being also greatly settled, I filled a jug which I had taken down empty in the sight of them all, and, ascending to the top, called for them to come and see the rain which Jehovah God had given us through the well. They closed around me in haste, and gazed on it in superstitious fear. The old chief shook it to see if it would spill, and then touched it to see if it felt like water. At last he tasted it, and rolling it in his mouth with joy for a moment, he swallowed it and shouted: 'Rain! rain! Yes, it is rain! But how did you get it?' I repeated: 'Jehovah, my God, gave it out of his own earth in answer to our labors and prayers. Go and see it springing up for yourselves!'"

And they went and saw and marveled and gave praise to God. We have not room for the story of what followed, but must refer to the volume itself. The people recognized this well as a great boon from Jehovah; and Mr. Paton says: "Company after company came to the spot loaded with their gods of wood and stone and piled them up in heaps, amid the tears and sobs of some and the shouts of others, in which was heard the oft-repeated word, 'Jehovah, Jehovah.' The old chief Namakei said, 'Missi, I think I could help you next Sabbath. Will you let me preach a sermon on the well?' 'Yes,' I at once replied, 'if you will try to bring all the people to hear you.' 'Missi, I will try,' he eagerly promised. And preach he did, a rousing sermon, closing with these words: 'The Jehovah God has sent us rain from the earth. Why should he not also send his Son from heaven? Namakei stands up for Jehovah!' In those intensely exciting days we sat still and saw the salvation of the Lord."

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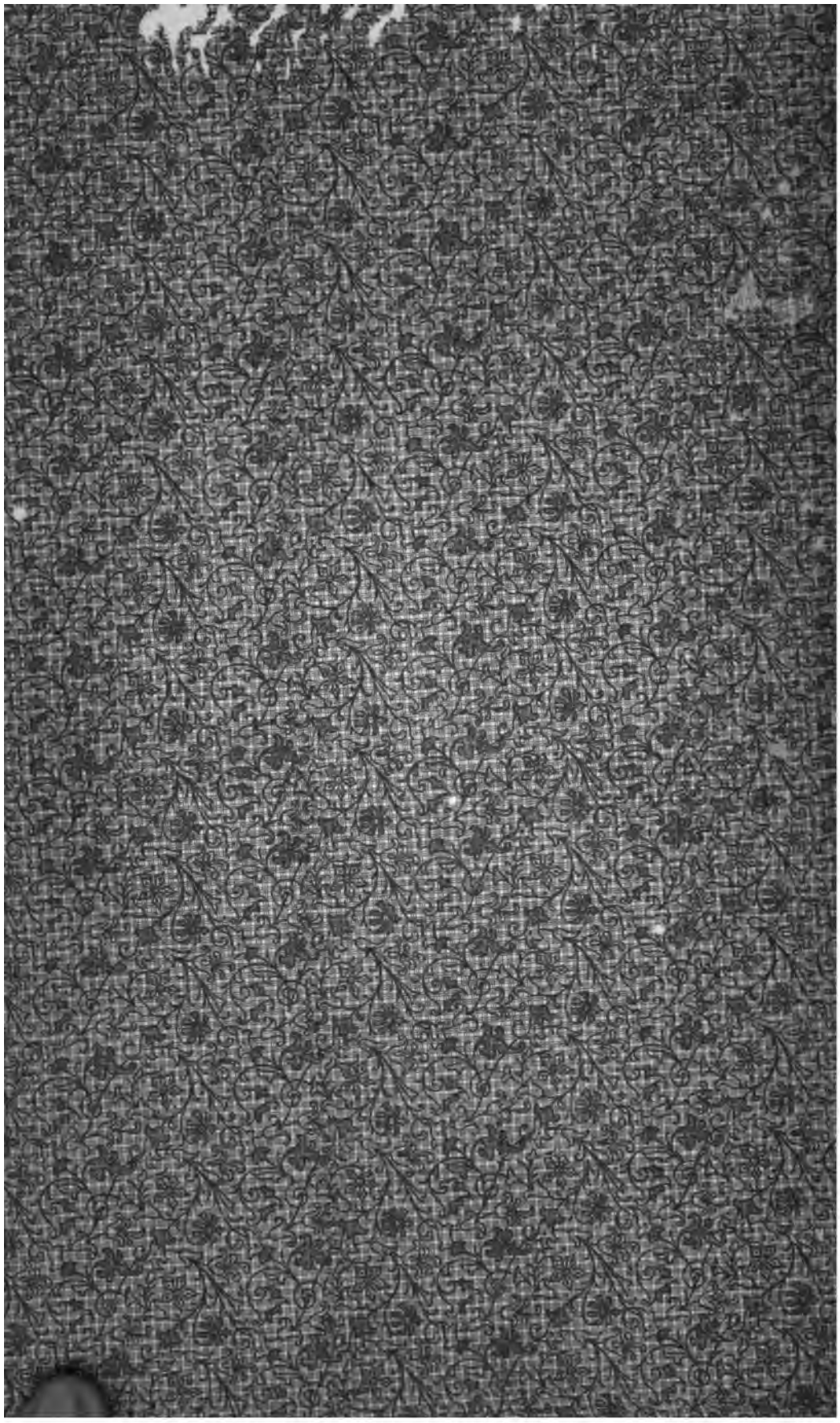
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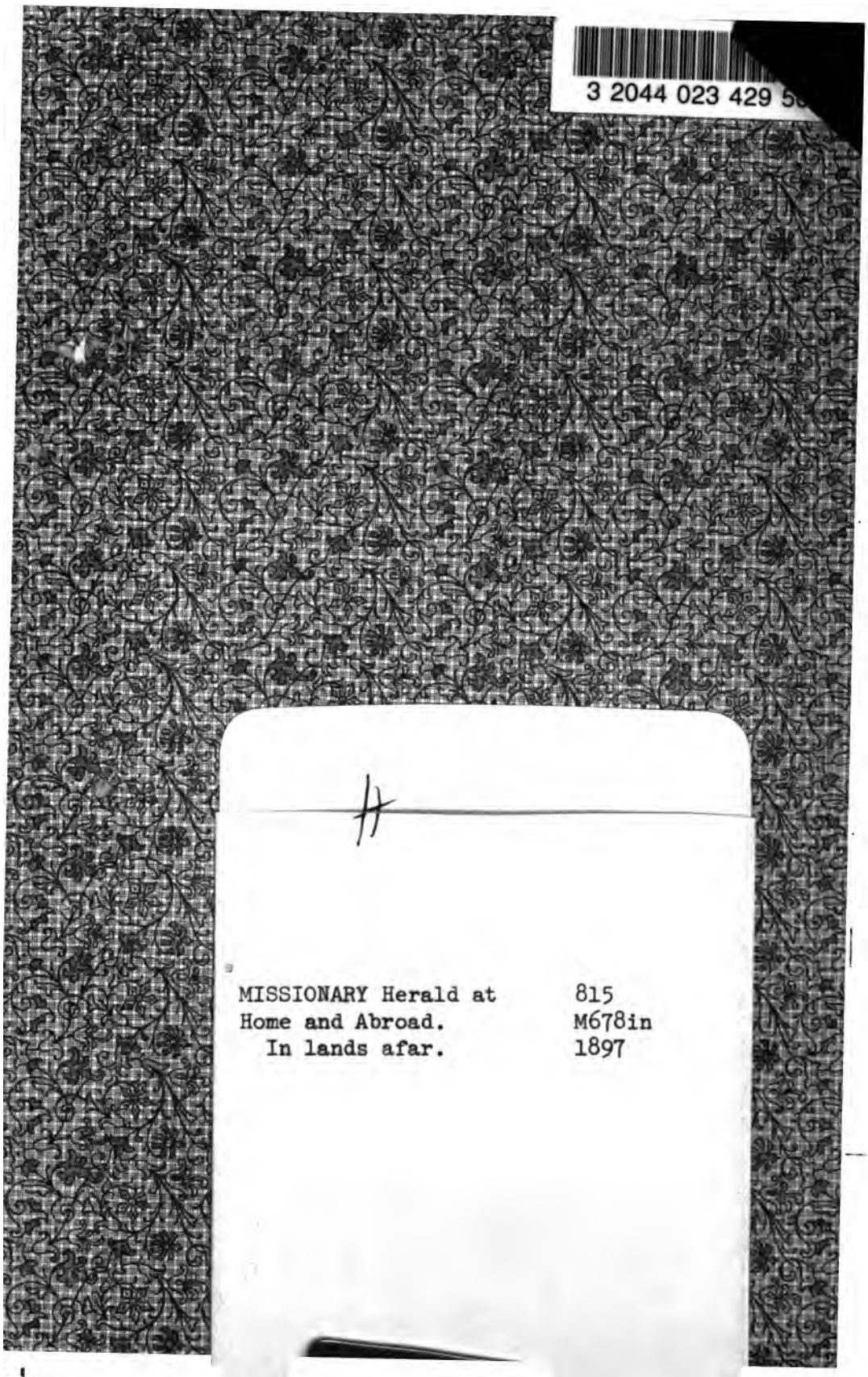
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